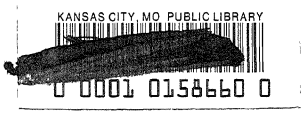
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DOWN CAPE COD



DOWN CAPE COD

BY KATHARINE DOS PASSOS
AND EDITH SHAY

Illustrated

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

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REVISED EDITION

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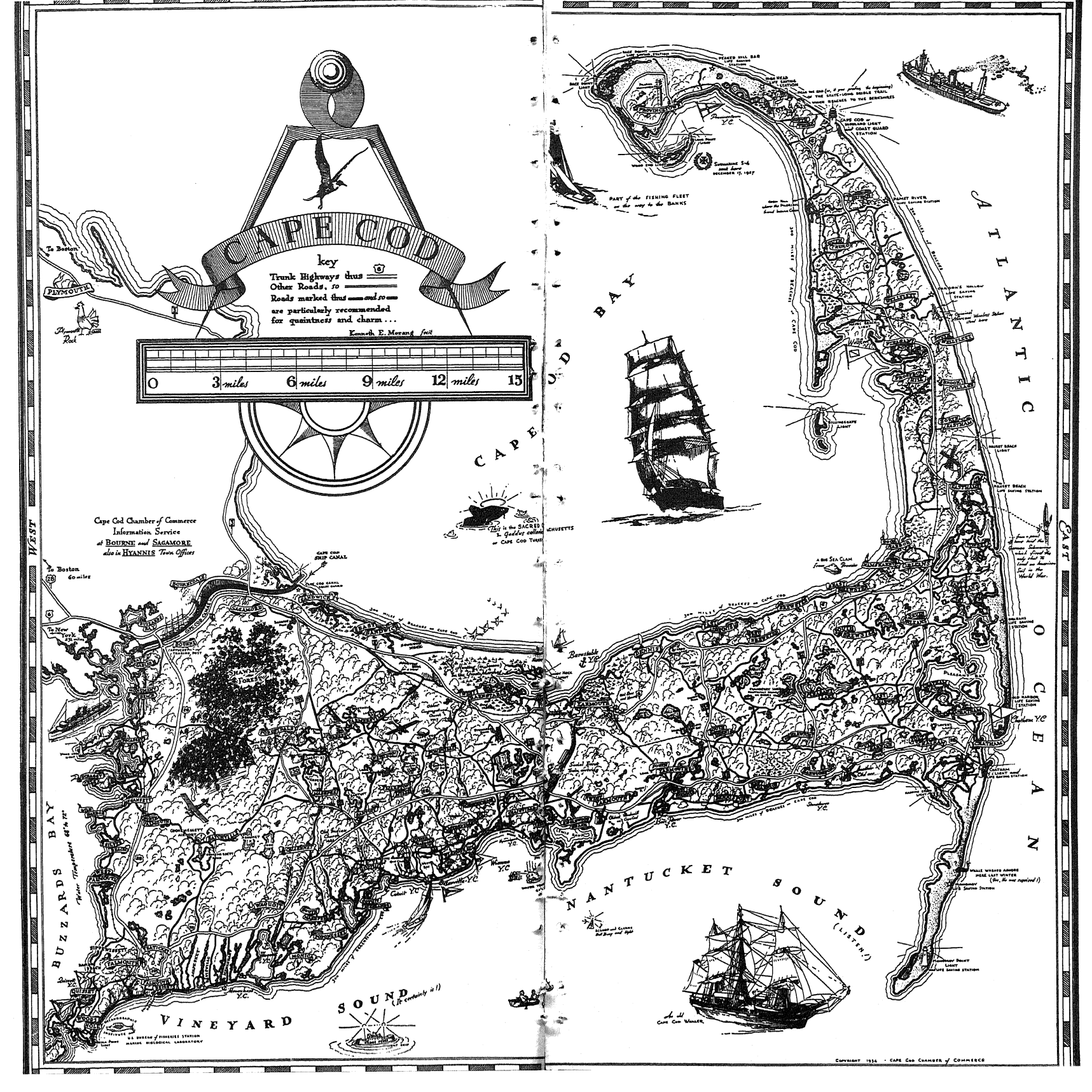
INTRODUCTION

LIKE a sparkling wine, the Cape was made under pressure—the fierce double pressure of natural forces and human energy. Together they have given it its peculiar flavor, so sharp and rare even to those who taste it for the first time.

In the seventy-two miles between Buzzards Bay and Provincetown Harbor are concentrated more fine landscape and distilled history than in perhaps any other point of the United States. Paradoxically, the Cape, which is so deeply American, has a foreign air. Cape Codders have been heard to speak of a trip to Boston as "going to the States." The reason is, of course, that it has so completely preserved its native character. It is a curious exciting strip of land, and people are curious about it.

Few travelers are experts in American history or architecture, in geology, Atlantic coast fishing, the modern theater, antiques, painting and marine biology. And yet when you visit the Cape all these are at hand, tied up in a tight, neat piece of country smelling of pine and offered you at the Canal Bridge like a prize box. There is so much packed into a small space in that magnificent yet cozy world called Cape Cod that fires the imagination. You want to know a lot of things, all kinds of things on sea and land. What—why—where—when?

Here are some of the answers, made easy to find.


CAPE COD
key
Trunk Highways thus
Other Roads, so
Roads marked thus and so
are particularly recommended
for quaintness and charm . . .
Kenneth E. Morang fecit
0 3 miles 6 miles 9 miles 12 miles 15
To Boston
PLYMOUTH
Plymouth Rock
Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce
Information Service
at BOURNE and SAGAMORE
also in HYANNIS Town Offices
To Boston 60 miles
To New York 230 miles
CAPE COD SHIP CANAL
BOURNE
SAGAMORE
HAWES WOODS
BUZZARDS BAY
Water Temperature 68° to 72°
VINEYARD SOUND (It certainly is!)
WEST
EAST
CAPE COD BAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NANTUCKET SOUND (LISTEM!)
PART of the FISHING FLEET on the way to the BANKS
SUBMARINE S-4 sunk here DECEMBER 17, 1927
PEAKED HILL BAR LIFE SAVING STATION
HIGH HEAD LIFE SAVING STATION
CAPE COD or HIGHLAND LIGHT and COAST GUARD STATION
PEAKED HILL BAR
HIGH HEAD
PROVINCETOWN
PAMET RIVER LIFE SAVING STATION
NAUSET BEACH LIGHT
NAUSET BEACH LIFE SAVING STATION
CHATHAM
MONOMOY POINT LIGHT
OLD HARBOR LIFE SAVING STATION
WHALE WASHED ASHORE HERE LAST WINTER
(Yes, he was inspired!)
MONOMOY POINT LIGHT
LIFE SAVING STATION
A BIG SEA CLAM
from Brewster
Barnstable Y.C.
Hyannis Y.C.
Wianno Y.C.
Cotuit Y.C.
Osterville Y.C.
Centerville Y.C.
Chatham Y.C.
Monomoy Y.C.
Nantucket Y.C.
Edgartown Y.C.
Vineyard Haven Y.C.
Menemsha Y.C.
Quissett Y.C.
Woods Hole Y.C.
Falmouth Y.C.
Marion Y.C.
Sippewissett Y.C.
Old Silver Beach
Cape Cod Yacht Club
Bass River Y.C.
Dennis Y.C.
Yarmouth Y.C.
Pleasant Bay
Stage Harbor
Lighted Whistle Buoy
Lighted Gong Buoy
Lighted Bell Buoy
Lighted Spar Buoy
Lighted Can Buoy
Lighted Nun Buoy
Lighted Gas Buoy
Lighted Horn Buoy
Lighted Whistle Buoy
Lighted Bell Buoy
Lighted Spar Buoy
Lighted Can Buoy
Lighted Nun Buoy
Lighted Gas Buoy
Lighted Horn Buoy
Cape Cod Whaler
This is the SACRED Codfish adorning the CAPE COD TURRET in the MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE
U.S. BUREAU of FISHERIES STATION
MARINE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY
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CHAPTER I.

OLD COMERS AND NEW COMERS

THE history of Cape Cod is the history of the United States in little, just as the Cape itself, in its peculiar geological formation, might be called a small continent. Here we see the traditional pioneer drama enacted: first, discovery; then settlement and the exploitation of natural resources, in this case largely the resources of the sea; the gradual building up of typically American traditions, laws and modes of life, formed by the exigencies of a new country and, finally, the emergence of the community as an individual and well-defined entity, taking its place in the life of the nation and the world of affairs.

Who discovered the Cape? What white man first looked upon these dunes, these marshes, these high cliffs and rolling hills, delighted—since he must have been a sailor—to know there was no direction in which he could go far without resting his eyes upon the sea? Nobody knows.

There's a house in Provincetown, that sandy stoneless waste, built above an ancient stone cellar believed to have been a Norse fort or a Norse grave, as the Norsemen carried stones to ballast their tall ships; Leif Ericsson is said to have landed

on the now-vanished Isle Nauset, off Orleans, in 1003; the "Shining Sands" of Norse legend may well have been the fifty-mile stretch of beach between Chatham and Provincetown, and it is said that sailing directions in ancient Scandinavian manuscripts, if faithfully followed, would bring a ship across the Atlantic to the Cape.

And after the Norsemen came many more. Dutch and French fishermen of the very early seventeenth century are known to have fished off the coast of Labrador and it is unlikely that they overlooked the waters of Cape Cod, still almost virgin at that day and, as Gosnold later reports, alive with fish, or the welcome harbor at Provincetown provided by the long, inward-bending hook of the Cape; at Saint-Malo, France, among the fishermen today there is a legend that a land, readily identifiable as Cape Cod, was known to their forefathers long before Columbus discovered America.

Certainly, Dutch, French, Portuguese fishermen, pirates, adventurers of all kinds, had dropped their anchors in the Bay now overlooked by the Pilgrim Monument long before a small congregation of devout men and women at Scrooby, England, began to dream of a country where they might find "freedom to worship God." But it is Bartholomew Gosnold who is generally regarded as the "discoverer" of the Cape and who gave it its name; this, eighteen years before the Pilgrims came.

In the spring of 1602, Gosnold's ship *Concord*, bearing a company of colonists seeking a place to settle in the New World, anchored temporarily off the Back Shore of Provincetown. "A greate store" of codfish was caught which suggested the name that has endured in spite of Captain John Smith's effort to change it to Cape James; at first it applied

only to the tip end of the Cape, the part that is now Provincetown. Gosnold came ashore, looked the country over a little and met an Indian. Then the *Concord* sailed on and Gosnold's future adventures do not concern the Cape.

A year later came Martin Pring in search of sassafras, and he was followed by Champlain in 1605. Champlain spent a few days where Eastham now is and liked what he saw so much that he returned in 1606 with an exploring expedition under Poutrincourt, but Indian trouble near Chatham checked any colonizing aspirations the French may have had. Captain John Smith then took a look at Cape Cod and found it, as the Norse had before him, "a goodly land"; he has left us a remarkably accurate map which includes the Bay side of the Cape, Provincetown Harbor, and the back side about as far as Truro. Unfortunately for the later settlers, he had with his company a certain Captain Thomas Hunt.

Smith's chief concern was fish and furs; he sailed for England with a shipload of these, leaving instructions for Hunt to follow with a like cargo for Spain. Hunt exceeded his instructions, and added the living freight of twenty-four Nauset Indians captured near Orleans and sold as slaves. The memory of this outrage later complicated the Pilgrims' dealings with the normally friendly Indians of the Cape, but Hunt's raid was not all loss for the later comers. Among the captured Indians was one who escaped and found his way to England, where he was well treated, and later home. This was Squanto who visited the Pilgrims in their first winter and who, Bradford writes, "was a spetiall instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation. He directed them how to set their corne, wher to take fish and to procure other commodities and was their pilott to bring them

to unknowne places for their profitt, and never left them till he dyed."

Other visitors followed Smith in the intervening years but American history on the Cape really begins with that November 11, 1620, when the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in the Bay and the weary Pilgrims stared out across the flats to the low hills and dunes of Provincetown. Yes, of Provincetown. Cape Codders are still being annoyed by visitors who show astonishment on learning it was on the sandy beach of Provincetown rather than on the famous rock at Plymouth that the Pilgrim fathers first set their feet. As a matter of fact, the Pilgrims were over a month in Provincetown, practically old settlers, before reports brought back by an exploring party under Myles Standish decided them to hoist sail for Plymouth. During those weeks a number of events of historic interest and one of vast historic significance had occurred. This last was the drawing up and signing of the Mayflower Compact, which those who wish may read engraved on a tablet near the Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown.

This famous document, called "the first state paper in America," was drafted to meet a special need. The Pilgrims, sailing under a patent for the territory of Virginia, were blown far from their course; coming ashore on Cape Cod they found themselves under no authority at all and certain malcontents were known to be plotting to take advantage of this state of anarchy. The Mayflower Compact was the Pilgrim Fathers' reply. This simple, democratic, self-imposed charter is the first recorded statement in this country of principles that more than a century and a half later were to fire the American Revolution; joined in 1761 with the flaming speeches against the Writs of Assistance, uttered by James

Otis, the West Barnstable patriot, sometimes called "The Father of the Revolution," it goes far to justify Cape Codders in their proud conviction that the principles later embodied in the Declaration of Independence were first given form on Cape Cod's sandy shores and that the birthplace of American freedom is the Cape.

But it is not likely the Pilgrims realized the seed they had sown. Probably the birth on the *Mayflower* of Peregrine White, the first child of English parents to be born in New England, seemed a more momentous event. It was Saturday when they arrived. Monday morning saw the women busily washing their clothes on shore and the men beginning to repair their damaged shallop. Exploring expeditions almost immediately started out. Was this land their haven, the site of the colony they had come so far to build? The first party under Myles Standish were encouraged when near High Head at Truro they found a spring of fresh water, "being," says Bradford, "ye first New England water they drunke of, and was now in their great thirste as pleasante unto them as wine or bear had been in foretimes." Not far away, on Corn Hill, the same party found a cache of corn buried by the Indians, and this they took; it was their seed corn for the following spring planting, without which the little colony might have starved, but in justice to Puritan principles it should be said that the following summer the Pamet Indians were repaid. This was the First Discovery.

The Second Discovery led the Pilgrims as far as the Pamet River. There were among them some who felt they should seek no further, but all were not satisfied. A third expedition set out, piloted by "one Mr. Coppin who had been in ye cuntrie before, intending to circulate that deep bay of Cape-

codde." The first night was spent near Eastham behind a "barricade with logges & bowes." As they were preparing to depart in the morning they were attacked by Indians; none "were either hurte or hitt, though their arrows came close by them . . ." But the First Encounter was disturbing because up to now the Indians had shown the white men no ill will. Pressing on, the explorers sailed past Barnstable Harbor in a blinding snowstorm, without seeing it; the rudder of their little shallop was broken, the mast snapped in three, "therr saill fell over bord, in a very grown sea," and Mr. Coppin destroyed confidence when they sighted Plymouth Harbor by crying out to the Lord to be merciful to them "for his eyes never saw yt place before." They were more dead than alive when they finally made shore on an island outside Plymouth Harbor, called Clark's Island to this day in honor of the first man of the expedition to set foot on it.

A few days later the party returned to Provincetown to acquaint those remaining on the *Mayflower* of the great Third Discovery: of the "litle running brooks," providing plenty of fresh water; of the harbor "fitt for shipping"—an important point, for the Pilgrims expected ships from England bringing supplies, more than ever came; and, most important of all, of "diverse cornfeilds" already cleared by the Indians. The Pilgrims were perhaps too happy to find them to question the presence of those cleared, empty, unclaimed fields; it was not until later that they learned that a few years before they came a mysterious plague had very nearly wiped out the Indians of the vicinity. If this had not been so, the story of Plymouth Colony might have had a very different ending. It was now late in December; the *Mayflower* sailed into Plymouth poorer than when she'd arrived in Provincetown

by the loss of four lives; three men had died of illness and Dorothy, Bradford's young wife, had fallen overboard and drowned.

Nearly twenty years were to pass after the Pilgrims left Provincetown before the first town was founded on the Cape, but during this time the Cape was not ignored. Trappers and adventurers explored its woods; men from Plymouth visited it to trade with the friendly Indians for corn; ships still sought shelter in Provincetown Harbor as they had done for centuries, and fishermen from the mainland built their huts along its shores. In 1630 Bradford received his patent for Plymouth Colony which put the Cape under the jurisdiction of Plymouth and opened the way for legal settlement.

Sandwich, Yarmouth, Barnstable and Eastham were the first four towns to be settled on the Cape and, curiously perhaps, none of these except Eastham was of direct Pilgrim descent. The question of fodder for cattle was a grave one in the early days; the country around Sandwich had acres of marshes supplying unlimited quantities of salt hay. In 1637 Edward Freeman of Lynn obtained permission from the Governor to found a settlement and with ten followers laid the foundation for Sandwich. Recruits followed from Duxbury, Plymouth, and Lynn and the town was incorporated in 1639. The same year saw the settlement of Yarmouth and Barnstable. Anthony Thacher, John Crowe and Thomas Howes, shortly followed by other settlers, were the fathers of Yarmouth. Barnstable was founded by the Reverend John Lothrop, a clergyman whose devoted congregation had followed him from London to Scituate and from Scituate to the Cape. Eastham, founded in 1644 and incorporated in 1646,

drew its settlers directly from Plymouth Colony, so many moving away that the Old Comers were left aghast.

From a later division and subdivision of the four original Cape towns, Sandwich, Yarmouth, Barnstable and Eastham, all the other towns on the Cape have been derived. Harwich, for instance, was the offshoot of Yarmouth and Brewster of Harwich; Truro was once a part of Eastham, Falmouth of Barnstable, and so on; no town on the Cape but descends directly from one of the original four.

In view of the later great seafaring history of these towns, it is curious to think that their early settlers, drifting back down the Cape, came as farmers, drawn by no vision of the enormous future wealth that was to be pulled up in nets, speared with harpoons, carried back and forth across the sea. But their concern was with the land. Every summer was a race with famine, such as threatened Plymouth Colony in its first two years; a man's business was to build his house, to clear and till and plant his fields; if he took time to catch a mess of fish for dinner, that was only a measure of economy. But the sight of a dead whale flung up on the beach as if by an act of God could not fail to inspire thoughts of profit, and the tremendous schools of darkly moving cod and flashing mackerel early suggested that there might be a fortune in fins. Gradually at first, thriftily exploiting a sideline, the early Cape Codders approached the treasures of the deep. But they had stumbled upon gold.

The tremendous development of the whaling, fishing and trading industries between the latter part of the seventeenth century and the golden thirties on into the fifties of the nineteenth seemed as irresistible as the tides from which it sprang It may seem a far cry from stripping the blubber from a

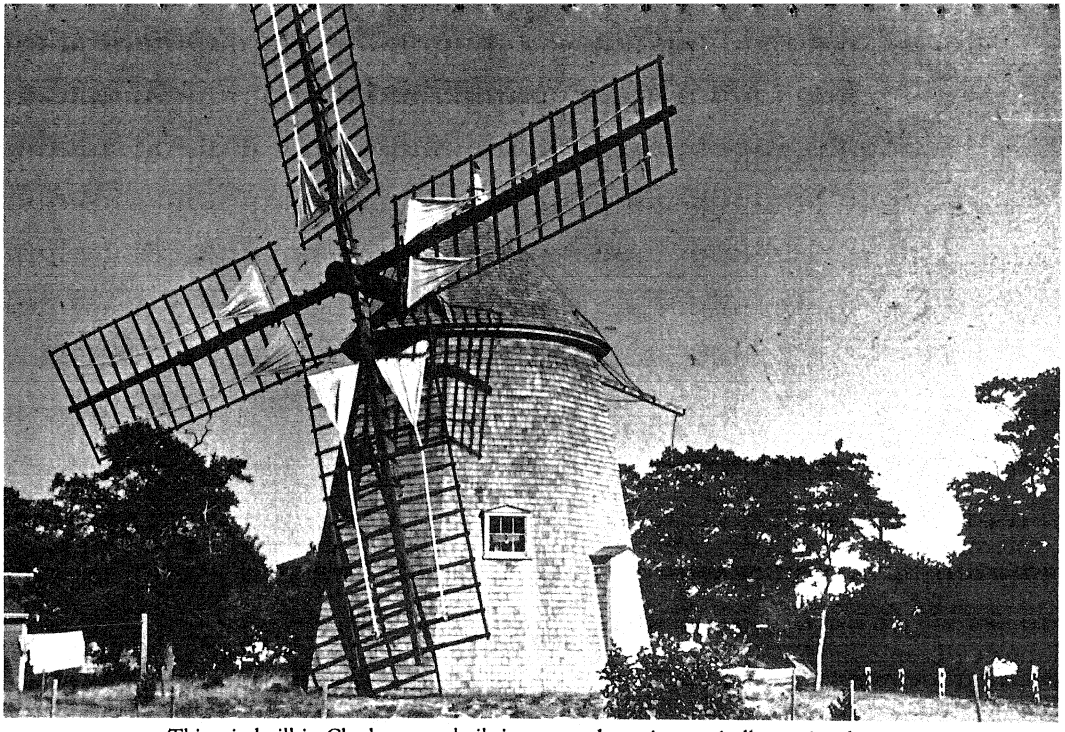
stranded whale to pursuing the monster to the outermost reaches of the sea in whaling vessels fully equipped with try-works and a fleet of whaleboats; from setting seines and dropping lines in the placid bays to battling the elements in great fleets on the Grand Banks, but the gap was quickly spanned, once the Cape men had turned their thoughts to the sea.

Cape Cod taught the rest of the world to whale. New Bedford and Nantucket later outdistanced their teacher but the art of whaling had its origin on the Cape and its evolution was accomplished in five swift, logical steps. While the *Mayflower* still lay in Provincetown Harbor the curiosity of the Pilgrims was excited by seeing some Indians "cutting up a great fish like a grampus, being some 2 inches thike of fate like a hogg." It wasn't many years before almost all Cape Codders were sporadically engaged in the same work, since the "grampus" of the Indians was undoubtedly a blackfish, or species of small whale. In the early days the cry that a whale was heading toward the shore was enough to send every man running from his house or field; on one occasion it is said to have emptied a church in the midst of services, with the minister well in the lead. If the whale came ashore there were always disputes about whom he belonged to, the finders, the town, the Colony, or the Crown, and these were settled in various ways. God sent the whales, so in some towns a certain part of the proceeds was always set aside to pay the minister. But the whale did not always flounder into shoal water and die. Sometimes he turned and got away. And hence arose the idea of pursuit.

Men and boys would go out in small boats and by shouting and splashing attempt to drive the monster ashore. The first

real whaler was the man who, dissatisfied with the uncertainty of this method, killed the whale with a harpoon. This was a great step forward and men began to seek out the whales in the bays rather than wait for them to approach the shore. The great difficulty in shore-whaling, as this was called, was in getting the whale's ungainly bulk to shore. Someone thought of cutting up the carcass at sea and bringing the blubber back in casks to be tried out on the shore. And from this it was but a short step to the final stage.

The evolution of the complete whaling vessel, capable of making voyages of two, three, even four years, did not destroy shore-whaling on the Cape. It took capital to man and equip a whaling vessel; the shore-whaler required almost none, and up to about 1740 shore-whaling was an important factor in the Cape's prosperity. Why seek whales in the vast reaches of the ocean when the waters that practically constituted your back yard were full of them? Let other ports send their whalers on long, expensive voyages; Cape Codders were doing well enough at home. Whaling grounds were reserved for the use of citizens in many towns and huts were built along the Back Shore where men watched for whales all summer long. There was a good deal of friction between the towns about whaling rights in certain waters and strangers who tried to make use of the whaling grounds were either "warned off," in the old Cape phrase, or made to pay substantially for the immense amount of fuel the tryworks consumed. The final disappearance of whales in numbers from Cape Cod waters around 1740 almost prostrated the Cape. During the following period of deep-sea whaling, Wellfleet, Truro and Provincetown were the great whaling towns, though many others had sizable fleets; the industry survived



This windmill in Chatham was built in 1752 and was in practically continual operation for a hundred and ten years.



Stoney Brook Mill at Brewster, built in 1660, was one of the first four waterpower grist mills in America.

longest in Provincetown. That town's last whaler was retired in 1916 when Captain John Cook gave up the sea.

Whales still spout in the harbors of the Cape; it wasn't many years ago that a submarine rising from a dive in Provincetown Harbor wrapped one of the monsters about its nose; blackfish, blindly following their leaders, will flounder ashore to die and when this happens there is still excitement in the town, for the small amount of oil contained in their heads, used in making watches and other kinds of very fine machinery, is immensely valuable. The old days aren't so far gone but that many men still live to tell their tale: women, too, because so many captains' wives sailed with their husbands on their long voyages.

These women led strange lives, spending so many years from home in the rough world of a whaling vessel, but their position was one of importance and dignity. One lady tells of baking a pan of fresh doughnuts with her own hands in a ship's galley off the coast of South Africa; these were for her husband to take ashore with him to placate the savages. Apparently the offering was successful for the Africans paid a return visit to the vessel next day and permitted themselves to be clothed in Mother Hubbards before the Old Man's wife was allowed on deck. The same woman has outlived typhoons and a mutiny and spent over twenty-three years of her life at sea, but her bitterest memory is of a "gam" or visit to another whaling vessel in the middle of the Pacific. She was two years from home and her hostess, the captain's wife of the other vessel, just out of New Bedford, was wearing leg-of-mutton sleeves, a fashion of which she had never even heard.

Fishing on a big scale on the Cape developed simultaneously with whaling, or only a little later. The first settlers

appear to have been inept fishermen; very early the Colony began to farm out the fishing rights and part of the revenue was used to support a school. But as early as 1730 codfishermen were making voyages to the Grand Banks. Here the fish were salted and dried on the nearest beach and carried usually to the West Indies where the captain picked up a cargo of rum and molasses for the voyage home. Other men with smaller vessels fished closer to the Newfoundland shore, salted the catch just enough to keep it on the run home, finished "making" it on their own beaches and sold it in Boston.

During the Revolution, the fishing fleets of the Cape were ruined by disuse and the enemy. After peace came the impoverished Americans were forced to build smaller vessels, and fishing grounds nearer home—as the Bay de Chaleur and coast of Labrador—were generally sought. This was the time when the beaches of the Cape began to be lined with fish-flakes, racks on which fish were placed to dry in the sun, and the beaches of every town had rows of windmills pumping sea water to make salt; it was then that Provincetown, the town that is all beach, came into its own and secured the pre-eminence in fishing it has held ever since. But the British were making strenuous efforts to forbid Canadian waters to Yankee fishermen; Cape Codders didn't take the restrictions lying down, but they began to look about for fishing grounds still nearer home. And found them in the Georges Banks.

These waters had long been known but held in dread, indeed, almost in superstitious awe, because of the violent currents, uncharted shoals and fierce sudden storms. It was an intrepid Gloucester fisherman who first demonstrated the

practicability of fishing off the Georges, and Cape Codders swiftly followed suit; here the take was codfish and halibut.

Cape Cod was booming now. Who cared for the British? Grand Bankers were fishing again, inviting new hazards, for now the fishing vessels often carried small boats, like whalers did, from which men could go out from the mother vessel to fish; many grim stories are told of these small boats being swept away in fog or storm, never to be seen again. At home there were tremendous stores of herring, oysters, lobsters and quahogs to be taken and sold to an eager market. And in the thirties and forties mackerel, still avidly sought by fishermen, began to pour money in upon the Cape. But here we are dealing with the will-o'-the-wisp of the sea. Mackerel are here, they are gone; there is no known place to seek them, men must follow the fish; once they vanished as if wiped out completely for ten years, and then as mysteriously returned.

The Cape's trading activities were the natural outgrowth of the fishing. The course from the Grand Banks with fish to the West Indies and home again with rum and molasses was early an established route, nor did Cape Cod captains always stop with that. Their early, round-bottomed, two-masted, seventy-ton schooners were capable of crossing the Atlantic and often did, though the Cape's trading continued to be coastwise as a rule. In the early nineteenth century the tremendous maritime development of the whole Eastern seaboard brought a demand for longer voyages and larger ships; there are few harbors on the Cape capable of accommodating clipper ships nor was the capital available to build them and finance them on their long voyages. But if the Cape didn't have the ships, it had the men. Cape Codders who had served their apprenticeship on the smaller ships of an early day were

pressed into service by the great companies of Boston and New York and, though they sailed for others, the ships they drove and the records they hung up add luster to the Cape's history. The packet boats that ran between Cape Cod and Boston were always carrying some Cape Cod captain to the beginning or end of his long voyage; many a Cape Cod man drove a Liverpool packet across the Atlantic or sailed a clipper around Cape Horn, and Cape Cod men called greetings to each other in Liverpool and Shanghai and Astoria.

The check administered to the Cape's seafaring activities by the Revolution was repeated with added severity by the War of 1812, but they staggered to their feet and regained their stride. A few years after the Peace of Ghent, there were towns on the Cape in which every male between twelve and forty-five was said to follow the sea; the harbors and river mouths were jammed with sail; handsome mansions began to replace the early Cape Cod cottages; shipyards and saltworks ran full blast and crowded, bustling, lively towns throve where now are little villages.

The great days are gone but they have left their imprint indelibly upon the Cape, not only in the houses which still charm us with their air of comfort and simple elegance or in the snug fortunes on which many Cape Cod families still live, but in the people and their ways. The sea has been called a school of democracy, an odd saying to those who think only of the autocracy of sea captains and of the especially black record of Yankee skippers in this respect. But on the Cape that saying was nearly true. Sons shipped under their fathers, brother sailed with brother, and it was not unusual for a ship to be manned almost entirely by members of a single family. Nor was it only on given ships that this state

of friendly mutual dependence was found. When a whole town went fishing, that town had a common interest, a common point of view, a common store of experience, and it would have been difficult for one man to set himself up above another except as he caught more and better fish. Boys who had strained at the same nets together fought side by side in the Revolution, in the War of 1812 and in the Civil War, and came home to find their homes laid waste by the same economic catastrophe. Through this long history Cape Codders have acquired a homogeneity of mind and temper, of ambition and ways of living that recalls an earlier America and gives many visitors seeing the Cape for the first time a feeling of coming home.

The Revolution, which ruined the Cape's fishing, provided the impetus for another great industry that was to build Cape fortunes and provide the bulwark of its fishing in later years. Up to this time the early settlers had obtained their salt largely by the primitive method of boiling sea water in great iron kettles, though some experiments in solar evaporation in artificial salt ponds had been made. The boiling method produced only a small amount of salt and required such immense quantities of fuel that the early disappearance of forests on the Cape was partly caused by it. With the outbreak of the Revolution, embargo and blockade sent the price of salt sky-high; a state bounty of three shillings a bushel was offered for salt manufactured locally from sea water, and Captain John Sears of Dennis had his great idea.

His first saltworks was a clumsy contrivance consisting of a great shallow vat into which sea water was pumped by hand and which could be protected by shutters from the rain. It leaked, the labor of filling it was tremendous, it appeared

so inefficient as to earn the name of Sears' Folly, yet the quantity of salt produced through evaporation by the sun was so encouraging that Sears—and others—persevered. Various improvements were made; roofs swung on cranes replaced the early shutters; shipbuilders found it no great task to make the vats tight. But the thing that lifted the enterprise to a real industry was the happy discovery that windmills could be made to do the work of the hand pumps. A boom was started which reached its height in the 1830's, the time of the Cape's great prosperity in other lines, when the demand for salt, salt, salt from the fishing industry was insatiable. At that time more than half a million bushels of salt were being made yearly on the Cape; hardly a town but had one or more salt-works, elaborate systems of vats and reservoirs bearing small resemblance to Sears' early trough; rows of lively windmills were a picturesque and characteristic part of the Cape scene. The decline of the industry began in the forties with the rise in price of the Maine pine from which the vats were made and the opening up of foreign and domestic salt mines. The descent was slow—the last plant in existence on the Cape closed down in Yarmouth in 1884—but complete. The windmills are gone and the stanch timber of the old salt vats has been used to build barns and homes; "salt wood" it is called and may be recognized by its scarred, furry-looking surface and the rim of rust around nail holes.

New England's great trade expansion inspired the erection of a number of factories for making cotton and woolen cloth on the Cape in the early 1800's, but as a rule, if a Cape Codder wasn't going to sea himself, he was making something for those who did. Sailmakers, riggers, calkers, shipbuilders had their establishments in every town. In Sandwich alone there

arose an important industry which was independent of the sea.

Here, between 1825 and 1888, flourished the famous Sandwich glassworks where the first pressed glass and the first lace, or snakeskin, glass was made in this country. For over thirty years it was the largest glassworks in America and at the height of its success employed five hundred skilled men. All kinds of glassware were made: vases, cup plates, cruets, cologne bottles, lamps, candlesticks, tumblers, decanters, doorknobs, and many other things. The early pieces, made before machine-made molds were substituted for hand-cut ones, were the most delicate and beautiful in design, but Sandwich's chief glory was her colored glass. Sandwich glass may be purple, ruby, green, blue, opalescent, or amber in varying shades, all remarkable for their brilliance and purity. The enterprise came to an end because of a strike; the owners threatened that if the great fires that had to be kept burning day and night were ever allowed to go out, they would not be relit, but it is said that when the last glow died, owners, workers and townspeople all wept.

Because of its exposed position, the Cape has always been particularly vulnerable in time of war. British men-of-war not only anchored in its harbors during the Revolution, levying toll upon its people, but their shots raked its towns and, in World War I, the one hostile shot directed toward American soil was fired from a German submarine at the coast of Orleans. But its real weakness has always been its industries. While men fight, ships rot at wharves and fish swim uncaught in the sea. Cape Codders have gone to war when they had to or when they saw a clear principle at stake, but always with a profoundly realistic dislike of the whole ugly business and

an ingrained sense of its wastefulness. That's why you'll so seldom find any records of war hysteria on the Cape. Wasn't there excitement and adventure enough to be had at sea?

The hundred years and more of war against the French and the Indians that preceded the Revolution again and again destroyed the Cape's budding industries just as they were taking root. The Cape itself had practically no Indian problem at home; there were a few scares from time to time but the Indians on the whole were so friendly to the white men that some of them even joined the forces sent to fight King Philip. Beyond sending its quota of men to these wars and paying the ever-mounting taxes, the Cape made a picturesque contribution to the wars against the French in its famous whaleboat fleets which carried troops up rivers and along broken coasts where the British Navy could not penetrate. In King William's War in 1690, under Lieutenant Colonel John Gorham of Barnstable, in Queen Anne's War in 1703, and at the capture of Louisburg in 1745, always under Gorhams, these whaleboats played their part, manned by Cape men who were doubtless thinking longingly of the whales they were missing; history does not state whether any of the enemy were killed by harpoons.

Meantime the forces that led to the Revolution were gathering strength. Cape Codders had been given a taste of tyranny that struck home when in 1686 Edmond Andros with a commission from James II abolished the government of the Colony and demanded quit-rent from the colonists for the farms they had won with so much toil and suffering. They had been given a contempt for the British troops when they had seen them massacred in the French and Indian wars because of their hidebound ignorance of wilderness fighting.

And, whenever a surcease from fighting permitted, they had seen their own hard-won country building up into a promised land.

Andros was later deposed, but Cape Codders remembered. Then, as war after war struck down their lusty shipping and fishing, a spirit of restlessness began to grow. Some moved away to found new settlements in Maine and Nova Scotia, others stayed at home to fume and, fuming, helped to lay the powder train that was to ignite in 1776.

The Cape's greatest contribution to the Revolution was made fifteen years before it happened, so to speak. James Otis of West Barnstable was a great orator; when he spoke in 1761 against the Writs of Assistance, Britain's latest outrage, he woke men's minds to the idea that the encroachments of the British Crown upon the liberty of the colonists were not merely a misuse of authority but an assumption of authority where none existed. Men shuddered at the boldness of his words but they remembered; it is difficult for Americans today, accustomed to their liberty, to realize how staggering were the first ideas of disunion; not only on the Cape but in all the Northern colonies, the seed of independence took root more readily because James Otis had prepared the ground. But when the war came, the Cape was torn. What wonder there were loyalists? The very idea of Revolution was new and strange to these people of pure English stock, they saw their livelihood struck down again, the sails of the enemy were never out of sight, they constantly suffered raids on their own food supply, cut off from replenishment by the blockades, and lived in terror that their towns would be shelled or burned. Yet there was a lot of successful privateering and so many Cape boys were recruited by the Continental

Army that General Joseph Otis, brother of the patriot, complained that to take them was like "dragging men from home when their houses are on fire."

It must have been a great day for Cape Codders and repaid them for much danger and annoyance when the British ship-of-war *Somerset*, mounting sixty-four guns, struck on Peaked Hill Bars in November, 1778, and was driven ashore. Two hundred of her crew of five hundred officers and men were drowned and the rest as prisoners marched to Boston in a triumphal procession by the home guard, while her arms were seized for the use of the American Army. Blowing sand and shifting dunes have covered her but in 1889 the battered hulk emerged temporarily; now scarcely a season passes on the Cape but the rumor flies about that someone has again discovered the bones of the *Somerset*.

The peace following the Revolution was a peace of desolation for the Cape. Seven years of idleness had destroyed her ships, her markets were gone, and the chaotic state of the country's currency and government gave her no firm footing upon which to rebuild. Yet schools of fish still drove through her waters, whales spouted in the ocean and the Pacific began to beckon for the first time. Bit by bit the Cape started climbing back.

Then came the War of 1812. If the Revolution had failed to command unanimous support, this war was frankly and openly opposed. Preceded by the Embargo of 1807, it meant ruin to the reviving industries of the whole Atlantic seaboard and the Cape was even harder hit than the rest of New England. Yarmouth, in a town meeting in 1814, drew up a resolution in which its citizens unanimously expressed their "decided disapprobation of the present ruinous and unhappy

war," and their determination not to support it "any further than we are compelled to do." Falmouth, Sandwich, Barnstable and Orleans were the only four towns to support the war. There was a good deal of blockade-running, usually in whaleboats; privateering brought some handsome prizes; the regular navy had a quota of Cape men but on the whole the Cape turned its back upon the war except when forced in its own interest to stand and fight. And why not? As Cape Codders saw it, they were being asked to ruin themselves for an administration they detested, and the nation was still too young for the idea of an united commonwealth to have taken any deep root.

The passage of more than half a century made a difference. Cape Codders had been too perverse, or too independent, or perhaps through their long seafaring history made too tolerant, to share the violent abolitionist sentiment of some New England centers. Fervent abolitionists there were, of course; there were even schisms in the churches on the question of slavery, but these schisms arose on account of the live-and-let-live attitude of a considerable part of the people toward the Southern states. But when the Civil War actually broke out, Cape Codders sprang to arms with an alacrity they had never shown before. The Cape had just passed through a period of hectic prosperity and was beginning to face a slow decline. This was tremendously accelerated by the war and most Cape Codders, not fully understanding the economic forces at work, blamed it for the full catastrophe. Yet there was none of the repining and resentment that had marked the War of 1812. Principles were at stake, the Cape now knew itself part of an united nation and it did its part willingly to bring about the Union's victory.

Prosperity as the Cape knew it in the great days before the Civil War has never returned. The end, of course, did not come all at once. The sea had never really failed them, Cape Codders could not believe that it was failing now, but as the West opened up, attracting capital, and the United States ceased to be a maritime nation, more and more vessels, reaching their end through disaster or old age, were not rebuilt; more and more sea captains came home to stay; more and more young people moved away. In 1936, in Provincetown, the home of fishing, one schooner, the *Mary P. Goulart,* remained of the great fleets that once sailed to the Grand Banks; this town still lives by fishing, but the fish are drawn from weirs in the harbor or taken in water adjacent to the Cape; the masts you see upon its fishing vessels are not for sail but simply to suspend the fishing tackle from. The measure of the nation's prosperity is the measure of the Cape's today. The question, "What do the people live on?" is easily answered, "Summer visitors," or, more realistically, "What is left of their past wealth," but neither of these answers tells the whole truth and the Cape has its feet on firmer economic ground than they would supply.

Cape Codders have completed a circuit and gone back to the land. The sandy acres of the Cape, blown clear through generations of the rich soil the Pilgrims found, for a long time furnished no farms an inlander would have recognized. Western visitors, accustomed to boundless acres of growing things, have smiled at the Cape's little huddled orchards and small stands of summer corn, but scientific farming is writing a different tale. Cape asparagus, Cape strawberries, Cape potatoes are famous, with Cape cranberries at the head of all. Four-fifths of all the cranberries sold in the United States



New Haven Railroad

In this roadside shop a Cape Codder's native skill is used to good effect in fashioning wooden articles for the lively tourist trade.



New Haven Railroad Sandwich glass shown in its natural setting in the town of Sandwich on the Cape.

today are grown on or near the Cape; the country around Falmouth is one of the greatest strawberry centers in the United States; in June the great plains of Eastham are a drift of feathery asparagus stalks. Add to these, apples and melons; tomatoes, carrots, turnips and all the common garden vegetables; great duck, turkey and chicken farms; plant and tree nurseries, and it becomes apparent that the Cape's independent life is not threatened by its withdrawal from the sea.

Nor is that withdrawal complete. There is still deep-sea fishing though on a diminished scale; Cotuit and Wellfleet oysters, Chatham scallops, lobsters from nearly everywhere supply a steady market; every spring countless barrels of herring taken at their spawning time from fresh-water streams are shipped away. Perhaps it should not be said so much that the Cape has gone back to the land as that, after the period of wild exploitation characteristic of new countries, it has learned to use the combined resources of land and sea in a kind of unconscious planned economy.

Cape Codders are still much as they always were, a hardy, thrifty, independent people, not easily won, but generous and hospitable where confidence exists. They have a calm, humorous attitude toward life, very restful to latter-day Americans; it has been ascribed by some writers to the influence of the sea, but it seems at least possible that it owes something to the fact that Cape Cod boys and girls are born with a reliable expectation of a life span of eighty or ninety years. Thoreau, visiting the Cape in 1849, was astonished to find that an oysterman in Wellfleet whom he took for a man in his sixties had heard the guns of Concord as a boy of fourteen. Visitors to the Cape are constantly meeting a like experience. A New Bedford paper early in 1936 carried a small item to the effect

that the average age of death in Orleans in the preceding year was seventy-four; this average had been dragged down by the untimely taking off of one man, the youngest, at fifty-three. Wellfleet was instantly up in arms; the average age of death for that town in 1935 was seventy-nine. A walk through any of the old Cape graveyards will bring home the fact that this extraordinary longevity has always been a habit on the Cape; it seems as if the only young who died were drowned, often masters of their vessels at nineteen or twenty-one.

The foreign population of the Cape is small, except in a few places as Barnstable, Falmouth and its vicinity, and Provincetown but, perhaps because the Cape is so small and self-contained, it seems larger than it is. There are some Italians and a few Finnish settlements in the towns, but the foreigners on the Cape are predominantly Portuguese. People are sometimes astonished to find them here, but Portuguese adventurers knew Provincetown Harbor long before the Pilgrims came. There is a story that Provincetown's first Portuguese citizen, Manuel Caton, was a refugee from a pirate ship. Others came, pressed into service on Yankee whaling ships that sailed from home with skeleton crews. Finding the fishing good, many remained and sent home for their families. While retaining many of their native customs and ways of life, they regard themselves, and are regarded, as Americans and good ones too. They have partaken of the New Englander's passion for education; if it seems incongruous to see a brood of swarthy black-eyed children tumble out through the delicately carved doorway of an old Cape Cod cottage, the black-eyed girl who shepherds them back in is likely a

schoolteacher, and there is something homely and familiar about the trim garden of mingled vegetables and flowers that flanks the house. One important contribution they have made to Cape life. A seafaring people, now that seafaring is done, they have brought an old-world skill and concentration to the cultivation of small plots of ground; many of the strawberry growers around Falmouth are Portuguese and their thrifty, intensively cultivated farms and gardens are everywhere. The Bravas, or black Portuguese, many of whom are seen up the Cape, are a cross between the savages of the Cape Verde Islands and exiled Portuguese criminals, but they, too, are proving themselves good farmers and good citizens.

Note: crimes of violence are almost entirely unknown upon the Cape.

There is another type of "foreigner," for that word is still applied by Cape Codders to anyone from outside the state. "Saw twenty foreign cars on the street today," they'll say, meaning cars with plates from New York, California, Michigan. These foreigners are of all kinds. There are the rich and fashionable who swim and yacht and fish and golf in the villages of the upper Cape—Hyannisport, Cotuit, Centerville, Wianno, Osterville and others; there are the artists and writers and actors and playwrights and students who foregather in such towns as Dennis and Provincetown; there are scientists in Woods Hole and Truro and other places; there are solitaries seeking seclusion and finding it among the dunes and moors; there are many families from all over the United States who make the Cape their second home because for many months in the year they and their children can lead a life of fresh air and fishing and boating and swimming and sound sleep; there are hunters who come in the fall; there

are the myriads of tourists drawn by a love of sports, of nature, of pleasure, or simply by the nostalgia evoked by this old-American community. One thing the new comers all have in common: they love the Cape.

William Bradford's "Of Plimoth Plantation," mentioned so often in these pages, has had a curious history which is told in detail by George F. Willison in *Saints and Strangers*. Bradford handed the manuscript down to his grandson and, about 1728, it passed into the hands of Thomas Prince, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, who placed it with other old manuscripts in his library in the steeple of the church. Thomas Hutchinson is known to have looked at it there in 1774 while he was writing his history of New England. Prince's library was looted during the Revolution and "Of Plimoth Plantation" was believed to be irrevocably lost. Then, in 1855, scholars came upon passages in Samuel Wilberforce's *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America* which led them to believe he must have consulted the missing manuscript. This clue led them to Fulham Palace on the outskirts of London where it was discovered, its 270 pages intact, having come there no one knows how or when.

"Of Plimoth Plantation" is a terse, vivid, often very moving eyewitness account of the Pilgrim adventure. Its reappearance corrected misconceptions current in our early schoolbooks and restored to knowledge many facts which had slipped out of history.

CHAPTER II.

ICE, SAND AND SEA

CAPE COD is a geological oddity. It does not look like any other section of the American continent, even to an amateur physiographer who doesn't know a terminal moraine from a trilobite. What is the secret of this curious and attractive topography that strikes you at first glance when you cross the high steel arch over the Canal at Buzzards Bay?

In the first place, the scale of the Cape is small. It is only a little over twenty miles wide at its widest point, at Barnstable it is six miles across, two from sea to sea at Truro, and less than a mile at Provincetown, where you can see two oceans as you drive. Here the whole gigantic process of geology is visible on a diminished scale, just as by a reverse process cell structure can be seen through a microscope.

From the monument at Provincetown, from Signal Hill in Bourne, from the high sweet-smelling moors of Truro you can see nearly the whole circuit of the Cape and draw a pretty good map of it just from the view.

Cape Cod is a narrow glacial peninsula, running 40 miles out to sea, its frail and perishable coast of sand cliffs and earth continually crumbled and torn down by the wind and

the pounding ocean, but it is anchored to the bottom of the world by rock and a preglacial clay foundation that is one of the "ancient drainage divides of the country." Over this the glaciers piled hills and dug valleys, spread and raked a top-dressing of sand and debris that in time became the "fat and lustie" soil that Bradford speaks of.

Fingerprinting glaciers is still not an exact science, but roughly speaking it was 35,000 years ago that the great ice floe from the north poured thickly over New England, thrusting a hundred miles out into the ocean. At the southeastern end the ice field split into huge thumb-shaped projections called lobes. One of these lobes, the Buzzards Bay glacier, lay along the eastern shore of Buzzards Bay and north along the Massachusetts coast. Next to it on the east the Cape Cod glacier filled Cape Cod Bay. Geologists hypothecate a third glacier called the South Channel glacier, part of a vast ice field reaching down from Maine to Nova Scotia. The wicked shoals of Nantucket and Georges Banks may be the submerged terminal moraines of this glacier. Its pack pushing west helped to block out the land between Chatham and Highland Light, and there are about a dozen parallel valleys in Eastham, Truro and Wellfleet whose floors run from east to west. The simplest explanation of them is that ice rivers flowed out from the South Channel glacier on the west scoring these valleys that are now so sunny and green.

Together the glaciers moved southward, spreading out right and left as they crawled on. They scraped and pushed ahead of them huge heaps of debris, piled it up in front of and between their edges, finally melted away and left it there in the form of the moraine hills that run from Buzzards Bay down to Woods Hole and Falmouth, and bending

eastward through Sandwich along the bay shore, continue through the northern parts of the coast villages through Orleans to the sea.

These ridges of high ground are true terminal moraines, and nice ones too. Pine woods cover them, their sides slope gently down to a great plain. This, the whole South Shore, meadows, little valleys, green marshes cut by blue strips of sea, is an outwash plain, made by glacier rivers flowing out from under the ice, spreading and leveling the surface like frosting on a cake. The plain is starred with shining lakes and ponds (270 of them) and pitted with countless deep hollows called kettle holes. These are glacial too, the marks of huge ice blocks which were left by old glaciers in depressions, buried under earth by new glaciers, but finally melted and sank, caving into pockets which were sometimes filled with the seepage of ground water, or merely made deep dimples in the ground. There are thousands of them from Woods Hole to Truro, and they are found by sounding under water. One, near Woods Hole, is 120 feet deep.

Scattered like nuts in the frosting are occasional great chunks of rock. These are not part of the backbone of Cape Cod, but are "drift boulders" dragged by glaciers from northern New England or New Hampshire or Canada. Even Plymouth Rock is not a native, but comes from Boston.

The most notable examples of these are Enos rock on the Nauset moraine in Eastham, 34 feet long, the Indian Prayer Rock at West Brewster, Great Rock, 400 tons, at Bourne, and a 12-foot boulder near Highland Light. There is a foreign settlement of rocks called "Bear's Den" in Falmouth, west of Falmouth village, and also "Devil's Den" in Pocasset.

There are no very sensational heights on the Cape, but

there are some respectable summits. Bourne Hill in Sandwich is the highest, nearly three hundred feet, but there is no driving road to the top and no real view. A road leads up to Pine, or Signal Hill, in Bourne, however, with a fine prospect at the top. Scargo Hill in Dennis has a tower with an eighty-mile glance around the Bay. Shoot-Flying Hill in Barnstable is called so because it is said to be a vantage point for shooting wild fowl. Manomet Hill in Plymouth is the highest landmark of them all. In colonial days these hills were used to signal from, fires by night and smudges by day.

He who walks may read all this glacial history of the Cape, and it is pleasant summer reading, but there is a more dramatic story along the shore.

No man saw the paralyzed earth stir slowly to life when the glaciers weakened. For only three hundred years has history checked this coast and three hundred years is a short time for observation when the sea has been working away for centuries, leveling and smoothing the rough shore, tearing down cliffs, wrecking old harbors and cutting out new. The waves have completely washed away Nauset Island, where Leif Ericsson is thought to have landed about 1003. It lay between Chatham and Eastham, and a long point ran out into the Atlantic. There was a shoal rip on the northeast side which gave Gosnold in 1602 such a scare that he called it "Tucker's Terror," and the point which took very tricky sailing to round he called Point Care.

All this is gone now, the sea works fast, and Cape Codders have seen great changes in their own time. The shore line is continually shifting, shoals and harbors come and go, and the United States Coast Guard Survey must revise its maps every few years. The waves sweep north and south,



The shore of Cape Cod is largely composed of sand cliffs and earth which are continually being crumbled and eaten away by tempest and ocean wave. These dunes, etched by the wind, are at Barnstable.



Inlets deep enough to serve as anchorage for pleasure boats are frequently found on both the bay and ocean side of the Cape.

slanting into the shore, and this carpenter work has cut back the head of the Cape and added regular Cape Cod additions or lean-tos right and left. The sand "walks," the bones of ancient ships are buried for years and dug up again, the whole coast moves and shudders with the endless stir of the sea.

It was this "variable and inconstant" shore that made our ancestors think the whole of Cape Cod was perhaps only a hieroglyphic of sand, written by the sea, doomed to be rubbed out by the sea.

Only ten miles of this is true. The old glacial Cape ends at High Head at Truro. From there to Long Point at Provincetown is made land, made out of the wreckage of the old cliffs and shore of material torn away from the coast of Truro and Wellfleet and Eastham.

The Cape is constantly narrowing as the sea pulls down the shore and sweeps its winnings north and south. The piled-up shoals grow and rise above the water, winds blow the top into dunes, beach grass springs up and ties the sand down. So the line of shoals beyond Truro finally joined the mainland. Peaked Hill Bar is now in the making and will some day rise from the ocean and join the dunes of the Back Shore. Only a hundred years ago Race Run was a free salt river, splitting the Race off from the mainland; now it is silted up and built solid into the land.

This process of destruction and repair goes on forever. If you stand on the Clay Pounds at Highland Light in a northeast gale and watch the surf bite out the base of the cliff, you wonder how long before the waves will eat clear across the mild hills at Truro and make an island of Provincetown. Geologists say the shore recedes on an average

about three feet a year. Peaked Hill Coast Guard Station has been moved twice and its old brick foundations are now part of the beach; at Pamet a long line of cottages has been dragged back several times after almost toppling into the sea. Chatham had lost four hundred feet of ground and two lighthouses by 1879. At Nauset Light four lighthouses have been built to avoid the encroachments of the waves. It is difficult to deny the sea once it launches its attack against the shore.

But the sea is freakish and unpredictable and it builds up new beaches and harbors out of the ruins of the old. Instead of destroying the old glacial shore of Eastham, it has thrown up the fifteen-mile barricade of Nauset beach and given Eastham a small harbor, though the harbor will not stay put and has now moved over to Orleans. Southward this clear reach of sand goes on to make the magnificent stretches of Monomoy which extend miles south of Chatham and this is all young, land robbed from Chatham and Orleans. Monomoy Point is growing and its shoals push out toward Great Point, the northeast end of Nantucket. But a great scour of current will probably always keep this entrance to Nantucket Sound open.

So on the Bay Shore. The high dunes of Sandy Neck are an extension of Spring Hill beach and protect the old inner shore of Barnstable, also giving it a harbor. True, the neck is stretching across the harbor toward Dennis, and the channel of Barnstable Harbor is filling up, but the tide rushes in more powerfully as it contracts and may keep it clear. On the Bay Shore, too, the waves have cut back the cliffs of Truro and Wellfleet and leveled and polished the fine beaches that run clear to Provincetown. But at Pamet River, which was once a good harbor with even a lighthouse, the channel is filling up with marsh and is a harbor no more.

Bound Brook Island at Wellfleet, Great Island and Griffith's Island were once real islands lying free in Cape Cod Bay. Now they have been puttied together with sand and marsh till they are one—but just to be different the sea has cut away Billingsgate from its logical chain, and left it a sand bar with a run of shallow water between it and the end of what used to be Great Island.

As for the delicate and perishable hooked spit that makes Provincetown Harbor one of the best in the world, it is more sturdy than it looks. This also was built of stolen material, loose masses of earth and gravel torn from the old shore, driven northward and washed westward by winds and currents. These same forces feed and reinforce it continually, making the thin whiplash of land that swings round from the dunes and seems to lie so lightly on the surface of the sea that it looks like a mirage. But notice that its tip points northeast. Throw a bottle out on the Back Shore. You may find it at Long Point.

East Harbor—it does not look like a harbor now but merely a largish pond—which you pass on the Beach Point road to Provincetown was once open salt water, a long spit running far back with only a strip of marsh between it and the ocean beach. At one point it was only five rods wide at high water and the sea threatened to break through in any gale and shovel a tidal wave of sand into Provincetown Harbor. Provincetowners, already fighting sand which was blowing over their houses, were alarmed by this into several makeshifts—beach grass, a bridge, a fence—finally, in 1869 an expensive dyke which was 1,400 feet long. It destroyed East Harbor, but it saved Provincetown harbor and the town.

At Long Point, too, sand washed around from Race Point into the harbor, where it set to work building flats, but the government stopped this with wooden bulwarks. In 1911 the great breakwater was thrown across from the west end to Long Point and now Provincetown Harbor stands firm.

CHAPTER III.

OLD HOUSES AND NEW AMERICA

THE first settlers in Sandwich, the oldest town, about 1637, decreed that "no other inhabitants be received into the town or have lands assigned to them by the Committee without the consent of Mr. Leverich, [the parson] and the church."

It is interesting to remember that these are the same people who came to America to find freedom, and it is interesting now to look at their houses, if it be true that good style in architecture is to "clearly and candidly exhibit the spirit of the time."

Cape Cod houses are wooden witness of the idea of severe doctrine combined with a stiff-necked belief in the civil and political rights of the individual. They seem frail but are sturdy, look small but are larger than they look, they are plainly built out of plain materials, and their chief beauty is their proportion.

"Sober-looking houses" Thoreau calls them, "low and broad" —firmly planted on the land and seeming part of it. Cape Codders have always been fishermen, seamen, farmers, millers, carpenters, shipmasters, close to the land and close to the sea. Their houses have about them a democratic equality which

is part of their early American charm, and the virtues of thrift, neatness and independence are built up visibly in the solid frames of hewn oak, hand-split shingles, careful construction and detail. There are few great estates or ritzy hotels even now, and there were no great obvious discrepancies between rich and poor. The earliest builders usually followed two or three models—houses which derived from the simple English cottages of Cornwall and Devon.

There are several types of these houses, and these types have variations, for the builders were individualistic and suited their houses to their needs, but it is always noticeable that their individuality expresses itself not in a chaos of personal notions, but in the original treatment of an established form. This gives uniformity without monotony or dullness. It makes you think again of the early plan of the villages, where each community was organized as a self-governing body, deriving its powers from the voters. But a voter had to be eligible and to be eligible he had to be regular, that is, a respectable citizen and an accepted church member. So we find the houses—all fundamentally alike—regular church members, but still exhibiting their own character and personality.

How can you recognize an original Cape Cod house? There are three types, which are very distinct, but they all follow the common Cape Cod pattern, a low, broad frame building, generally a story and a half high, with a steep, perfectly pitched roof without gables, "a short hoist and a long peak" this was called, low eaves, no cornices, and a six-paneled door flush with the lintel. In the best period there was no porch. The door is the decorative high light of the house. Individual ornament centers in it, and it may be carved or fluted or set in beautifully molded pilasters with a line

of glazing; it may have fan or side lights, or a small Greek pediment to keep off dripping snow. If it is a true Cape Cod door, it will be truly proportioned, and if the house is lucky, it may have a millstone for a doorstep.

There is generally an odd collection of windows in the gable ends—where they are genuinely old the panes are uneven in number—nine and six are the most common.

Thoreau liked these windows—"there were so many of odd sizes in the ends of the buildings—windows for the grown folks and windows for the children, three or four apiece, as a certain man had a large hole in his barn door for the cat and another for the kitten." He also adds suspiciously that the windows must serve as "so many peep holes that a traveler has small chance with them."

Attached to the main house there is nearly always a lean-to or ell, set at the back or one side. It has a side door less formal than the front but more often used. The house may be entirely shingled, or the front clapboarded and the back and side walls shingled. Often it is unpainted and has weathered to a beautiful silvery gray. In very old houses there is a slight pleasing sag in the line of the roof and gable ends that gives the house a handmade look.

The "half-house" is of this same sort, but it has only one front room, and the door at the side.

There is also the two-story house, but where there are two stories the foundation is wide enough to keep the house looking low.

The roofs are one of the most notable things about Cape houses. There are several distinct types:

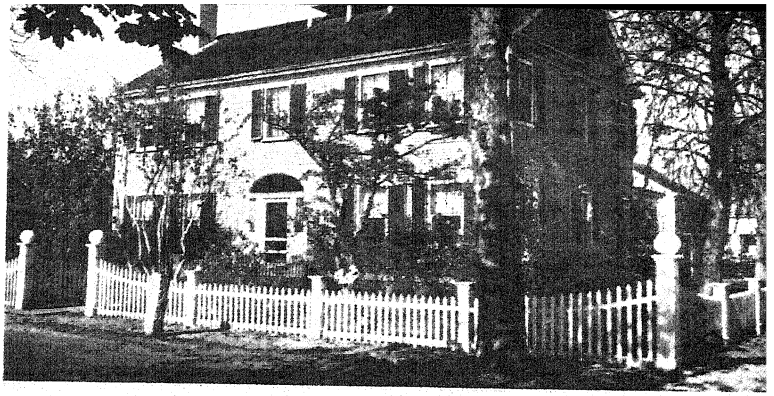
The plain cottage roof—sliced down steeply on a slant from a short ridgepole.

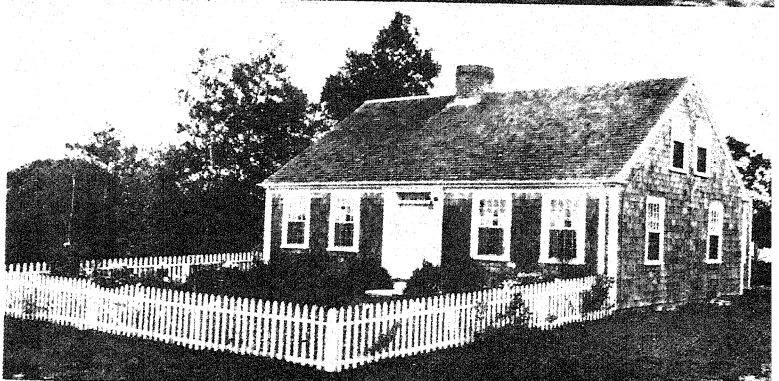
The gambrel roof—the arch broken in the middle on a two-story house.

The salt-box roof—called after the old salt boxes that used to hang on our grandmother's kitchen wall, and called so because from the two floors in front the roof slants down almost to the ground on the other side.

The ship's-bottom roof—also called whaleback, hogback and rainbow roof. It is really a roof shaped like a ship's bottom, and it is rare on the Cape, though new houses occasionally have it for fun. It was an idea taken from boats. They say the timbers for these roofs were cut green and laid over an 18-inch rock with the ends weighted down to give the right curve. It took four years from the time the trees were cut till the house was finished.

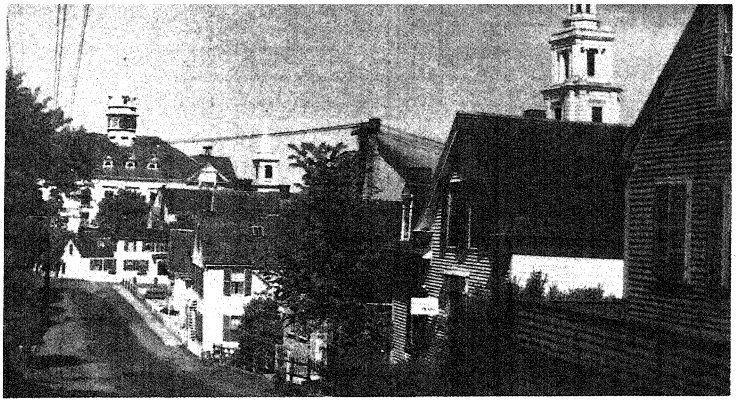
Inside, these houses are as uniform as on the outside and here the house plays the trick of being more spacious than it looks. The front door opens into a tiny hall, the stairway running steeply up, like a ship's companionway. A room opens on either side—these rooms are small and square, often paneled with pine; there are fireplaces with simple classic wooden mantels; wooden cupboards beside the fireplace, with small old glass panes. The floors are of wide pine boards—the kind you can't buy today. One of these rooms was generally used as a bedroom, the other as a parlor. Behind them, running the full width of the house, is the middle room—this too is often paneled, and the central chimney opens into a big central fireplace often with a brick oven at one side. A side door opens into the side yard, closed in by a picket fence. There's a buttery at one end, and a kitchen bedroom, hardly big enough to swing a cat, but the warmer for that in winter. The life of the house went on in this middle room, full of warmth,







Fred Howard



This scene of Provincetown, taken from above Bradford Street, affords us a view of the many churches and homes which mark this historic village.

Fred S. Howard

Along the shore near Wood's Hole inlets and small promontories provide beautiful locations for summer homes. This section of the Cape is ideal for yachting.



enticing smells of baking and cooking, activity, children, pets, and the gossip of neighbors who always stopped in at the side door. There are few pleasanter rooms now than one of these old kitchens with geraniums in the window and jellies on the shelves and a Cape Cod view outdoors.

Upstairs are three bedrooms and the attic. The best bedroom is plastered and paneled in white pine—it has a fireplace; the two smaller rooms may be paneled, but were more often left unfinished. The old hand-hewn beams, aged to a nut brown, often show the honest structure of the house. If there are timbers from saltworks, you can tell them by their rough furry surface and the way they take up paint.

At the turn of the seventeenth century such a house could be built for two or three hundred dollars. Not a great many years ago some of the most perfect could be bought for less than a thousand. Now they are becoming more expensive as more fall into decay or are bought for summer homes. They are increasingly sought after and harder to find, though there are still many of them, and they were so well built that they are amazingly solid and weather-tight even when they have been neglected for a long time.

It is these little houses that people think of as typically Cape Cod, but there are mansions too, built after the Revolution when trade picked up fast and ships sailed fast and money came in fast with every rich voyage to London or China or the West Indies. Deepwater captains built square Georgian houses with big rooms and fine woodwork and beautiful mantels and paneling. But even the great houses on the Cape are on a smaller scale than those of Salem or Newburyport. They are handsome, but "careful"—never swanky or show-off. This may be partly because Cape Cod

did not pile up such big fortunes as the great seaports, and partly because the Cape was always countrified and did not have the metropolitan competitive spirit of the rich coast towns.

Captains' houses are two and a half stories as a rule—they have a hip roof, some have one huge chimney, some two, some four. Four chimneys mean a fireplace upstairs and down in each one of the large square rooms. Brick side walls are not frequent, but there are some. The decoration is never elaborate, but is centered in doors, with Doric or Corinthian pilasters, front and side fanlights, and hand-carved woodwork. Labor was fifty cents a day then, and craftsmen were skilled, and for six or seven thousand dollars a man could build himself a local manor with fifteen or twenty rooms, and "everything handsome about him."

Inside you may still see English china and Revere silver, and maple and walnut furniture. And among these purely Colonial fittings are foreign fads and treasures, both beautiful and awful, that struck a seafaring man's fancy. There are old black-and-gold lacquer boxes from China, Japanese silks, sandalwood, rare shells, bits of ivory and alabaster. Outside may be a pair of huge pink seashells from the West Indies. And there may be a poll parrot surviving, still shivering in his feathers in the wintertime. I remember one bird in Brewster which had been brought back to his wife by a sea captain. He had never learned to like the Cape Cod winter and if he was asked how he felt he always made the same reply: "Mighty cold here, captain."

These Georgian houses have suffered less from improvements than the small cottages, and more of them have kept

their original appearance. It is depressing to see how many good old dwellings have been ruined with clumsy additions, dormers like false noses, wild arty shutters, dismal little porches and enlargements badly planned. They look sad, too, with shapeless bungalows as neighbors, or among the dreary huddle of boards and brick that often passes for a summer cottage. The grace of these houses is in the just line and true proportion of roof, doors, windows and ells, their beauty is in workmanship, the simple molding, the window sills and paneling, the mantelpiece and cupboards so purely designed. Fortunately, now people have taken an interest in the old houses, there is an increasing amount of good new building on the Cape in harmony with the old. And when it is well done, a new Cape Cod house will settle down indistinguishably from its neighbors, and grace the landscape instead of defacing it. There is nothing more shipshape or taking in the way of a small house than a real Cape Codder, with a fresh spring coat of paint and a clipped lawn, a flower garden tucked in behind a picket fence. White and green are the favorite colors, but some are painted lemon yellow, pink, gray, pumpkin yellow, and even plain barn red. Sometimes the chimneys are painted in two colors, giving a gay steamboat effect. This is noticeable particularly in Truro.

What sort of life did these New England pioneers lead, whose famous simplicity everyone occasionally longs to go back to? It was certainly a hard life; its satisfactions were great—but so was the effort. Perhaps its chief hold over our imagination is that individual effort counted so much and stood out so clearly. There was much to be done and

few to do it. Manufactured articles were hard to get and had to be imported—so people made things themselves. Tools and gear were few and precious on land or sea, so what they had was made to last. Every man was a jack of some trade —ship's carpenters built houses and furniture, farmers were sailors, sailors were doctors, everybody was something and generally something else besides.

This may have been partly why democracy grew so well on the Cape, for it just grew—it was never an actual theory of government. As we have already noticed, our forefathers were snobbish in their own way, which was religious and financial. "To worship God and to make money" was their avowed object, and naturally men of standing stood well with the government. To stand well a minimum valuable citizen must be at least "21 years of age, of sober peaceable conversation, orthodox in religion, and should possess saleable estate to the value of twenty pounds." Undesirable citizens were "warned out of town."

In fact, it still takes a New Englander a long time to accept a stranger. There is an instructive story about one unfortunate outlander who had lived for fifteen years in the same town, but rashly left for New York one winter. When he came back, the local paper coldly stated that Mr. X had returned to his "summer home" on the Cape. It took him another fifteen years to live it down.

The key men in this early society were the ministers. They were zealots, but a new country needs zealots, and they had ability, education and the widest cultural background of their time. Such men as John Lothrop and Samuel Treat were invaluable.

CHURCHES AND MEETINGHOUSES

The churches and meetinghouses show this early blend of austerity and culture. They are severe, but pleasing; they had their practical use, for they were often set on hills to serve as landmarks, they are not large but they dominate the landscape with their naïve wooden classicism. Many of them are empty now, but their influence is not gone. As an old man in Truro, who was considered a freethinker, once said about them, "I ain't been inside of one of 'em for fifty year—but I like to know the God-damned things are there."

Taking them all together, small houses, big houses, churches and meetinghouses and town halls, these buildings constitute an American style—or rather a Yankee style. You might call them occupational architecture, just as our skyscrapers and great industrial plants are. Houses tell a great deal about people, their lives and ideas—even their hopes and ambitions—and their relation to society. It was too bad for American architecture that its early hopeful start was checked by the sudden rise of industrialism so that in the destruction of the old and the confusion of the new common everyday taste declined, and the cheap nasty bungalows and gloomy suburban millionaire roosts and jigsaw middle-class villas reflect the social disorganization of a life too quickly speeded up for the average man to see his way clear. Now we are coming out of the fog, and perhaps it is a good thing to look again at these early beginnings of a simple and communal life that are still a living expression of the American genius for self-government.

SOME NOTABLE HOUSES

BOURNE: The Old Trading Post at the Manomet River was built in 1930 by the Bourne Historical Society, but looks exactly like the original built about 1627. Here the colonists exchanged furs and local valuables for manufactured goods, sugar and household gear. The building is interesting, with leaded panes, a steep roof, and has a pioneer Dutch look. Inside are local relics, and it's a pretty place to visit. It is called Aptucxet—an Indian name meaning "little trap by the river." It can be seen from the New York canal boat and is just off Route 28.

Cleveland's old Summer White House, "Gray Gables," is now an inn on the waterfront between Buzzards Bay and Monument Beach. It's a homely specimen of resort architecture with a beautiful view. A typical resort development, and a faintly historical interest hangs around it.

Joseph Jefferson's house was not far from Gray Gables on Buttermilk Bay. He called it Crow's Nest. It was burned down in 1891 and rebuilt the following year.

SANDWICH: The Hoxie House at Sandwich is generally considered the oldest on the Cape. It once had a brick with 1637 burned into it in the chimney. It was formerly owned by a whaling captain named Abraham Hoxie.

It is a fine example of salt-box roof, has thick hand-hewn timbers, with floor boards and recessed windows that mark its age, and looks mellow as an old apple tree. There's a pretty view at the rear out over the Mill Pond. Turn right at the end of School Street into a narrow lane, and there

it is. It can be seen from the road. The drive along this street is worth anyone's while—it is lined with beautiful old houses and has about it "a sweet influence."

Notice the beautiful spire of the church standing next to the handsome old red 1693 house. They make a lovely couple.

The Daniel Webster Inn is not specially remarkable but it has the interest of having been a stopping place for Daniel Webster when he came here to fish and hunt. The house started as a parsonage, later becoming an inn.

BARNSTABLE: In Barnstable you will notice the Sturgis Library, a nice old house right on the main road. It is the oldest public library in America. John Lothrop began it in 1645. Captain Sturgis owned it and was born there. He was a famous deepwater captain, a master at nineteen and a China trader. His name is honored in Barnstable.

The Sturgis Library is interesting as a good example of an old Cape Cod house, and it is filled with valuable old books and records.

The Barnstable Court House is a grimly dignified building of gray stone, dating about 1834. It houses a great wealth of old records and new deeds. The Registry of Deeds is constantly enlarging as more and more summer people settle on the Cape. The two cannon were brought by ox team from Boston in 1812, to protect the salt-works.

Inside is a fine old bell, which was a present from the widow of a German sea captain to the citizens of Barnstable. The German captain had been shipwrecked and the citizens gave him burial at Sandwich.

There is a curious document—among the many—which

is among the old papers in the courthouse. It is the will of John Bacon of Barnstable, and it gives "to my wife the whole use of the negro Dinah, and if at the death of my said wife, she be still living I direct my executors to sell her and use and improve the money for which she is sold in the purchase of Bibles and distribute them equally among my said wife's and my grand children." Evidently Mr. Bacon was a careful man and thought of everything—except what posterity would think of *him*.

It is also told that in this courthouse in 1880 a case was tried by an out-of-town lawyer who took occasion to complain that the jury were provincial. He found out later that eleven of the twelve had been around the world.

In Cummaquid (part of Barnstable) is the Gorham house, built about 1675. John Gorham's father married a *Mayflower* girl, Desire Howland of Plymouth, and was deputy to the General Court. His son married Mary, the daughter of John Otis, and was a lieutenant of the whaleboat fleet. The family was one of the best known on the Cape. Inside the house the old framing is exposed. The paneling is good and the seventeenth-century hand-tooled moldings are left in the lower rooms. The huge fireplace would take a five-foot log.

Miss Mercy Cobb House (1717) is next west of the Old John Gorham house.

The Dimmock house is over 200 years old, built by Ensign Shubael Dimmock. It is opposite Mary Dunn's road.

In West Barnstable the old Lemuel Shaw house is a house worth seeing. Shaw was chief justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court and one of the Cape's most valuable citizens. It is now the property of Miss Elizabeth Jenkins who

has restored much of its old elegance. It has a pitched roof, is two and a half stories, and the pine beams are hand-hewn. The original floor boards were an average of 34 feet. It has a boxwood hedge and a lofty English elm and is a credit to Cape Cod architecture.

The house of Professor George Lyman Kittredge is also in Barnstable, at the head of the railroad opposite the depot. It was moved from Cummaquid in 1855 by double ox team, followed by all the children of Barnstable.

The Old Swift farmhouse is near the Cummaquid post office. Gustavus Franklin Swift was born in Sandwich, but the family moved to Barnstable. His first meat venture was peddling with a cart, on which he cleared ten dollars.

In West Barnstable is the Packet, dating from 1770. It was once owned by a packet captain and is now one of the finest antique shops on the Cape.

YARMOUTH: Yarmouth, like Barnstable, has so many fine old houses that it is impossible to list them all. Here are a few:

The Old Sears homestead, now called Crooked House. Once the home of Elizabeth Kelley, who had an Indian hospital and was a remarkable doctor. Now it's called Crooked House because of the rounding curve of the roof, a sure proof of antiquity.

The old Clifford house. This house was moved from Chatham to Yarmouth in 1935. Captain Samuel Clifford told his daughter Miss Etta that the house was built in 1756, the same year as the Atwood house, officially the oldest house in Chatham. It is a stately old house with a huge central fireplace and hand-carved paneling.

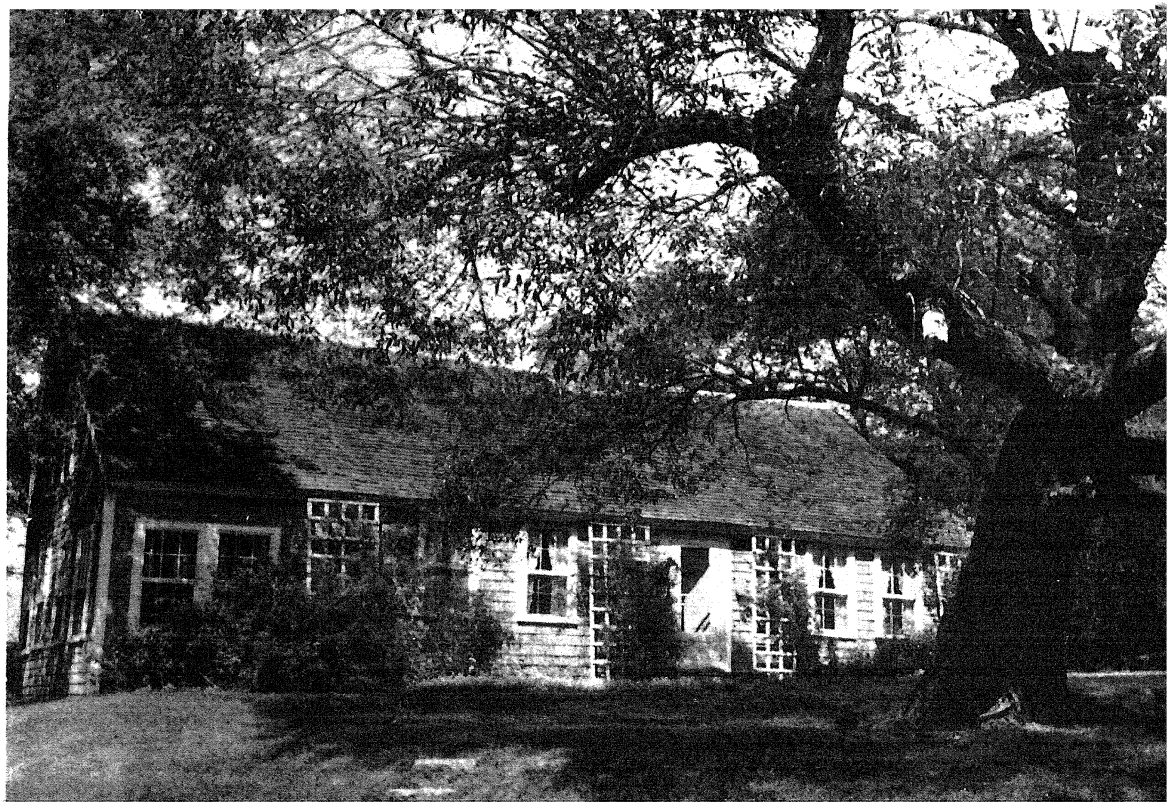
Another distinguished new comer to Yarmouth that is also

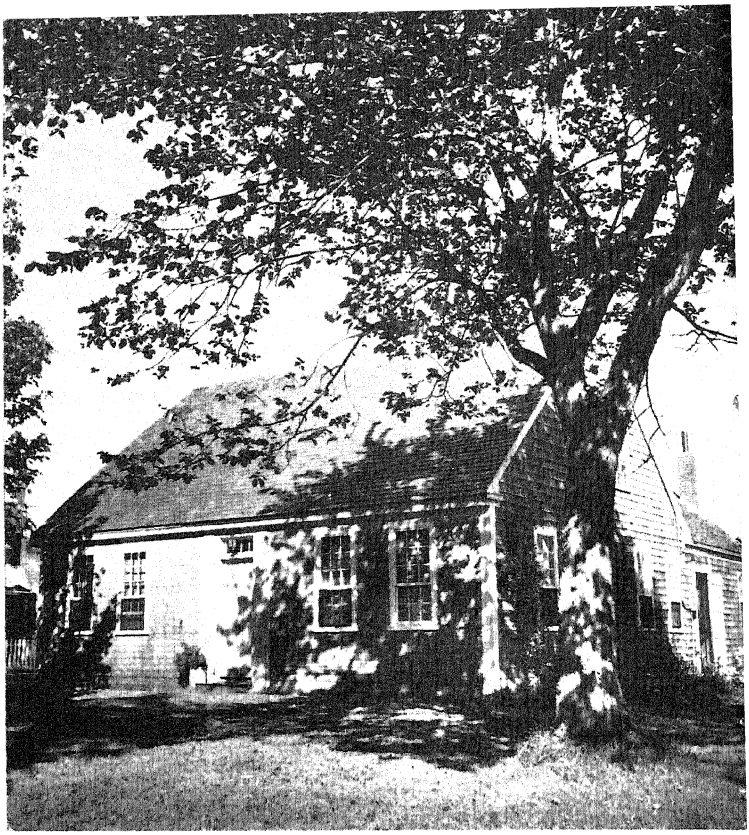
an old comer is the Old Parish House from West Barnstable which was moved in 1935 to the main street in Yarmouth next to the Thacher house. It is an unusually handsome building, and adds distinction to an already distinguished street of fine houses. It is in the care of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. Notice the beautiful door and windows, the simple, true proportions. The stone wall in front of the house looks very old too, but is a new one.

Look at the small gray old Harding house, called Lilac Cottage, at the turn of the road to Hyannis.

An interesting yet typical old house may be seen next to the Anchorage in Yarmouth. This has a good interior and unusual fireplaces. It was owned by George P. Matthews, former town clerk and until his death in 1935 one of the most famous storytellers on Cape Cod. He is credited with the remark that he had been around the world five times, but never had any business that took him to Chatham.

In Yarmouth, also on the main road, is the old Thacher house, now a tearoom. It was built in 1730. In 1655 Anthony Thacher is the one person in Yarmouth licensed to draw wine and join in marriage—an agreeable combination. Peter Thacher was chief justice in 1728, and his daughter Thankful married John Hallett. This house was probably built for the young couple. It is a pure type of Cape Cod cottage, with the big center chimney and the steep pitched roof. The 1680 Thacher house was built by Colonel John Thacher, son of the grantor, Anthony Thacher. It is now owned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.





Jean Hersey from Nesmith

Cape Codders seldom accumulated great fortunes and for this reason their homes have a marked simplicity in comparison with those of the great New England seaports like Salem.

River Village. This is made of four old houses joined together. There are fifteen fireplaces and nearly fifty rooms.

The Quaker Meetinghouse in South Yarmouth is also interesting. It is a simple interior, unchanged, with the customary partition to divide men and women. The old Quaker graveyard lies behind the church.

DENNIS: The Oldest House in Dennis is the Howes-Hall place, beyond Chase Garden River and across New Boston Brook on a road that leads off to the right if you are headed down the Cape. It is not exactly typical, but it is very Cape Coddy, rambling, with uneven small-paned windows and a crooked roof.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church, in Quivet Neck, East Dennis, is an attractive building. Notice the little doors in the old pews.

The town has a thrifty tidy air—neat gray or white houses with well-kept gardens on country roads.

Dennis is notable for the beautiful doors of many of its houses. Captain Thomas Prince Howes says "coming into Dennis I can remember some 20 old-fashioned two story houses, built from timber grown in our own woods, oak and pine. As most of the old houses were built upon somewhat low ground it was not safe to dig a deep cellar, and so as to give convenient height to the wall, the floor was raised some few feet, and a bedroom built over the cellar. This was called the 'stair' bedroom. If there was a maiden lady in the family it was usually her private apartement." (From a paper read before the Cape Cod Historical Society, 1888.)

In Dennis the Cape Cod Cinema has a façade which is a reproduction of the Congregational Church at Centerville.

The playhouse was once a colonial meetinghouse in Barnstable.

BREWSTER: Brewster houses are, many of them, captains' houses, and very agreeable they are to see. Look at them all as you drive about the handsome old village, and look particularly at these:

The two Dillingham houses—they stand side by side on the main road, look related and are related.

The older, built in 1660, has a long salt-box roof It is weathered to a fine gray and is so well kept that it doesn't look its age. John Dillingham, its founder, came from England at the age of three. He owned land from Bay side to sea side, was a rich, industrious Quaker, a farmer and manufacturer as well. He had three wives, and they are all buried near the house in the meadows. The chimney in this house is said to be made of English brick.

The other Dillingham house was built by the grandson of the founder and is still in the family. Notice how the lean-to form in this house has enlarged into a hip roof with a rear ell. There is still a big central chimney and just a hint of Georgian influence in the pedimented door and windows.

Another fine Brewster mansion stands on the "Lower Road"—it is the Elijah Cobb house, which dates from 1800. It is a Georgian house with a captain's walk and a brass doorplate. Captain Cobb had a strenuous and exciting life and got mixed up somewhat with French history when a French frigate captured his ship. He took the matter up with Robespierre, saw the terrible man himself, secured damages. He had plenty of adventures to write about and did write about them later, in *The Memoirs of a Cape Cod Skipper*. And

he was a solid citizen of Brewster till his death at the age of eighty.

In East Brewster there is a rather extraordinary architectural mixture which you may want to observe. It is a large yellow structure with Romanesque leanings, erected by a Cape Codder named Albert Crosby. He went away, made money, and came back to build this local shrine to success. But he was so fond of his old homestead that the new house was arranged to include the old one. At one time this large house was an art gallery which has since been sold.

Coming into Brewster notice the white brick-ended house on the main road. It is a handsome specimen with beautiful woodwork and fireplaces.

ORLEANS: In Orleans you will naturally turn to look at the house of Captain John Kendrick, dated 1792. It is a pure Cape Cod type, often photographed as a perfect example. The spruce on the left came from Labrador. Captain Kendrick was the first commander to sail round the world under the American flag. The house is on the Chatham road only about a fourth of a mile from the South Orleans post office.

The Old Higgins Tavern near Kinnear's Garage, was where Thoreau stopped overnight before he began his famous thirty-mile walk on the Cape from Orleans to Provincetown.

EASTHAM: The Hatch house in North Eastham was the home of Captain Freeman Hatch who was skipper of the famous vessel *Northern Light* which made the passage from Frisco to Boston in 76 days 6 hours.

Near Nauset Light in Eastham (north) is a cottage which cannot claim any architectural beauty, but has a sort of

nautical interest, because it was built around two old lighthouses. It is called the Towers, and these towers are the original stationary lighthouses which once stood at Nauset. Till recent times, there were three lighthouses at Nauset—these two remain here—the other was taken to form part of a cottage at Hyannis.

WELLFLEET: Off Route 6 at Wellfleet is a quiet pretty little square where the Wellfleet bank and some big white houses stand withdrawn from the main road. The white house at the top is the home of L. D. Baker. It is named Belvernon, and its founder was the man who founded the United Fruit Company. This is not the old homestead, which is located on Bound Brook Island. Baker is a famous name not only on the Cape, but also in Jamaica where he secured his first bunch of bananas, thus starting the great industry of the island.

A sign off at the right of Route 6, before you come to Wellfleet itself, says Gull Pond. Follow this road through a lovely glacial valley and after about two miles you come to the house where Thoreau spent the night with the old Wellfleet oysterman, John Newcomb. It stands on a knoll overlooking Williams Pond.

When you come to Wellfleet look at the church on the right-hand side of the road. It is a nice example of carpenter Gothic.

TRURO: In Truro, turn to your left by the post office for a fine view from a high moor. Here once stood the old South Truro Methodist Church, struck by lightning and burned in 1939. It was a beautiful stern little building. Three other Truro churches on the hilltops overlook Pamet River valley.

There is a fine old house, dated 1710, on the Longnook road to the beach.

CHATHAM: In Chatham see the old Atwood house, now owned by the Chatham Historical Society. It has the now rare gambrel roof and a single chimney, and looks mellow and self-conscious. Joseph Atwood built it in 1752. He was a bold shipmaster and navigator who sailed to many strange ports. Inside the house are nice cupboards and paneling and some fine doors with H L hinges.

The scallop shacks at the head of the millpond have a humble charm of their own.

Look at the Congregational Church on the main street.

Near the Oyster Pond there's a small shipshape cottage with a hogback roof.

FALMOUTH: There are hundreds of interesting and pretty houses on the upper and lower Cape, of which these are only a few. You can visit the Cape year after year and make your own pet discoveries. Those listed are among the more interesting examples. But you must not miss seeing the old Bowerman house in Falmouth. It is an example of the rare ship's-bottom roof. The house dates from 1685. Instead of the usual brick chimney, it has gray stone, and the paneling and floor boards are notable for age and excellence. Thomas Bowerman was a Quaker, and suffered for it—he even went once to the Barnstable jail for refusing to help support the minister.

The village green at Falmouth is circled with fine old houses, all easy to look at. Note specially the Historical Museum in the center of town.

In North Falmouth is the house now owned by Mr. William F. Nye, which was once an old tavern where Daniel Webster stayed. He used to hunt and fish the forests and salt marshes of West Falmouth, and the Daniel Webster bedroom with its massive oak bed is still intact. In the center of the taproom was a heavy iron ring to which the sheriff chained his unfortunate prisoners while on the way to jail at Barnstable or Boston. The house has a beautiful door with a rising sun fanlight.

The First Congregational Church in Falmouth is a handsome one.

The Bodfish house on the green has an interesting widow's walk—this should not be confused with the cupola which you see on many houses—the walk is a real walk with a railing around it.

PROVINCETOWN: The Red Inn, at the extreme west end of town is a rambling but characteristic Cape Codder. The Red Inn Annex was once the bakeshop at Long Point.

Another house brought over from Long Point was Matheson's store at 329 Commercial Street. This store was closed in 1935, much to the sorrow of Provincetowners who bought their outfits there for many years. It was once the schoolhouse at Long Point.

The oldest house in town (1730) is an excellent example of a true Cape Cod cottage inside and out.

The Figurehead house at 476 Commercial Street has a story. This figurehead, which is a very handsome one, was found by a whaling ship floating in the Indian Ocean. They do say that when found she was entire, but it was felt that

her scantily draped legs were indecorous ashore, so the figure was chopped in two.

The Octagon house at 74 Commercial Street in the west end of town is a type of house which was expensive and much admired in its day.

On Chip Hill, in the west end, is the Francis A. Paine house. When they were digging the cellar for this house the workmen came upon the famous Norse Wall; it is of granite, and said to be ballast from the ship of Thorvald Ericsson—or what else could it be? There was never any granite here.

WINDMILLS

Windmills on the Cape deserve a few remarks of their own. They are queer birds, half-ship, half-house, and they once meant a great deal in Cape economy. Corn was the most important crop to the settlers; it was almost money, and the mills which ground the corn were worth their weight in it. So were millwrights and millers. It was hard to find men who could build mills—they were skilled craftsmen, and the mills they did build were so valuable that they were constantly being bought up and moved from town to town.

Thomas Paine of Eastham was a famous millwright. He built mills in Eastham, Barnstable, Yarmouth and Truro. The Baxters of West Yarmouth were celebrated too. Kittredge quotes a verse about them.

The Baxter boys they built a mill
Sometimes it ran, somes stood still
And when it ran it made no noise
Because it was built by the Baxter boys.

Along with the millwright the miller was also a big shot. He was paid in corn—"the miller's pottle"; he was specially privileged in being exempt from military duty, and his social rating was secure.

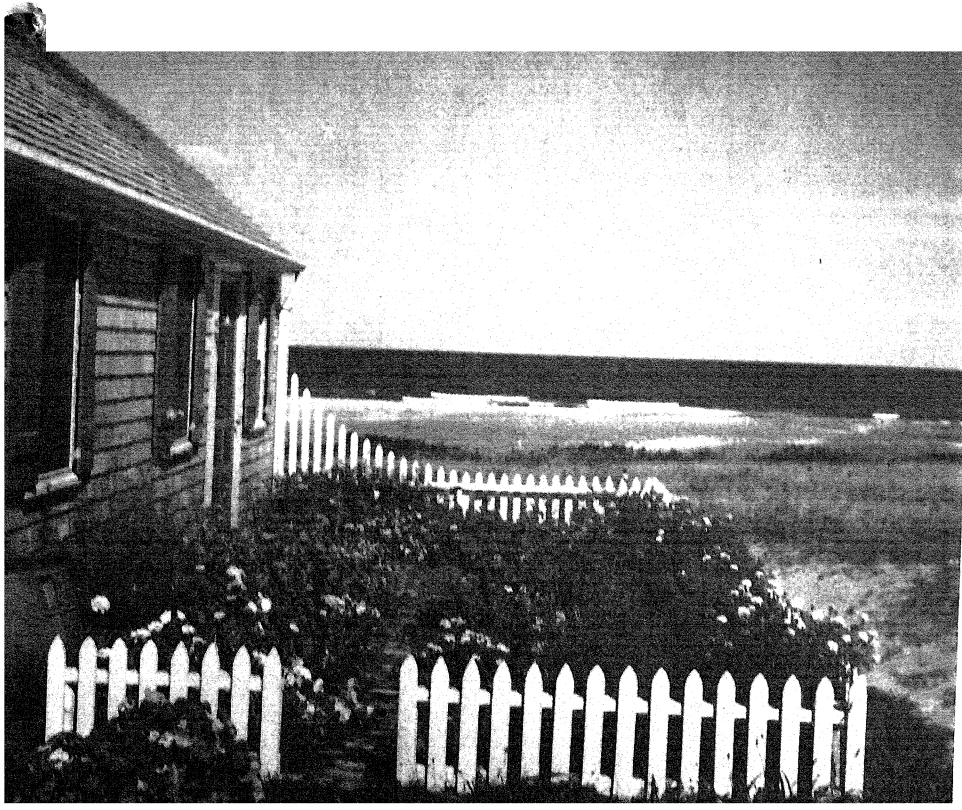
The mills were probably copied from those of Holland. They were circular or hexagonal and built of heavy oak timbers. Strips of canvas for sails were fastened to the arms. In a forty-mile gale you would have a twelve-horsepower engine and running them was a difficult, almost nautical, job. Many of the millers were retired seamen.

Daniel Wing of South Yarmouth tells, in an entertaining article on windmills, that he remembered how boys of the windmill period used to risk their lives by braiding themselves between the slats of a mill arm and going around with their heads down—fifty feet above the ground at its highest point. The trick was in jumping down at just the right moment. The mills used to frighten horses, and were set off from the highroad.

The oldest mill in America once stood in West Yarmouth. It is the Farris mill, and is thought to be about three hundred years of age. It was brought from Sandwich to Bass River by a yoke of twenty oxen, moved later again to South, then to West Yarmouth. In 1935 it was bought for Henry Ford, and this was its fifth and longest journey. We miss it on the Cape.

About 1800 there were 39 mills still forming part of the landscape—they were moved and retired and torn down until now there are only a few. The last working mill was in Orleans in 1892.

There is an old mill at Eastham dated 1793 which has a new set of sails made by sailmaker J. W. Maguire of Prov-



Jean Hersey
from Nesmith

The town of Orleans lies open to the full sweep of the Atlantic. The *Sparrowhawk* carrying pilgrims to the New World was wrecked near Orleans in 1626.



Ralph H. White from Nesmith

During the first part of the nineteenth century Dennis was a prosperous and vigorous

incetown. It has seen five generations and has now been blueprinted for posterity.

A very Dutch-looking mill stands in Chatham, on the hill overlooking Stage Harbor. It dates from 1797 and is occasionally open to visitors. This old mill worked hard for over a hundred years and is now taking it easy.

In East Brewster, on the Nickerson estate, there is a good old mill worth seeing. Take the road marked Ellis Landing.

Baker's mill at Harwichport overlooks Wychmere Harbor.

Sometimes summer visitors build cottages with windmills incorporated in them. There is such a one at West Harwich on the Little Herring River.

CHAPTER IV.

GARDENS AHOY!

THE flora of the Cape has changed radically about five times since history took account of it. Now ninety-nine per cent is not indigenous and most of its present plants were brought in from Europe by the early settlers. These plants have become dominant, as European plants have a knack of doing in this country. The reason is, oddly enough, that they are younger. Our civilization is young, but our vegetation is old, geologically speaking, and ancient native growth has beaten a retreat before the vigorous European aggressors, just as native birds have given way before the English sparrows.

There are tall tales told of tall forests in the old records. Even Provincetown appears to have been heavily wooded when the Pilgrims landed, and perhaps the bare sand spit of Wood End may have had some reason for its strikingly unsuitable name. In fact, big stumps of trees could once be seen at low tide near Wood End Lighthouse. The records speak of "great oaks, their leaves thrice so broad as ours," and Bradford says it was "a whole countrie full of woods and thickets . . . beech, elm, holly, hazelnut trees, walnuts and

cherry trees, sassafrass of high price and profit." Also Champlain's maps of Plymouth beach and Chatham and Nauset show great clumps of trees around the Indian huts.

These old forests are gone. Saltworks, shipbuilding, clearing, pasturing and plain waste took them down, but the Cape is not treeless, or barren, and only a small part of it is a sea desert of wind-blown sand. From Falmouth to Wellfleet runs mile after mile of woodland. Even Truro has its modest forests, and Provincetown woods struggle endlessly with the moving sand. Trees are higher and thicker on the upper Cape, however, and there is an almost primeval forest near Mashpee and a near-wilderness from Falmouth to Sandwich.

In these woods the dominant growth is pitch pine, the scrub pine you see everywhere; pin oak, the scrub oak you see everywhere; and juniper red cedar. The pitch pine is indigenous, and it is like the Cape in its oddity and self-determination, for though other conifers are symmetrical, the *pinus rigida* grows any way it can and anywhere it can, and wrings an independent living out of sand and sea. The junipers dwindle out on the Cape below Orleans, but on the upper Cape they grow high, wide and handsome and give an almost foreign elegance to the simple hillsides and grassy meadows with their dark, well-groomed foliage and carefully tailored air. There are a few white pines on the lower Cape, many more farther up, and birch, elms, willows, poplars, holly—even a few ash and maples are scattered through the main troops of oak and pine. The pitch pines grow forty and fifty feet high when they are not too close to the open sea, but on the dunes they are beaten down and flattened out till they are sometimes only twenty-five feet high. Truly noble elms line the main street of Yarmouth, and they are

found in Sandwich, Hyannis, Falmouth, even in Orleans. There is a fine grove of Scotch pine in North Eastham near the Campground which is over forty years old. The government plants white pine all over the Cape, particularly on the dunes to hold the sand. The Shawme State Forest has eighty-three hundred acres of new pine forest, with some Japanese black pines mixed in. They are small now, but so once were the elms of Yarmouth.

Anyone who wants to serve himself and the Cape by planting pine trees can now get young sturdy trees from the government by simply writing for them. They cost only about ten dollars a thousand. Address Department of Conservation, State House, Boston.

A very familiar tree is the silver oak, or aspen, really a poplar. It is native, but it is short-lived and full of diseases. Many of the big old ones are dying and when you see them standing near old houses they are nearly always in a state of decay.

The handsomest and most characteristic tree on Cape Cod is the bay-leaved willow, which grows near so many small houses, and suits them so well, much more than do maples or imported evergreens, which always have a false dressed-up air. The bay-leaved willow does not last forever, but it lives to be over a hundred and has a fine seagoing weather-beaten look with its great thick trunk and spreading branches with their long delicate leaves.

There are some magnificent old willows still standing in Provincetown, though many of them are gone, and there is a story that these trees are all sprung from a slip from St. Helena. They are not difficult to transplant, they grow fast and do well in sand, but nursery stock is a little scarce,

though more and more Cape nurseries are beginning to carry them.

The ailanthus, or heavenly gazer, also called tree of heaven or balm of Gilead, is not native—it was introduced from Asia. It grows well here, and looks well, something like a tree of sumac, if sumac were a tree.

The locust, or false acacia, is native, pretty, grows in lovely groves, and always has a rich green turf beneath it.

The wild cherry tree, which is related to the beach plum, is native here. It is a graceful and much misprized tree, whose chief fault is that tent caterpillars like it too well.

FRUIT TREES

Fruit trees were planted in great numbers by the old comers, but Cape orchards are nothing wonderful, unless it be wonderful to be an orchard on Cape Cod at all. Thoreau says that even twenty-year fruit trees in Truro and Eastham were so low they looked like "plants in flower pots," but this is not fair to them. The Duarte orchard in Truro, near Highland, has many varieties of unusually fine apples. Orleans and Barnstable have some respectable fruit trees which can hold up their heads with New Yorkers or even Westerners. But it is the old, low, wide-spreading apple trees set in kettle holes or on low sunny hillsides that are the most taking to the eye. In Rich's history of Truro we find: "Trees not higher than a man's head will often throw out lateral branches twenty feet or more and yield freely. It is not uncommon, for the fruit growing on the uphill side to rest on the ground."

This fruit has flavor too, and the low branches offer it agreeably to one's hand. There is a small yellow apple found

only on the Cape that is very delicious. It is called a summer sweeting, and the story is that it first came ashore here from a wrecked ship.

Most of these old orchards are dying now, and few remain for us to see. About 1933, in spite of sentiment, the government had many of them cut down as useless, and most producing orchards have been planted in the last twenty-five years. It is quite possible to grow good fruit near the sea, and there are apples, pears and plums grown in Cape orchards a mile or less from the ocean. The most distinctive local fruit grows wild in the sand itself—the beach plum thrives all over the dunes and inland as well, and its racy wild tang makes a plum jelly unique and delicious among tamer-tasting cultivated fruits. The beach plum can be taken into cultivation and trained to be either a tree or a bush, and its fruit when cared for gets very sweet and increases amazingly in size. If you wish to see what can be done with beach plums, notice them in plantings where they are grown commercially.

SHRUBBERY AND HEDGES

As a shrub, the beach plum is again incomparable. In May the Cape foams with its milky white bloom. In September the whole population turns out and goes over the hills with pails and baskets to gather the dark purple fruit. There are yellow beach plums as well, but these are infrequent, though good.

The shadbush, or José pear, is a native shrub growing rankly and beautifully along roadsides and in marshes. Its white blossoms are one of the sights of the Cape in the spring.

Another common native shrub, not so common now, is the old-fashioned barberry. It makes a nice hedge and it has dark red berries drooping in long clusters. The old comers made a very good jam of these berries, but nobody seems to do this any more.

Lilacs here are magnificent. They grow in hedges of great age and beauty, they blossom heavily and are nearly always planted about the old houses. There were no whites originally, only the common purple variety.

Bridal wreath is an old-fashioned shrub much used.

California privet is the commonest form of hedge. It sometimes reaches a height of twenty feet or more and there are many such hedges shutting off timid houses from the roadside. It grows sturdily, but is not completely hardy and sometimes though rarely is winter killed.

The most romantic hedge is boxwood, and there is a great deal of fine old box on the Cape. It is unsurpassed for looks and its dry pungent scent is a tonic in the air. You can see some noble box driving from Sandwich through Barnstable, and down to Brewster. It is beautiful with a "great house" or with a cottage.

The bayberry is not peculiar to the Cape, but it is at its best here, and is one of the most fascinating common shrubs you can find. The leaves are very aromatic, and the greenish gray sweet-smelling berries make a fragrant wax which is made into bayberry candles and gives off a fresh spicy scent when it burns. It is lovely summer and winter.

Scotch broom, an evergreen, semiwoody shrub, is a striking plant on the dunes, or even in a garden. In June it illumines the sand wastes with its clear yellow flowers. It holds the sand and grows strong and thick; although it is difficult to

transplant, it can now be had in nursery stock. The blossom is like that of the pea, and the plant is distantly related to the legumes. It was once sown all over New England but has persisted only on Cape Cod, due to the mild winter. There is a story that it was brought over here by Hessian soldiers in the hay for their horses.

WILDFLOWERS AND PLANTS

There are a great many wildflowers on the Cape, but, as is the case with other flora, only a few native ones. Among the commonest you will see when driving or walking are:

The butterfly weed—a native which grows everywhere. It blossoms brilliant orange in July.

Dusty miller with its "frosty pow." This is a native plant which is most attractive and has the very look of the Cape itself. It is silver-gray, and makes a charming border.

Wild lupin—masses of it grow and blossom rich blue along the roadside.

Bouncing Bet grows rankly as a weed and her ragged pinkish flowers spatter the roads and meadows. She is one of the common wildflowers that have escaped cultivation and are growing on their own.

So are the orange tawny lily and the spotted tiger lily. So are daisies and black-eyed Susans and goldenrod. Even marigolds are occasionally wild.

Old man and old woman. These are aromatic and belong to the wormwood family, from which absinthe is made. They are silver-gray in color. Old man grows tall, old woman in a mat. They come from the old country though they look as if they were native.

The small pinkish aster blooms thickly in the fall, lying like a deep-piled hooked rug on the fields and hillsides. Together with mouse-ear it forms a dense luxurious sward.

Roses are wild everywhere and very lovely. It is fantastic and refreshing to meet a clump of them when you are walking in the sand dunes. Thoreau encountered them with joy: "When the roses were in bloom these patches in the midst of the sand displayed such a profession of bloom that no Italian or artificial rose garden could equal them. They were perfectly Elysian and realised my idea of an oasis in the desert."

"Roses do flourish very pleasantly," as Josselyn says. They are perhaps at their finest in Chatham, and well worth a trip to see, where they spill color and fragrance all over the landscape. The most common types are the pink Dorothy Perkins, Silver Moon and American Pillar. In Falmouth the Faye rose garden is packed with different varieties, famous for their brilliant color and sweetness. The ramblers on the Cape are superb, and are said to have been originated by Michel Walsh of the Faye garden.

Another pretty plant on the sand is the beach pea, a native which has been taken into cultivation. It is really a small sweet pea, grows wonderfully in sand, and is found all over the beach. The tender young shoots are good to eat in the spring.

Bee balm, or Oswego tea, is indigenous. The early settlers got it from the Indians.

The bearberry, or hog cranberry, is a native plant which lends richness and color to the gloomiest bank of barren sand and carpets the hillsides and moors with a springy

mat of dark green leaves and red berries. The berries look good to eat, like real cranberries, but they aren't.

Real cranberries do grow wild in the marshes and even in sand where there is underground water, and there are many old bogs no longer cultivated that still yield a good crop of fruit to whoever comes first to get them in the fall. They are even found growing on the Back Shore only a step from the sea.

Blueberries are thick and sweet on burned-over or cleared ground. Children gather them by the pailful in the summertime.

Poverty grass, so called because it grows where nothing else will, is really an exotically beautiful mossy plant, gray in winter, a silver sage green in summer; it spreads a woven rug under your grateful feet. These dune plants are often very beautiful, and extremely valuable for holding sand.

The beach grass is a marvelous pale gray-green in color, grows two or three feet high and is priceless in tying down and anchoring the walking sand. Swept round by the wind it makes circles as clean as a compass.

The beach pea, the seaside goldenrod, the wormwood, sea rockets, sorrels, wild roses, bayberry, beach plum and huckleberry, seaside spurge and many kinds of mosses and lichen are all common and hard-working dune plants. There are many more to be discovered if you become a steady Cape Codder.

MARSH ASSOCIATION

Where the marshes join the upland there is a great variety of plants. Notable among them is:

Sea lavender. It is aromatic, has a winy purplish color and bears small white flowers in September.

Common mallows—the wild form is pink and appears around the end of August. The rose mallow is really a hollyhock.

Water lilies, white and yellow, star the ponds.

Pussy willows, of course.

Many ferns, including the sensitive fern, sweet fern and flowering fern.

Lady-slippers, shy but not rare.

Jack-in-the-pulpits.

Indian pipes.

Buttercups.

GARDENS

It speaks well for the character and individuality of the old gardens that no realtor even in his most feverish ballyhoo talks of making them bigger and better. There are plenty of large formal gardens on Cape Cod, but the true Cape Cod garden is small and simple, and bears a distinctly sympathetic relation to the small house. It looks its best behind a low picket fence, or tucked in against box or privet, and it has an old-fashioned air, though the kinds of plants have changed and a great many of the early favorites have been replaced with new varieties.

The old garden was for use. It had its origin in the kitchen garden of the British Isles, and most of the old favorites were either carried over from England or sent for later. The garden usually extended from the kitchen and it was a cozy, utilitarian mixture of flowers, vegetables and herbs. The vege-

tables were essential, the herbs were useful and pretty and many had flowers as well as taste, and some of the flowers were useful too, like marigolds for tea and nasturtiums for pickles and cooking.

Says John Josselyn in 1672 of the old gardens: they had "goode store of garden vegetables and herbs, lettuce, sorrel, parsley, mallows, chevril, summer savory, winter savory, thyme, sage, carrots, parsnips, beets, radishes, purslain, beans, cabbidge growing exceeding well; pease of all sorts and the best in the world."

In these practical garden patches sweet alyssum and candytuft, poppies, blue-eyed grass grew among currant and gooseberry bushes. There were peas and sweet peas and Johnny-jump-ups, sweet William with its "homely cottage smell," daffodils and bouncing Bet, pinks, marigolds, and hollyhocks. They were all plants brought from home.

On Cape Cod especially seeds often came ashore from wrecked ships, and gardens started up where they were never intended. Thoreau tells that the old oysterman of Wellfleet showed him himself in his garden "cabbage, broccoli and parsley" which had come from the wreck of the *Franklin*; "besides the common garden vegetables there were yellow dock, lemon balm, hyssop, Gill-go-over-the-ground, mouse-ear, chick-weed, Roman wormwood, elecampane and other plants."

This old-fashioned arrangement is coming back somewhat into favor and gardens are once more spiced and decorated with herbs. Here are a few of the common ones, easy to grow: Bee balm, lavender, santolina, dill, coriander, mint, sage, savory, fennel, sweet basil, tarragon, thyme (eight or ten kinds—and some very nice for borders), old man and old woman.

(Strew them on the kitchen floor and walk on them—the crushed leaves smell delicious.)

Rock gardens can be nice, but the present rage for them has turned out some little horrors that have no meaning whatever. They should not look like an almond pie, but be carefully placed in a natural relation to the fall of the land, as a wall or a bulwark. Properly placed, they are very attractive, but few things in a garden are more dismal than one of these heaps of stones set on end in a false mound with a few uncomfortable plants peering around them.

If you have a Cape Cod garden, it is pleasant to return some of the old-fashioned plants to their old homes. Some of them have persisted around the old house sites, and you can often tell where a house once stood, even when the foundations are hidden, by a huge lilac bush, or a bunch of flowering currants, or old-fashioned bayberry. There will be flowers too, a patch of uncared-for pinks, particularly a beautiful dark blue columbine, a clump of blue-eyed grass, yellow day lilies, roses, and a lovely old-fashioned daffodil, pure white, double and heavily scented. Tangled among trees and bushes there are likely to be wild grapes which make a delicious sharp-flavored jelly. And you may even find a quince tree or a couple of pear trees, deteriorated but still holding their ground.

As for growing flowers, you can grow anything at all in the soil of Cape Cod if you give it water. It is said that Cape flowers have a better color than on the mainland, and this is true; it may be because a great many southern Mediterranean plants do well here, because of a similar salt soil chemistry. Moreover, the Cape has a warmer winter and a cooler summer than the mainland. Even in Provincetown, where the soil is shallow and often has to be built up with Truro loam, the

flower gardens sparkle with color and make back and side streets gay. Hollyhocks in particular look fine if they have a bit of stone wall, or show beyond them a patch of blue sea.

But there are a few seaside warnings that, if you want a good garden, it is well to remember. The southwest winds blow steadily all summer long, they tear down and dry out the flowers, which must be sheltered from them. Often a view is the enemy of a garden, and the better the view—if it is a sea view—the worse off the plants may be. This is why people who come to the Cape and settle by the sea are often apt to move farther inland after a few years, and retreat to some sheltered valley where they get the sun and not the wind. So you had best not try a garden on a hilltop, or where it is exposed, unless you are content with portulacas and petunias, and the sea.

CHAPTER V.

FISH

IN THE beginning the melting glacier dropped this land, and there was water and plenty of fish on all sides. Then the Indian came and speared fish to feed his family; then Bart Gosnold; then the Dutch; then the French with baited hook, who salted down fish to feed a nation; then the Pilgrims came and fished too. When the colonies became U.S.A. there were many men and many fish. Great hauls from Georges and the Grand Banks drew the men offshore. Cape Cod people prospered and there was much of what is called progress: first was the clumsy square-rigger, then the bluff-bowed banker, then the swift fresh fisherman. At last came the propeller; came new fishing devices. Offshore fisheries and the prosperity of Cape Cod declined. Pier-pole stumps along the beaches, decaying wharves, sail lofts converted into studios—these are marks of Grand Banks days.

It was the shore fishing that the Indian and the Pilgrim knew. This long-armed Cape still holds the wandering mackerel, the squatter flounder.

THE SEINER

Spring comes and mackerel rise from their winter hiding to charge this coast from Peaked Hill to Monomoy. Mackerel catchers make ready: seiners, trapmen and netters. The seiner is first. The crow's-nest is fixed aloft, the seine is mended, the seine boat freshly painted, is tight. Wherever mackerel are is fishing ground.

Wary mackerel move swiftly, in schools. One moment the sea's surface is white as a river rapid, whipped into a froth by their thrashing tails; next moment they have plunged, leaving only a faint ruffle on the surface. Sometimes a hurrying school merely ripples the sea like the action of a light breeze. The lookout's eye must be quick and sure; he stands in the open crow's-nest at the masthead and his eye searches the rolling waves ahead.

Meanwhile on deck the crew await the call of the man aloft. Three or four men stand forward hoping to spot a school before the lookout sees it. The helmsman sits on the wheelbox, he watches the man at the masthead, he is prepared for a shift of course. The vibrant engine sends shivers through the deck.

Alongside the vessel is the long canoe-shaped seine boat piled high with net.

The call comes. A school far to starboard. The lookout waves his arm. The helmsman whirls the wheel and the vessel swerves to the right. The crew go overside into the seine boat. The school is headed off and while the vessel cuts a long circle around it the men in the seine boat pay out the 1,200-foot net. When the circle is completed all that can be seen

of the net is the great circle of corks that keeps it afloat. But dropping straight down to a depth of twenty fathoms is the webbing with lead sinkers along the bottom edge. The job of "pussing" is begun. Two purse lines run through rings at the bottom of the seine are taken to the power winch in the seine boat. These lines draw the bottom of the seine together. The seine is now a floating bowl. Unable to escape through the bottom, mackerel that had plunged at first now come to the surface with a rush. The surface of the bowl is massed with striped purple backs and silver undersides. Gliding among the frantic mackerel are the gray shapes of dogfish and shark. They are having a fine feast on the fishermen's catch. The crew line the gunwale of the seine boat and with each man doing his share of the tugging the seine is slowly hauled aboard. Mackerel, dogfish, shark and all other fish traveling with the school—such as squid, herring and whiting—are forced into one small pocket of net. Mackerel are taken aboard the vessel where they are sorted out in piles of large, small and medium fish. All fish bitten by the shark and dogfish are unmarketable and are thrown away. If the whiting, herring and squid have been worth anything in the market the skipper may save them; if not, this "trash" is dumped over along with the useless dogfish. Shark is sometimes worth as much as mackerel; these are thrown aside to be dressed down after the seine is aboard. All good fish are iced down in the hold.

The fishermen look for holes in the twine as they haul in the seine; these must be quickly mended before the next set. When the seine is again piled high in the seine boat the vessel proceeds on her way in search of another school.

So the seiner cruises all day, going this way and that

according to the lookout's directions. If a dark night follows the long day and the sea water is phosphorescent, the pursuit continues; and the men must catch naps between sets. On dark nights when the water fires, plunging mackerel send off showers of sparks and are quickly spotted. Under a bright moon firing fish cannot be seen, so on moonlight nights the seiner remains in port.

After three days' fishing, or in less time than that if the hold is full, the seiner steams to market. The vessel has about seventy-five thousand pounds of mackerel iced down. If the market is empty when the seiner brings in his fish the price may be as high as twelve cents on a pound. On the other hand, if six or seven other seiners have beaten this one to market with catches of over seventy thousand each, and the weir fishermen have made big catches along the shore, the skipper may find his fish worth no more than a cent a pound.

The owners of these Cape Cod seiners are usually the skippers as well, and they take full charge of dividing the profits. Out of the whole stock come the great general expenses such as fuel bills and the like. From what remains, forty per cent is taken to be the boat and seine's part. Then the small generals such as food bills are subtracted. The remainder is then divided between the seven members of the crew in which group the skipper owner now identifies himself.

During good years the men may be employed at this business from May until the first frost in the fall, when chilled water drives the fish too deep for the lookout to see them.

How different were the methods of the old sailing mackerel

hooker. They were often becalmed in waters where there were no mackerel; and just as often they were compelled to heave to in a gale and all hands but the helmsman go below. Seven of those sailing vessels were caught in a gale off Georges in October, 1841, and fifty-seven men from the little town of Truro were drowned.

The old hook fishermen equipped with only a line and a shiny hook and plenty of bait with which to tole the fish were content to haul in one fish at a time. The fishing was done while the vessel drifted, and the school kept close by scattering bait over the water. All hands turned to with hooks and lines. Catches of over one hundred barrels have been recorded for one drift. And after the catch was made the men had to clean and salt the fish to preserve it.

Power has been responsible for vast changes in this industry. Rarely, if ever, is a seiner seen under sail today. He neither curses the calm nor fears the gale. In one day he can cover all of Cape Cod Bay or Nantucket Sound and by the next morning he can deliver his fish fresh to market.

WEIR FISHING

Winter means mending time to the weir or trap fishermen of Cape Cod Bay. During the long fishing season the nets have been badly chafed and weakened; here a horse mackerel or shark broke the twine. The nets are large and there are many holes. The five men in the loft working with knife and needle must be through with their job by March. On the first good day in March the nets and ropes are tarred. And when this is done the weir poles are painted. The great red scow must be painted and launched and the gin, or spile

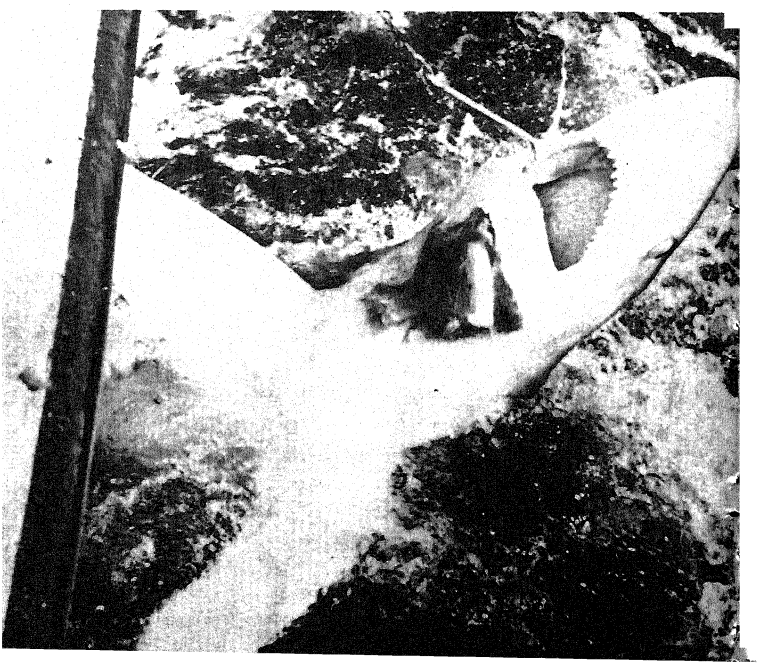
driver, set up at one end. Then the trap boat, from which they fish, is commissioned. By March 15th gear and boats are in order and if the ice has gone out of the bay, the skipper chooses the first calm day and makes his set. Long hickory poles, anchors and ropes are loaded onto the scow and the trapboat tows it off to location. The ground on which traps are set is leased from the state. The trapman finds his ground by lining up various ranges which he has set up on the land.

When the location has been exactly determined the scow is anchored. The first pole is placed in the gin, the heavy wood block hoisted by a power winch is raised and dropped, driving the hickory pole into the ground. A hose through which water is forced is often used to blow a hole in the sand which greatly simplifies pole driving. Twenty-five poles are set in one long line. At the end of this twenty poles are driven to form a heart-shaped pattern. A circle of fifteen poles is made at the apex of the heart. A trapboat with a crew of five men may set four traps. This was indeed hard work in those days when the pry and the tackle were the only tools.

After that backbreaking work is over the men have yet to hang the nets. Along the fencelike line of poles the large mesh leader net is fastened. The heart-shaped net is next to be hung. This net has two openings: one where the leader joins it, and the other at the apex of the heart, the entrance to the bowl. The bowl is then hung from the circle of poles; except for its one opening, this net is similar to the seine. The nets are all set by the first of April.

The sun has not yet risen but the trapboat is speeding across the harbor. The skipper stands at the wheel behind the red enginehouse aft. In the open space forward are three

Occasionally a Cape Cod fisherman catches a shark. Landing is a hard task for sharks are immensely powerful and possess murderous teeth.



members of the crew looking over the gunwale of the boat toward the sunrise. The man in the engine room thrusts his head out the window in the side of the house. The first trap is close by. The motor is shut down and the boat guided in over the heart. Once inside the bowl, the gate nets across the opening to the bowl are hoisted. There is now no chance for fish to escape while the net is being drawn. The men then haul at the twine much like the seiner takes in his seine, and all fish are forced into one pocket. Fish are bailed out in a large dip net called "kill-devil" hooked up to a jury mast and hoisted by a power winch.

By this time the sun is up, and along the shore as far as the eye can see are other trapboats drawing weirs.

When the catch is all aboard the net is dropped again, the gates are lowered, and the boat is backed out. Three barrels of herring, five barrels of mackerel, a few squid and ten barrels of whiting was the night's run in that trap. The floor forward is covered with flipping bodies of fresh-caught fish.

There are three more traps drawn and by nine o'clock the deep-laden boat is speeding toward the wharf. Astern are three horse mackerel or tuna being towed tail first.

Alongside the wharf, the horse mackerel are hoisted up. They are cleaned on the wharf and will be shipped to Boston. They average four hundred pounds each and will sell at four cents a pound.

The skipper telephones a Boston buyer and hopes to get a good price on the rest of his catch. If the market is glutted with seine mackerel he will be offered less than three cents a pound for his mackerel. This is not enough to pay the expenses of shipping and packing. Butterfish, those silvery fish with short but deep bodies and very small mouths, are

worth six cents a pound. This trap boat has one hundred pounds to ship.

He now turns to the freezing plant for which he and his men work. The freezer will offer him one cent a pound for his fish, which he is bound to accept. The crew, knee-deep in mackerel, bail the fish into tubs which carry them directly to the freezer. Whiting and herring will be sold to the freezer for one dollar a barrel. Pollock, small cod, a few flounders and a lobster are set aside for the crew's consumption. The pollock will be salted down and then dried in the sun to make scull-joes.

The day of individually owned weirs is slowly passing. Freezing plants, many of which are subsidized by large food concerns, now control most of this Cape business. The boats and gear are company owned. In dividing the profits of a load of fish, one-half goes to the company; the other half is divided among the five members of the crew. Herring and squid are preserved in the freezer to be sold later as bait, and to a small extent as food fish. Mackerel are saved to be sold at high midwinter prices when fresh mackerel are no longer available. It is obvious that these companies are not interested in buying mackerel from their own boats when Boston prices are eight and ten cents a pound; and it is also obvious that they are well pleased to buy at a cent a pound. The mackerel sold at ten and fifteen cents a pound in February and March came from the freezer; each fisherman made one-tenth of a cent a pound on that fish. From the whiting and herring sold at one dollar a barrel each fisherman makes ten cents on a barrel: he must catch ten barrels in order to clear one dollar!

Each morning from April until late December these fisher-

men draw their traps. When the first snow has fallen and the last mackerel has left for the winter, the men take off twine and haul poles. Fishing is over until March.

THE NETTER

Through the summer the mackerel market is often glutted. There are some days when seiners and trapmen unable to sell their catches dump loads of dead fish into the sea. The gill netter in the Bay observes conditions and goes on smoking his pipe: his nets ain't costin' no taxes; ain't eatin' no grub up in the shed where he's got them stored; besides, sea growth in summer raises the very devil with the twine. September conditions are a little better. But it's October that brings the sharp nor'west winds, chills the sea and sends the mackerel deeper. One by one seiners go out of commission. Prices are better. Netters are rank. This one callates he'll set ten nets to begin with. Up in the shed where he keeps his gear he counts out ten nets, ten mushroom anchors, ten stone killicks, ten buoy warps and ten buoys.

Some netters use power boats, but not this one. He sets his nets in a Grand Bank dory. He rows and saves the cost of fuel, and when the wind blows fair he sets up a sail.

There is a quick spryness to his walk even under the backload of gear which he is carrying to the dory on the beach. He is thinking about the report that there are fish to the nor'ard. Fish to the nor'ard in October is the best of signs. This long-armed Cape set out in the Atlantic like the bowl of a trap will surely catch them when they drive south. The gamble of mackereling is in him just as it was in his father

before him. His wife, too, likes this season. She says: "Mackerel money is the best money there is. Seems to last longer."

When all his gear is on the beach beside the dory it appears like a great load for so small a boat to carry. But he knows that this dory can carry fifteen nets although she will barely show above water with ten.

He makes on gear as he stows it in the dory. First the net is flaked on the bottom of the dory; the top and bottom of the net are tied to a bridle in the buoy warp; a long white buoy on which his name is printed in ragged black letters is tied on at the top; the twenty-fathom buoy warp is coiled on the net; at the end of the warp the mushroom anchor is bent on and the stone killick is hitched on two fathom above it. Ten nets he makes on in this way. And when he is through the rising tide is creeping around the dory.

An hour later he is rowing across the harbor. Two miles out he ships his oars. This is where he will set. He selects the anchor to the top net and drops it overboard and the killick after it. The warp runs out swiftly through his hand, and when it stops he begins paying out the net, being careful to keep the lead rope, or bottom of the net, from twisting over the cork rope which floats on the surface of the water. One after another he sets the nets, leaving sufficient room between them so that they will not foul each other as they swing with the tide. He looks up the string of nets a half mile long. The corks lie on the water like strings of beads.

That job done, he hopes the night will come quickly and with plenty of fish for his nets. The moon is full when the night does settle. It is perfect and there should be fish. Moonlight is bad for seiners and good for netters. But mackerel are fickle and the best fishermen are poor prophets.

Early morning. The weir boat is backfiring in the trap and men are pulling at their twine. The netter rows past. A bit of light from the rising sun spills over the Cape land. He sees his first net. A few gulls tread water along the corks and cry. At a net beyond two gulls are diving for a fish caught in the meshes. Gulls are a welcome sight; they scare fish that are caught close to the surface, but they are a sign of fish, and the netter likes to find them around his nets.

He picks up the tail of the net and ships his oars. He pulls up the net until he gets hold of the bottom, weighted edge, or lead rope. He hauls along this rope toward the anchor, the cork rope floats on the water a few feet away, the net hangs U-shaped between him and the corks. He has one knee against the side of the dory. He expectantly searches the dark water ahead for the blue shadows of mackerel hanging from the twine.

The gill net is not a trap. There is no bowl to it like the seine and the weir. It is merely a meshed barrier eighty yards long and twenty feet deep anchored at one end.

All catches are made after sunset when swiftly swimming fish are suddenly meshed by the invisible twine. Mackerel, herring, whiting and butterfish will mesh in these nets. Their heads go between the meshes and the twines hold them behind their gills. Horse mackerel pass through the nets as if they were cobweb leaving great holes for the fisherman to mend. Sharks appear to be taken aback when they strike a net and instead of hurrying on through, they double back into it writhing and twisting until they have half the net around their bodies. Then they strangle in a terrible snarl. And this fisherman has good reason to swear at them even when they are worth five and six cents a pound. Sculpins are a great nuisance

too, and their innumerable horns become hopelessly tangled in the twine. They are a bony brown fish good for nothing but to make holes in nets. Whiting, too, wind bundles of twine around themselves. He beats them on the gunwale a bit and they come clear, then he throws them to the gulls. He easily yanks herring out of the mesh, and their scales, like chips of mother-of-pearl, are scattered over the water.

The gulls were right—there are mackerel in his nets. He has seventy by count at his fifth and he is somewhat cheered. He callates he will set five more nets the next morning. He picks twenty more mackerel out of his sixth. But something has happened to the next one. Half of it is gone. He rows to it, draws the ragged end over the side of the dory. Some powerboat, likely a fisherman, ran over it, cut it in half during the night. He holds up the ragged twine, looking at it philosophically. Nets cost twenty dollars each but he says nothing; it has happened before, it will happen again, maybe there will be three gone next time if the flounder draggers come his way. That's part of the risk, he figures, as he hauls the few remaining yards into the boat.

It is nine o'clock when he rows alongside the wharf. A trapboat is being unloaded on the other side of the wharf; the power winch above is thumping and jets of steam are shot out into the morning sunlight. A fish basket is lowered into his dory. He throws his catch into it, and after it is hoisted up he climbs the ladder to the wharf. Inside the shed men in long boots are weighing and packing mackerel as it comes up from the trap boat. Other men wearing aprons and wielding bloody knives are filleting mackerel on long benches. Standing clear of the guts and slime is a group of well-dressed men. These are solicitors for the city fish

agents. He weaves his way in and out among the barrels, skidding now and then on the slimy floor. The manager's office is at the other side of the shed. Here he inquires about Boston and New York fish prices for that day; asks the manager if he knows of any large loads of fish being shipped to either market. Knowing this much about the situation, he guesses what he will get for his fish when they are sold the next day. He chooses the market with the best prospects. Then he selects the buyer in that city who has given him the best prices. Meanwhile his fish have been weighed, dumped in a barrel and iced. The tag of the firm he has selected is fastened to the barrel, and that is the last the fisherman sees of his catch.

A few days later he receives a check and a receipt for that lot of fish. The agent has sold the fish to a dealer who sells it to a retailer, who in turn sells to the consumer. The receipt shows that the cost of shipping and carting, and eight per cent commission were taken out by the agent. The fisherman has yet to pay the fish handler on the wharf for the cost of packing: one dollar and seventy-five cents for each barrel. The average price for mackerel is five cents on the pound. Expenses are three cents for each pound of fish. The fisherman makes two cents average on each pound or two dollars on every hundred-pound lot.

This particular fisherman is independent. He owns all of his gear; he takes all the risks and what profits he makes are his own. A few Cape fishermen own big "gangs" of nets, some own forty-five or more. Two or three men are employed for handling them and they are paid shares similar to the seiners' crews.

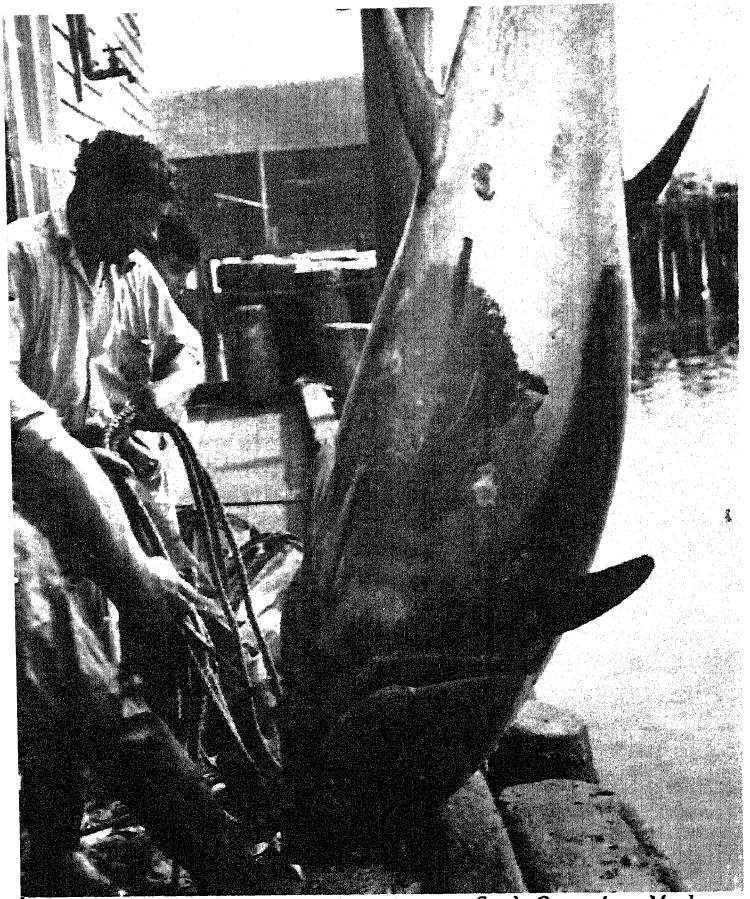
Mackerel dragging, or drift netting, is carried on from

small vessels and powerboats. The same gill nets are used for this kind of fishing. The nets are tied together in a long string and the whole string tied to the vessel. These nets are set just before sunset and are taken aboard the vessel in the morning, after the vessel and nets have drifted around the Bay all night. A fleet of Provincetown boats go "south" every year and engage in this kind of fishing. "South" or "out south" means anywhere in the vicinity of New Bedford and Block Island.

Herring are so abundant in these waters that only the freezing plants make any money from them. Trap fishermen and a few sperling seiners make some profit in selling them to the freezers.

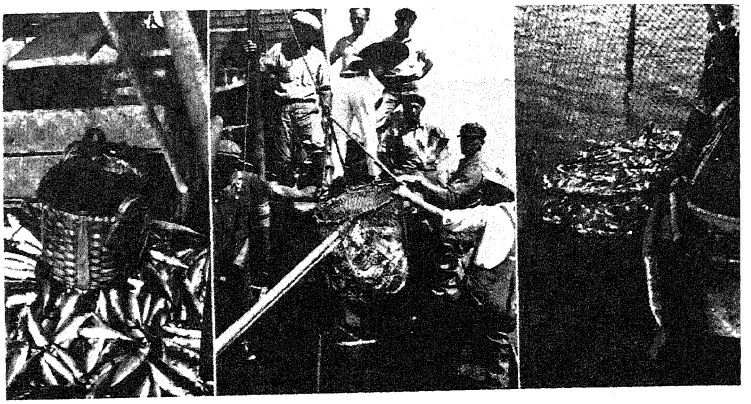
There are three kinds of herring caught here: the English herring, or sperling, whose body is not as deep as the other herring; the blueback and the alewife. The last two are much alike in shape; the head is large and the body deep. The one positive distinction between the blueback and the sperling is that the inside of the belly of the blueback is black. The sperling spawns in shallow salt-water sections around Provincetown Harbor and Woods Hole. The alewife and the blueback spawn in brackish pools. The streams along the south side of the Cape are literally filled with these fish in April when they swim upstream to spawn. First comes the alewife run and two weeks later comes the blueback. The fish are netted in the streams. Their scales are used in the manufacture of synthetic pearls.

Bluefish were plentiful in these waters thirty years ago. Chatham fishermen still net a few of them along the South Shore in the summer months; but only strays are caught



Carola Gregor from Monkmeyer

A great variety of fish fill the fishing vessels of Cape Cod. These men are unloading a particularly heavy prize—a huge tuna fish.



Ever since Colonial times the rich fishing grounds in the Atlantic have attracted fishermen from Cape Cod. This boat will bring a big catch back to Provincetown.



in Cape Cod Bay. Salmon are occasionally netted or trapped in weirs but they are extremely rare.

Schools of blackfish, grampuses and porpoises, all of the whale family, frequent these waters and do much damage to nets. The trypots and old oilmakers have all disappeared, so men have no reason to drive these whales ashore. However, large schools are often accidentally grounded.

It has not yet been necessary to replenish the sea with school fish. So long as streams are kept open for the spring run of herring, that fish will abound in these waters; so long as the winter home of the mackerel remains unknown, these fish cannot be destroyed. But mackerel fishermen fear each year that the Diesel beam trawlers, dragging the continental shelf with their gigantic dredges, will find the mackerel's hide-out. If they ever do, the mackerel industry can be utterly obliterated in five years.

THE FLOUNDER DRAGGER

There is a law prohibiting flounder dredging in sections of the area between Woods Hole and Monomoy from the first of May to the first of November; there is a similar law which prohibits flounder dragging in all parts of Cape Cod Bay southward of a line from Race Point in Provincetown to Gurnet Light at Plymouth. The Bureau of Fisheries plants millions of flounders in these areas each year; and it is their hope that this replenishment, coupled with laws forbidding dredging, will prevent the utter depletion of ground fish which has seemed so inevitable during the past few years. Some fishermen persist in fishing these grounds during the prohibited months and make good catches under the cover

of night. Still others dredge boldly in the daytime and openly admit that they are willing to take the risk of being caught and fined in the hopes of making a large haul.

General fishing in these waters does not begin until the law is off. Local boats that have been fishing for flounder along the dangerous Back Shore beaches, where laws have not yet been applied, return to the Bay. The docks in the canal are packed with flounder catchers. In Provincetown, where twenty-four flounder catchers are owned, there are vessels from Boston, Gloucester and New Bedford. There are Guinea fishermen, "Eyetalians," in chunky gray boats from Boston.

This Cape skipper owns his vessel, had her built during the last days of sail. She was the most modern vessel in the Bay then; she carried two topmasts, a long boom, a long bowsprit and clouds of canvas. She could ghost along when other vessels wallowed in calms. But he was a man with progressive ideas; he was quick to see the possibilities of the gasoline engine, so he bought one and had it installed. It was a fifteen-horsepower engine and drove the vessel about as fast as a man could row a dory, which was more than a sail could do in a calm. That was only the beginning. The engine was so successful that it seemed a good idea further to increase the power; so the fifteen was replaced by a twenty-four. Now the vessel could make headway to windward in fairly heavy weather. The topmasts were promptly taken down and light-weather sails were left ashore.

The pole dredge with the hickory pole stretched across the mouth to keep it open had been carried to its limit. Poles longer than thirty-three feet were almost impossible to handle; and the great shoes with sleighlike runners for sledding along

the bottom were heavy and awkward. But these engines could drag dredges with wider mouths.

A European contraption called the otter trawl was the next step. Two boards slung like kites and fastened to either side of the mouth kept it open. It had unlimited possibilities. It was extremely light and simple to handle; nets big enough to anchor the boat could be used. The old pole dredge was discarded. A thirty-six horsepower engine replaced the old twenty-four.

The mainsail was taken off altogether. The bowsprit was sawed off flush with the stem because it was in the way in docking the vessel. A sixty supplanted the thirty-six, and the mainmast was sawed down. A square wheelhouse was erected over the wheel to give the helmsman protection from the winter winds. It was no longer necessary for him to see in all directions, to feel the wind on his face, to see the flaws bearing down on him across the water, or to watch the luff of the sails; the vessel would plow on whether he watched or not, he might even go to sleep at the wheel.

And now his vessel has a seventy-five which costs more to run than they stock, some days.

He was indeed progressive. But there is a tragic sound in his voice when he states it. He is thinking how the Bay, which yielded nineteen barrels in one morning in the days of sail, must now be artificially replenished; and how he will be lucky to catch four small boxes if he drags all day.

He is not flush with his times now. New vessels have been built, designed especially for power; his remains a powered sailing vessel. The new vessels have plumb stems, square sterns, high sides and shallow draft. They are chunky, and he says that they are built by the mile and sawed off. His

seventy-five horsepower engine is becoming antiquated. New vessels are equipped with Diesel engines and cost less than half as much to run. This fisherman foresees that as the quantity of fish and profits decrease the cheap-running Diesel will gradually replace the gasoline engines.

In the morning he is the first to get under way; his vessel is speeding across the harbor even before the harbor lights are out. One of the crew is forward to warn the skipper if any gill nets appear across their path.

When the vessel has run for fifteen minutes the crew stand by to set. The otter trawl, or dredge, is on the starboard side just forward of the wheelhouse. It is a net made of heavy twine, heavier than either the seine or the trap. It must be strong to withstand the rough treatment it gets when it is dragged over the bottom. This net is known to fishermen as a "bag." It is just that, a wide-mouthed tapering mesh bag, one hundred and ten feet at the mouth and sixty feet deep.

The skipper slows the vessel; and while the two men in the crew throw the net overboard, he swings her head in a long arc to starboard to keep the net from fouling in the propeller. The tailpiece is the back end of the bag. It is here that the fish are pocketed. The bottom of the tailpiece is thickly matted with frayed rope to prevent chafing while it is dragged along. The men first throw this tailpiece over, then the main part of the dredge, and at last the mouth or front where the "boards" or "shoes" are attached. The "shoes" are door-shaped wooden objects five feet long and three feet wide. They are on opposite sides of the mouth and are so slung that they sail away from each other and thus keep the dredge open. Two tow ropes, one from each shoe, pass through a ring at the stern of the boat through a

block on the mast and down to the deck where the two men slack them off quickly. The skipper straightens the course of the vessel and the whole dredge sinks to bottom astern; he speeds the engine and the vessel lurches ahead like a horse hitched to a plow. The fishing is done by the engine and the dredge. The skipper leans back against the wheelhouse; the crew go below into the warm forecastle. This is where the men eat and sleep; the stove is at the rear of the forecastle; and on both sides, extending far into the forepeak, are the bunks. Under the bunks are bins in which fids, marlin spikes, oakum, mending twine and net needles are stored.

For an hour and a half the bag is dragged along the bottom, catching everything in its path. The skipper has avoided one section where he knows there is a wreck. He lost a dredge there, once. He knows the place because he took ranges on the land when it happened.

When that drag is over the men come on deck. The skipper slows the vessel. The towlines are taken to the power winch and while the vessel describes a slow arc the dredge is hoisted off bottom. Another rope is put to the winch—this hoists only the tailpiece and the fish. The net is hoisted over the deck. A single rope holds the end of the tailpiece, pursed. This is yanked and the fish fall down on deck. The bottom of the tail piece is secured once more and the dredge is set again.

The flounders are flipping about the deck. Some are dark side up, others white, or belly, side up. With pitchforks the men sling the flounders into a fishbox.

Flounders are so different from other flat fish that you cannot mistake them. They are a fantail fish with a single fin along either side of the body. The upper side is dark and

the bottom white. The mouth is small. And the skull is twisted during development, causing one eye to move around the head so that both eyes come to be close together on the dark or top side of the fish. During the larval stage the flounder swims upright like a herring or a mackerel. The change in the position of the eye takes place prior to the time when the small fish go to the bottom to live.

There are three kinds of flounder found in abundance in Cape Cod waters. The flounder that lives on the hard bottom in shoal water is called blackback; the flounder found on a mud sand bottom is called yellowtail; and the soft-mud deep-water flounder is the bigmouth. These names are derived from marks of identification and are sufficiently descriptive.

This catch is nearly all blackbacks and yellowtails. But there are also three codfish, a conger eel weaving about the deck, and an ugly goosefish, showing fierce rows of teeth in his yawning mouth. Wads of mud called "sweet cake" are shoveled off the deck.

By early afternoon the catch is six boxes of flounder and one of codfish. There are forty other boats with smiliar hauls. The flounders planted by the Bureau of Fisheries will not last long. In two months when the Bay is stripped, these same fishermen will be frantically dragging the rock bottom back of the Cape.

Some draggers are fitted with high-powered deck lights and will fish in the night as well as the day. But this skipper is going in. He plans to ship on the afternoon freight. At the wharf a Boston buyer is buying on speculation. He offers four cents for the blackbacks and codfish and three cents for the yellowtails. Selling on the wharf means that the prices quoted

are clear of packing, shipping and commission expenses. The skipper accepts.

In the division of profits that follows the boat's share is one-third.

This skipper will drag for flounders so long as it continues to be profitable. When the fish become scarce or the prices drop, he will change his gear and try some other kind of fishing. That condition may take place in February. If it does, then he fits out for scalloping. He has a special dredge for this business. It is made of small iron rings linked together and set on an iron frame ten or twelve feet wide. And this is dragged along bottom like the flounder dredge.

When spring comes and the Bay is closed to floundering, he may fit out his vessel for swordfishing. A crow's-nest is fastened aloft with ratlines leading up to it. The swordfisherman at the masthead must have keener eyes than even the seiner. He must know the fish by the dorsal fin; or if the fish is deeper he may have to identify it by its color. There are many sharks that will fool the untrained eye. On an improvised bowsprit the pulpit is set up. There the man with the harpoon will stand to make the thrust when the fish comes within striking distance. This vessel will not fish in Cape Cod Bay. There are no swordfish there to catch. She will go "out south" to Block Island.

If it is a poor year for swordfishing, the skipper will return home by the middle of July and change his gear for seining, if he is able to own gear as expensive as a seine. If not, he may go mackerel dragging or he may put his vessel on the mooring and leave her there until the Bay is open to flounder draggers in November; and he may well say "a fisherman's life is a hungry gut and a wet backside."

THE HOOK FISHERMAN

In the spring when haddock were cheap and cod were scarce this fisherman gave up trawling and rigged out a gang of nets and went "out south" where he made a good dollar. When he came back in July he lay around awhile until mackerel began to run in the fall. Then he set nets for a time. Fish were none too plentiful so he's going trawling for codfish, and now that it's October they should bite well out there on the ledge between Provincetown and Plymouth. But if that ground is no good, he'll run back of the Cape and try off Highland Light; and maybe he will go as far as Chatham and fish out of there. His son has been fishing with him for five years; he will take him along.

This man has been fishing since the days when sail dories were used in this business. He owned a Swampscot dory once and fished in Race Rip back of Provincetown. That was when there were a number of shacks near Race Run called Hell Town, in which men stored their gear; and dories were hauled out on the beach every night. That was before engines were used. When the engine came he tried one, and so did other Hell Towners. His dory was no bigger than a bank dory, it was too small to hold an engine. She swamped when the propeller turned and so did the other dories it was tried on. The idea of using an engine was too sensible to be dropped. He designed a boat that would hold one. It had to be open so he could draw trawls in the bow and he gave it a sharp stern so that it wouldn't drag water. He called it a gasoline dory but it was no more a dory than a trapboat was. There was no sail in it and so there was no center-

board, and the bottom was round. It would go to windward or to leeward, in gale or in calm. He rigged up a cover of canvas over a pole slanted toward the bow; it looked like a tent pitched on deck. This tent provided good shelter for him and kept the combers in Race Rip from swamping the boat. The sail dory as a fishing boat was gone forever.

His double-ender served him for seven years. At last it became outmoded. He wanted more speed. He tried a larger motor in place of the one-cylinder he had used so long. The stern settled and, like the sail dory, she began to swamp. He designed a new boat, a few feet longer than the double-ender, with a square stern and greater buoyancy. This is the "gasoliner" he has now. It will make fifteen knots.

He sold his double-ender to a lobsterman, and there are many like her still used for lobstering, and set nets too.

Along the South Shore an excellent boat for shore fishermen was designed during the day of sail. This boat, called a catboat, was shoal draft, had a centerboard, and was fitted with one sail and the mast in the very eyes. It was to the South Shore fishermen what the sail dory was to Provincetowners. But it was more substantial, and when motorization took place, its hull was well suited to the change. The broad stern easily supported the engine, and the deadwood provided a place for the propeller shaft. Power catboats are used today along the South Shore for quahogging, oystering, netting and hand-lining.

The fisherman is carrying loads of gear down to his gasoline dory which is ebbed out alongside a pier. His gear is coiled down in tubs. He uses a trawl line. This is a line five to six hundred fathoms long with hooks on short gangings

tied to it at every fathom. He will take from four to six tubs of trawl with him.

He sets out at sunrise. Fifteen other boats like his are bound out. He has everything but the bait. He must get this from the trapboats now in the weirs. He ranges by two flounder draggers who are on the way out; and as he approaches the nearest trap he is careful not to cut across nets set in that part of the Bay. The weirboat sells him two dollar's worth of fresh herring and squid.

Half an hour later he is sounding for the ledge. The water shoals from twenty-four fathom around the ledge to fifteen on top; when the lead shows fifteen fathom he prepares to set. A tub and a half of trawl have been baited on the way out. He sets the baited trawl. First the anchor is dropped over and the buoy which is on a warp from the line; while the gasoliner drifts, he pays out the hooks. At the end of the line there is another anchor and buoy.

When the four or five trawls are set he comes back to the first one. He may either underrun the trawl or take it in. If he underruns it, he hauls along the main line, taking fish off the hooks as he goes; his mate stands behind him baiting stripped hooks as they come along; as fast as the hooks come in they are dropped over again for the next set.

His catch will consist of cod, haddock, pollock and blue hake and such trash as eels, dogfish and whiting. He says that his catches are not as big as they used to be. He blames the flounder dragger for this, because the flounder drag disturbs feeding grounds and spawn. Furthermore, he says the flounder catchers cut his trawls in half with their nets.

The cod are most plentiful in this catch. These are round-bodied fish with a dark speckled back and a light underbody;

a pale streak runs lengthwise of the fish between the dark back and the light belly. Hanging from its chin like a whisker is the barbel which definitely identifies the cod. The fish in this catch average ten pounds. These fish will be worth five cents a pound in the market.

Next in number are the pollock, or Boston "bluefish." This fish is much darker than the cod. The back is a smooth greenish blue and the belly a silvery gray. Separating these two colors is a light streak which goes around the body in a fore and aft direction. These fish are about the same size as the cod. They will be worth three or four cents a pound.

Haddock are fewest. Two marks make the haddock immediately distinguishable from pollock and cod. The streak along the body is dark instead of light; and just below the streak near the side fin is a dark patch called the "devil's mark." When this fish is taken out of the water it is dark purple above the streak and silver gray below. But the color goes out quickly and when the fish is landed on the wharf it is a dead gray color. Haddock may be worth six cents this day.

This fisherman plans to try another ground next time. He would like to catch halibut which is the highest-priced fish he can catch on a trawl; fifteen cents a pound is not uncommon for these fish. The halibut resembles the flounder but is much larger. They will range from five pounds upward to four hundred.

Few of these small-boat fishermen are poddogers. They know very well that hanging to the mooring and playing rummy is no way to make money. They know that to make money a fisherman must be on the fish and stay there gale or

no gale. The man who makes a haul in hard weather when all others have scurried to port, that man is a "killer," a "dog."

THE FRESH-FISHERMAN

This man was a Grand Banker once. He shipped on vessels that "wet their salt" every trip and hailed their catches in quintals not in pounds. He fished with hand line and with trawl; he split his fish as soon as he caught them and salted them down. Three months in each year for five years he tossed around on the Banks; and the most a man could make was two hundred dollars a trip. That was when flakeyards were more common on the Cape than cranberry bogs are now, and shipbuilders, sailmakers, outfitters, shareholders and merchants all prospered.

He saw THAT business decay and fresh-fishing spring up. Provincetown's fleet swelled to one hundred sail, all sleek swift schooners running fish from Georges to Boston. Ice replaced salt and fish were sold fresh. He shipped on one and liked it. Ten-day trips were better than three rough months to the Grand Banks; and the men shared in the profits instead of being paid a fixed sum. Flakeyards disappeared from the land. Cold storages sprang up in their stead. Seven were built in Provincetown and they all made money by selling frozen bait to the fishermen.

He saw the engines installed, the bowsprits taken off and the topmasts unstepped. But he knows that the sails will never be all removed from the Banker so long as men set trawls from dories. They are used for "laying the vessel to" while the men are at the trawls.

He saw the Boston beam trawlers when they first tried dredging off on Georges. And after World War I a dozen or more of these big high-powered craft made regular trips offshore. Going down to the channel one day he and the rest of the crew of the schooner lined the rail and watched one of those steamers take in its net. It maneuvered like a flounder dragger. Its net was similar to the net used in bay dredging, though much larger. And when the hoisting piece was taken in he could see the press of fish against the twine, and there were cod and haddock at the bottom crushed and scaled. He thought then that nobody would buy fish that had suffered such treatment. After a while the men on the steamer began shoveling off the decks and that was the most tragic sight of all. Strewn over the water in the wake of the steamer were small unmarketable fish and spawn, crushed, never to replenish the ocean. The twenty-four men along the rail of the vessel stood helpless before such destruction. The crew of fourteen of the steamer made ready to set the dredge again.

But people would buy those fish. New beam trawlers were built with Diesels for power. Eight men could run one. Today they bring in loads of two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand pounds. Fish buyers are forewarned by radio of catches on the way to port and prices are dropped even before the fish are landed. The schooners with their twenty-four-man crews and catches of seventy-five thousand pounds have been unable to hold out against these new forces. However, the beam trawlers are destroying themselves. Each year they move offshore to deeper water after shoal grounds are dragged clean. One day they will come to the edge of the continental shelf—and that will be the end.

This fisherman has seen it all happen; has seen the schooners of that great fleet drop out one by one. And just as the vessels fell by the way, so did the freezing plants that supplied them with frozen bait. The profits made from freezing fish for food are not great enough to sustain these concerns, and they have either fallen into decay or are being absorbed by large food companies.

Bait has been taken aboard and the schooner is nearly ready to leave. On the aft deck a few men are looking over their trawls. These trawls are similar to the kind used by the shore fishermen. Each tub of trawl is numbered to correspond with the number on the dory in which it is used. There are four tubs to a dory.

The skipper finally arrives, clambers down the forerigging, and makes his way past the nested dories to his cabin aft of the engine room.

Two late arrivals with sea bags slung over their shoulders go into the forecastle where the crew eat and sleep. On either side of the forecastle are rows of bunks that reach into the eyes of the vessel. The galley is in the aft part and the table is in the middle of the long room.

The skipper, on deck, takes account of his crew, finds them all aboard and orders the Diesel started. Lines are cast off, the schooner backs out from the wharf, sounding one long blast on her whistle.

The foresail is unstopped and hoisted; and the jib and trysail too. These men will be ten days on Georges, making their catch and icing it down; then they will go to Boston to market their fish; and back to Provincetown to take on bait for the next trip.

SHELLFISH

You have only to walk the flats at low water in any Cape harbor to discover the productivity of these long sandy expanses. All around you will see the squirt of the hidden clams and the holes they make in the sand.

There are three varieties of clams found along this shore; the steamer (long-neck, or soft-shell, clam), the quahog and the sea clam. The beaches are strewn with the shells of these clams and you will have opportunity to identify each kind. The shell of the steamer clam is most fragile and is narrower in proportion to its length than the shells of other clams. A large clam of this kind will be three or four inches long; the shell is naturally white although it may have black streaks on it when found on dark bottom. These clams are used for steaming and frying.

The sea clam is larger in all ways than the steamer. This clam is the favorite for pies and chowders. The shell of the sea clam is dark brown when it is alive, but after the shell has been left to weather on the beach the brown surface peels off. You will find these shells chalky white after they have bleached a while in the sun.

The quahog is never called clam by Cape people. "A clam is a clam and a quahog a quahog," they say. Restauranteurs prefer to call them "cherry stones" and "little neck clams." The shells of these are almost as broad as they are long; they are thick and deeply grooved by growth lines similar to the rings of a tree.

The only equipment a clammer needs is the rake, a bucket and a pair of boots. If he digs for steamers, he uses a wide-

pronged rake. Digging for steamers is a localized kind of work. These clams are so plentiful that a clam digger can take a bucketful out of three holes. Barnstable has been most important in the production of steamer clams.

The quahogger is a roamer. He moves about the flats with a bucket hooked over one arm, and drags behind him a long-handled rake with round prongs. When his rake strikes a hard object he stops to hook it out of the sand. It may only be a stone; but if it is a quahog he sets his pail on the sand and rakes in all directions in the manner of raking leaves on a lawn, hoping to find the rest of that quahog's family. The quahog lives within six inches of the surface and does not form clustered communities. It is not necessary to dig holes for them. Sea clams can also be raked up in the same manner.

When quahogs are taken below the low-water mark boats must be used. In Wellfleet there are many power catboats employed in this business. Rakes with handles longer than the boat are used and you will see them laid along the deck of the boat extending well beyond the bow. To secure quahogs from the deepwater beds the quahogger anchors his boat fore and aft, then he walks forward dragging the rake over the bottom. When he arrives at the bow he hauls up the rake and picks out the quahogs. Then he begins again, dragging aft this time. And so he goes all day long.

The best beds of sea clams are below low-water mark. Dredges are used in taking these. These are small dredges with an iron band around the mouth that digs deep into the sand as the boat draws it along the bottom. Quahogs also are caught in this kind of dredge.

There have been efforts made to preserve the clam flats.

Some regions have been closed to diggers. In other sections digging is permitted but only allotted amounts may be taken.

For over a hundred years following the Revolution the oyster industry at Wellfleet and Cotuit was one of the major Cape industries. From the very beginning the oysterman learned to protect and improve his crops. Seed was brought to these ports from Chesapeake Bay and Long Island to prevent depletion of the supply.

Wellfleet oystermen no longer import seed oysters. They have learned how to replenish their beds with their own oysters. They know that the oyster spawns during the first part of July and that the spawn will float for ten days. The oysterman sets out empty shells to catch this floating spawn. Particular care is taken to set the shells where they will ebb out and dry off at low water, otherwise the spawn will not "take." Tiny dark spots soon form on the shells. This is the early stage of an oyster and is called "spat." In September and October these shells are taken offshore and dumped. For three years they are left on the offshore bed while the spat develops into oysters. During that time they are known as seed oysters. These are the oysters that are transplanted to such harbors as Cotuit, Osterville and Chatham where for some reason the spawning of an oyster will not take hold.

The starfish and the borer are highly destructive to an oyster crop. Wellfleet beds are visited by borers, but the men there say that the starfish is kept out by an army of oyster crabs that line up across the mouth of Wellfleet Bay.

Oystering has always been a prosperous business by and large although in bad times prices have been known to drop as low

as a dollar a bushel. As in all other branches of the fish industry, there are too many men lined up between the fisherman and the consumer.

Sea scallops and bay scallops have been present in great abundance in Cape waters. In the fall of 1923 a flounder dragger fishing near Peaked Hill whistling buoy ran through a bed of sea scallops. It turned out to be a large bed and was responsible for that winter being the most profitable ever known to flounder catchers. Stronger dredges were made to resist the sharp-edged shells. Every boat was fitted out with special scallop gear. But by the next season all the scallops had been dredged up and the fishermen turned back again to floundering. Another bed was discovered off the Brewster shore. It provided a short period of prosperity before it, too, was dragged clean.

Every winter a few flounder boats go scalloping but unless new beds are discovered the catches are small.

The flats were not always bare sandy expanses as they are today. Fifteen years ago they were covered with a dense growth of eel grass. What happened to this grass is not exactly known. Fishermen say that oil discharged from the exhaust of engines has killed it off.

When the eel grass disappeared all the sea life in it disappeared too. The small bay scallops which are the best of all scallops were the greatest loss of all. They lived in great numbers among the tangles of eel grass and, although they have disappeared from the flats, they are still taken in deep water off Chatham, Wellfleet and Monument Beach.

The shells of these scallops are much smaller than sea scallops and that part to be eaten, the muscle which holds

the shells together, is much sweeter and more tender. The shell of the bay scallops is generally dark in color and has deep flutings that run down from the hinge and give it a fanlike appearance. The sea scallop has a smooth pink shell.

Along the beaches of Cape Cod, if you like beachcombing, you will find bits of fishing gear washed ashore. This black torpedo-shaped piece of wood, five inches long with a hole down the center, and this biscuit-shaped cork are from some netter's net; this glass ball is from a cod net and drifted here from up Gloucester way; this gaudy painted block of wood with a hole at the nose came from a lobsterman's pot or a codfisherman's trawl; this long hickory pole tapered to a point at the thick end is from some weir. The corks may have been set adrift when a net was churned up in a propeller; the lobster buoy may mean that a string of lobster pots was cut adrift by some dragger.

These objects are proofs of offshore activity; but it is an activity that is decreasing each year. The fisherman has too long remained passive to the forces that promise to destroy his means of livelihood. His philosophy of catch-as-catch-can stands in his way. His position is understandable, for unlike the farmer, the fisherman has no attachment to the ground on which he reaps his harvest; he does not plow the ground or plant the seed, he does not tread the furrow. He does not see the ground on which he works. He does not own the land. When he learns to farm his land, to plant the seed and protect its growth; when by common demand the trawl net is outlawed and the spilling of oil on the sea is made a crime; then the resources of the sea will be restored and the fishing industry of Cape Cod will be preserved.

FRESH AIR

CAPE COD days in summer are warm and sparkling, nights are cool; springs are gentle; falls last till Christmas; winter shows its teeth only in an occasional wild storm or "cold snap," never touching zero. "If you don't like Cape weather, wait a minute," is an old Cape saw, for in its narrow range it is very changeable. You can live outdoors on the Cape for over three hundred days a year and have fun doing it.

SEA AND SHORE

First and foremost, naturally, there are the sea and the beaches. Cape Cod is only a little more than 60 miles long, from the Canal to Provincetown, but it has 586 miles of shore line and 360 miles of sandy beach. The longest unbroken stretch is the Great Beach lying between Chatham and Provincetown, 50 miles long. Here the Atlantic Ocean, rather than Bay or Sound, washes the shore and the scene has a fitting grandeur. The wild beauty of the Great Beach is a challenge to writers; many have tried to describe it but

Thoreau, viewing it from Nauset, did better; he defined its impact on the human mind.

"There I had got the Cape under me, as much as if I were riding it bare-backed. It was not as on the map, or seen from the stage-coach; but there I found it all out of doors, huge and real, Cape Cod! as it cannot be represented on a map, color it as you will; the thing itself, than which there is nothing more like it, no truer picture or account; which you cannot go farther than see. I cannot remember what I thought before that it was."

Monomoy, a ten-mile spit running out from Chatham, is the beginning of this beach and the Cape's newest land; it is a wilderness of sand, partly covered by pale beach grass and beach plums and all the sparse vegetation of the dunes, and it teems with birds; for many months in the year its only visitors are the Coast Guardsmen but in summer venturesome picnickers sometimes make their way down it in beach wagons equipped with balloon tires for driving over sand, and there are sightseeing expeditions from Chatham. The coast of Chatham itself is ragged, with many inlets and indentures, chief among them the well-named Pleasant Bay, but beyond this the Great Beach picks up its stride and, except for Nauset inlet at Orleans, sweeps down the Cape in unbroken majesty. There is no sameness in its great length; sometimes it slopes back to rolling dunes and moors or to the edges of a salt marsh; sometimes, as at Truro, it ends abruptly at the foot of a towering cliff. The very sands are different, fine and white at Chatham, yellow and coarser at Provincetown.

Naturally, there is little boating along these shores. The beach may be reached by car over many roads: at Orleans; over Nauset Road at Eastham; Cahoon's Hollow Road at

Wellfleet; Pamet Road at Truro; these lead to Coast Guard Stations and are most generally used, but there are many others, for all the roads that wind through the transverse valleys of the lower Cape—or "hollows," as Cape Codders called them—have to end at or near the sea. The accessible stretches of this beach are favorite picnic grounds; usually there's driftwood for a fire and the wide beach extends well above the highest reach of the tide. There's always a trail of smoke or a sail on the horizon to remind you that past here runs a great shipping lane, but the vessels stand well out, taught by centuries of shipwreck along these shores.

Surf-bathing and swimming are exciting off the Great Beach. Safe enough for most swimmers, it's not for children except very close to shore, nor should anyone go out too far. Tides make undertows which can be scarcely felt but are none the less dangerous; when a swimmer beyond the breakers suddenly finds himself much farther out than he'd expected, the sensation is more as if the land had retreated than as if he'd advanced. It's not always easy to get back in.

You can't make friends with the Great Beach. You can love it and live on it; it can become part of your life, but it holds itself aloof and the few traces of man's presence seem of no more consequence than piles of driftwood. Here, certainly, things must look as they have looked from the beginning of time.

The Cape Cod Bay side of the Cape is a cozier affair, not that the Bay itself, with its high tides and sudden storms, is anything for a sailor to laugh off. But here the coast is various. There are long stretches of unbroken beach, but also harbors, coves, inlets, tidal marshes and smooth crescent-shaped bays. The slope below the water line is usually more gradual

than on the Back Shore, the water warmer, the surf less staggering. Tracing the Bay Shore of the Cape from the Canal to Provincetown, you'll find a fine beach at Sagamore, following the old line of the Pilgrim Road; broken, low-lying coasts at Barnstable and Yarmouth, which lose themselves repeatedly in bays and salt marshes and creeks—it's been suggested that here is an ideal locale for houseboating; fine, hard, smooth beaches at Dennis and Brewster; Eastham's long unbroken beach, recalling in some measure the grandeur of the Great Beach; Orleans' inlets and coves and salt meadows; the bewildering mazes of Wellfleet's shore line where placid bays, deep tidal rips, salt coves, inlets and tidal flats are inextricably mingled among islands and ragged points of land; Pilgrim Beach, a fine curving beach between Truro and Provincetown, and lastly the wide harbor at the Cape's end. At Provincetown the Bay twice daily creeps away almost out of sight and, when the time of the tides is right, comes slowly back over sun-warmed flats to furnish temperate swimming for over six months of the year. The Bay is practically Provincetown's front yard and once its shores were the town's only thoroughfare; when the tide's low, children can play and paddle and splash themselves along this shore in perfect safety, and when it's high, swimmers can jump into deep water from their front steps. Then there's the Back Shore, only a mile or so away; along the edge of the New Road back of town lies one of the finest bathing beaches on the Cape, with a parking place for cars but no bathhouses, food stands, or pavilions to mar the beauty of the coast; unlike many Cape beaches, its shores are pebbly. Not even the great numbers of people who sun and swim here all summer long can crowd this beach.

These are the chief accessible beaches of the Bay Shore. Beyond the Great Marshes of Sandwich and Barnstable lies a lonely ten-mile stretch of beach of wild, impressive beauty which remains unseen by most visitors to the Cape. Hunters frequent this country in the fall, there's a lighthouse at the tip of Sandy Neck where the beach ends, and a few people have summer cottages there, but it has no approach except by boat.

The Great Beach awes, the Bay Shore fascinates, but for pure summer outdoor pleasure many people swear by the South Shore of the Cape, lying between Chatham and Falmouth. Indeed, if man still fancied himself the center of the universe, it might be imagined that Nantucket Sound and Vineyard Sound had been created solely for his enjoyment. Here, as in Cape Cod Bay, the water is warmer than on the "outside" but the Sounds are unlike the Bay in that they have a very small range of rise and fall in tide. Nobody ever has to wait for high water to boat or bathe or time any of his seagoing activities to the moon. Big enough and mean enough to give life along their shores the thrill of the sea, these bodies of water are still so protected as to make fine sailing days the rule. Interclub class races, yachting of all kinds, fishing and just plain boating keep them alive with sail all summer long. Yacht clubs lend gaiety and interest to the harbors; there's a pleasant smell of new lumber and cheerful sound of pounding in the various shipyards; boating, fishing and sailing parties are a mainstay of native life.

Harwich and Dennis, with their various villages, all have their strips of shore where children may safely bathe; at South Yarmouth the pleasant reaches of Bass River with its sandy shores pull the sea inland. Hyannis has its fine harbor and

a sandy shore; beyond it all the South Shore villages of Barnstable, now famous as summer colonies, have a pleasant diversified shore of smooth sandy beach, laced with inlets, tidal rivers, salt marshes, and broken by bays; a shore which rises almost to rocky grandeur as it approaches Woods Hole. The beach at Craigville, originally a camp site for religious gatherings, is particularly fine and has been known to the outside world as a bathing beach longer than have most of the beaches of Cape Cod; at Centerville there are inner and outer beaches, formed by a tongue of land, recalling beaches in Florida; Osterville, with Oyster Harbor and Wianno, and Cotuit are distinguished by their wide deep bays. Toward Woods Hole, past the great Waquoit Bay, the shore grows constantly wilder and more broken; bays and harbors are more numerous, tongues of the sea lick farther inland, the coast rises to wooded cliffs.

Buzzards Bay, extending along the West Shore of the Cape past villages of Falmouth and Bourne, largely repeats the story of the South Shore. These waters, too, are even-temperatured, and a fine sailing ground; here are no endless stretches of beach, wide blank horizons, vast reaches of empty sea, such as distinguish the lower Cape, but pleasant half-moons of finest, whitest sand in quiet bays, sudden swirling inlets, wide salt marshes, wind-ruffled ponds. This landscape has its peculiar greatness; wider forests, taller trees, a jagged, lofty, often rocky coast give it a highly picturesque beauty which is combined here with every interesting aspect of man's seagoing activities. Someone has said that it looks like an inland child's dream of what the seacoast should be.

The three largest harbors on the Cape are Provincetown,

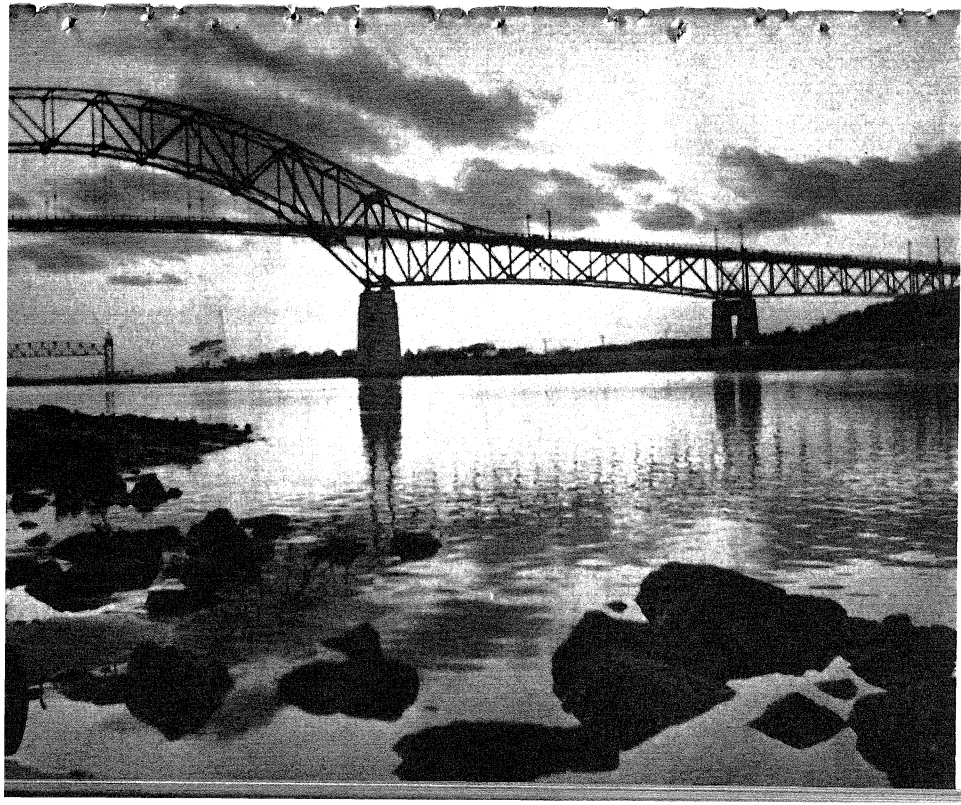
Hyannis, and Woods Hole, and the greatest of these, of course, is Provincetown. Here a considerable part of the United States Navy can and often does swing at anchor; near its entrance is the measured course over which newly built submarines test their speed. All three have an ample depth for coastwise yachts, wharf privileges, oil and fuel boats and general yacht supplies. The smaller harbors, from three to seven feet in depth, are Barnstable and Wellfleet on the North Shore; Chatham, Stage Harbor, Wychmere, Herring River, Bass River, Lewis Bay, East and West Bay Inlet, Cotuit, Popponessett and Falmouth on the South Shore; Quissett, North Falmouth, Pocasset and Barlow's Landing on the West. Besides these, there are countless bays and inlets suitable for small boats.

Naturally, the yacht clubs of the Cape are as its sands. They range from small, little-known affairs sponsoring local races to clubs with a national reputation. A map recently published by the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce indicates yacht clubs at Provincetown, Wellfleet, Chatham, Harwich, Bass River, Hyannisport, Wianno, Osterville, Cotuit, Waquoit, Menauhant, Woods Hole, Quissett, Barnstable; and there are more. For full information about racing activities on the Cape, write the Southeastern Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association.

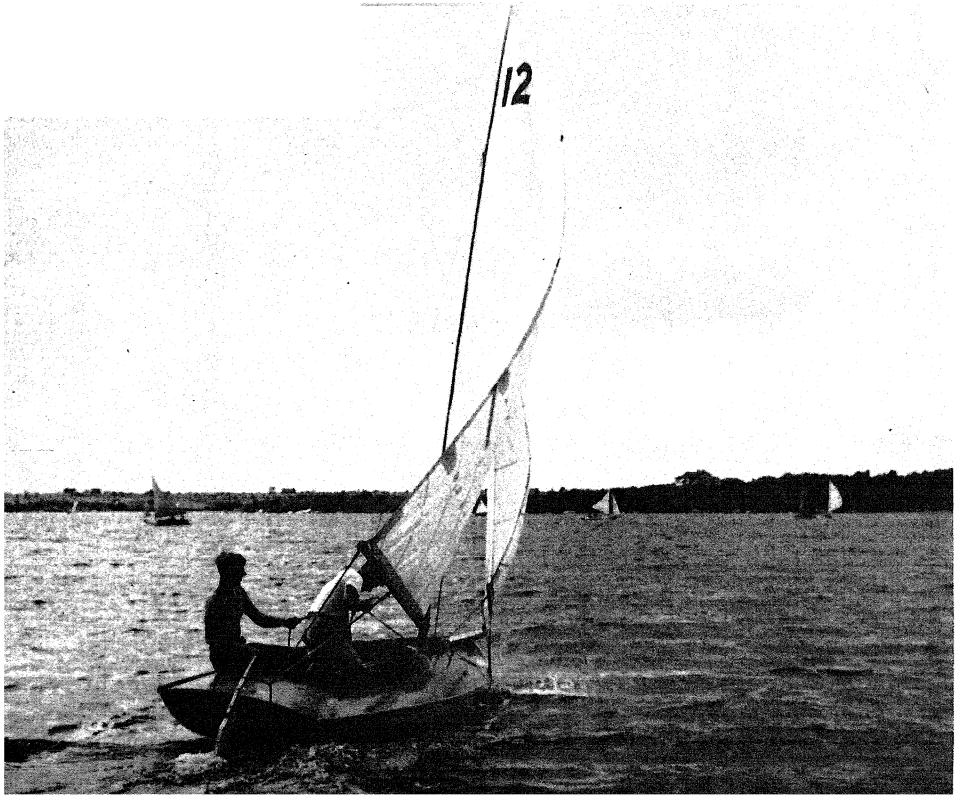
Swimming and yachting do not by any means tell the whole story of the Cape's summer outdoor activities.

GOLF

"Golf is essentially a seaside game. In its perfection it demands conditions that only the lean and windswept lands



New Haven Railroad
Completed in 1935, the Cape Cod Canal makes an island of the Cape by severing it from the Massachusetts mainland at Buzzards Bay.



New Haven Railroad
Small boat sailing is an exciting summer sport in sunlit Cape Cod Waters.

along the ocean can provide," writes C. Ashley Hardy, M.E.,* constructor of the Eastward Ho! championship course at Chatham. Perhaps it is for this reason that Cape Cod has not only one of the oldest golf links in America (at Cummaquid) but more golf links to the square mile than any other region.

Certainly, the conditions demanded by the game in its perfection are fully met on Cape Cod. The sandy soil provides rapid drainage, so that it is possible to play immediately after or even during a heavy rain; there's fine white sand for traps and bunkers; coarse springy grass for the fairways, fine grass for the greens; a rolling country, resembling the Scotch moors where the game was first played; and variable winds to give it interest and diversity. Best of all, the golf links of the Cape are natural ones, requiring the minimum of meddling by man.

There are eighteen golf courses on the Cape today. These are: at Sagamore, the Ben Lomond Golf Club course, overlooking Cape Cod Bay and the Canal, nine holes; in Yarmouth and Barnstable, the Cummaquid Golf Club course, a natural links and one of the oldest in the United States, nine holes; at South Yarmouth, the Bass River eighteen-hole course, situated on the river and in a pine woods; East Brewster, the Brewster Country Club, nine holes; Wellfleet, the Chequesset Golf Course, nine holes; North Truro, the Highland House Golf Course, commanding a wide view of the Atlantic Ocean from the top of the Truro cliffs, nine holes; Chatham, the nine-hole course of the Chatham Bars Inn, with fine views of the ocean, and the eighteen-hole championship course of Eastward Ho! magnificently situated on a promontory be-

* *Population and Resources of Cape Cod,* published by the Department of Labor and Industries of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Boston.

tween the Atlantic Ocean and Pleasant Bay and often compared to St. Andrews in Scotland; Harwichport, nine-hole Harwich Golf Club; Hyannisport, the eighteen-hole course of the Hyannisport Golf Club, lying along the harbor; Osterville, the nine-hole course of the Seapuit Golf Club, used for year-round play, and the eighteen-hole course of the Oyster Harbors Club; Wianno, a fast eighteen-hole course among the pine woods; Cotuit, nine-hole Cotuit Highground; Hatchville, the eighteen-hole course of the Coonamessett Golf Club, laid out in beautiful rolling country among tall pines; West Falmouth, the nine-hole course of the Falmouth Country Club; Woods Hole, the eighteen-hole course of the Woods Hole Golf Club, situated on high land overlooking Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound; Pocasset, the course of the Pocasset Golf Club, eighteen holes. These golf courses all have a natural excellence and are well kept up; if scenery is important in golf, and most players would say it is, enormous pleasure is added by the constantly changing panorama of glorious views. No Cape golfer need suffer for lack of variety in his game, for not more than a two-hour drive over good roads separates any of these links.

And you can play golf on the Cape almost every day in the year.

Fall comes late to the Cape, but before the water is really chilled or the sun has lost its strength you know it's October by the crack of shot guns in the woods and the sight of men with dogs. Hunters preceded tourists to Cape Cod. Long before there were any big hotels or even summer cottages, they came here in the fall to shoot the wild ducks with which the lakes, inlets and salt marshes abound.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING

Monomoy beach, the Great Marshes of Barnstable, Eastham sands and the country around Dennis and Chatham are the great duck-shooting grounds, where ducks are taken in all the open waters, wherever tender young roots or shellfish for their feeding may be found. Old squaws, sheldrake, coots, brant, which make specially good eating, whistler and eider duck are common. There are also some redheads, canvasbacks and Canadian geese. Wealthy sportsmen once maintained big goose-shooting stands at such places as Dennis (Scargo Lake), Brewster (Cliff Pond) and Centerville, but Federal regulations against the use of fliers, or live decoys, have forced them into comparative disuse. There are, however, a few still left. Cape Cod used to be one of the finest duck-hunting sections in the country, but the ducks have been much shot out and are greatly reduced. A worse menace than gunners is the oil which tankers pump out off shore. It clogs the birds' feathers and once they alight in it they always die. Thousand have been killed this way.

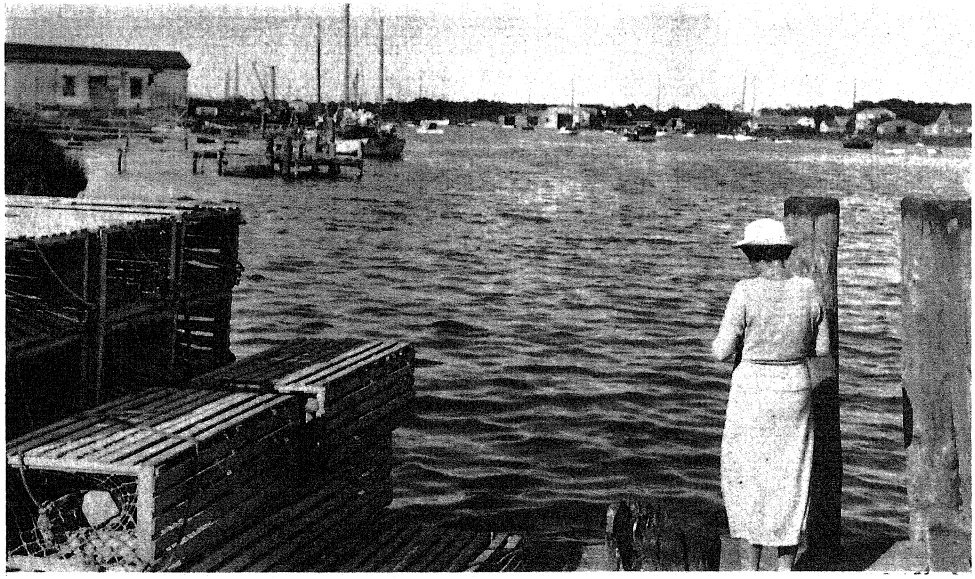
Federal regulations govern the shooting of geese and ducks but almost yearly the laws change somewhat. Early in January the duck population diminishes; many travel farther south but those which were hatched locally practically never move away, thus proving themselves true Cape Codders to all true Cape Cod minds.

Since 1927, there's been a ban against shooting shore birds: plover, yellowlegs, curlews, peeps, sanderlings.

The Cape's big reputation for duck shooting has partly overshadowed the fact that it is considered to have the best

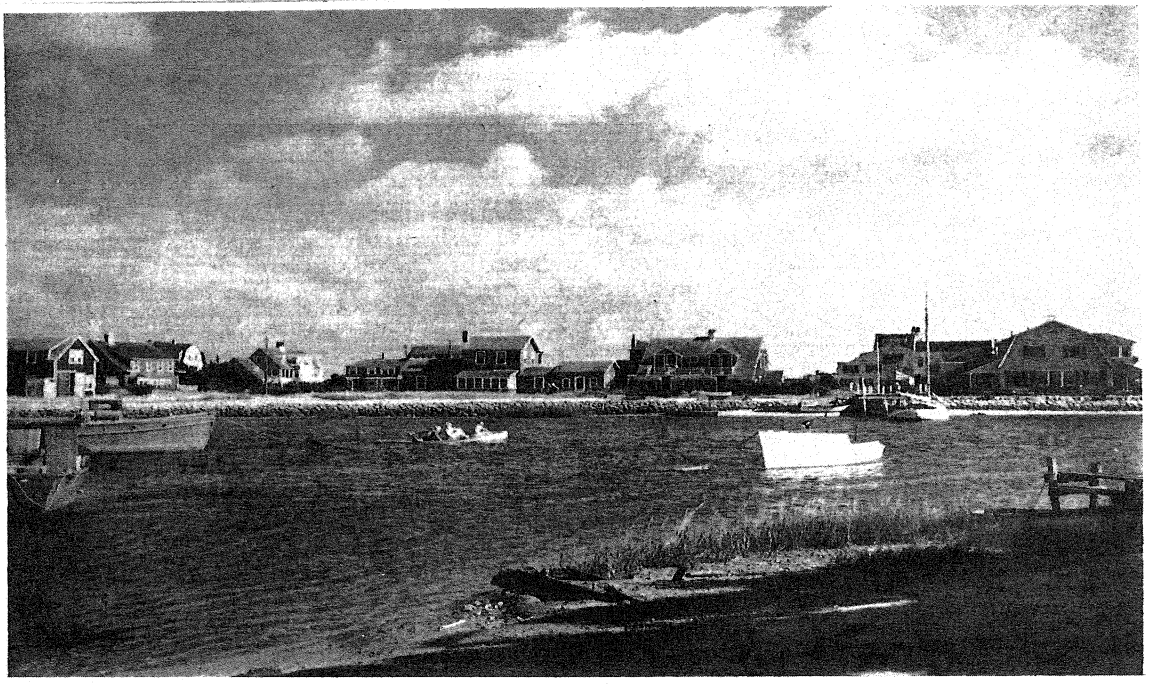
quail shooting in Massachusetts. Quail on the Cape show their usual perspicacity; they run and flit along the very roadsides all summer long, as familiar as robins, only to vanish into the woods and meadows with the first touch of fall. The State Game Preserve at Sandwich raises quail as well as pheasants, so the Cape woods are constantly being restocked. The pheasant, of course, is not a native Cape Codder; he's not even an American, but was introduced into this country from China in 1881; however, he's had no trouble getting naturalized and, strutting in the Cape forests, looks perfectly at home. The birds, which hatch from March to July, are shipped at the age of twelve weeks by the Game Preserve to gun clubs and individuals who hold them over the first winter at their own expense before releasing them. There are some partridge and woodcock on the Cape, but these are comparatively rare. The regulations for shooting pheasants are announced in advance of any open season, and the season for quail and partridge is from October 20th to November 20th, with a limited bag, subject to modifications by the Director of the Division of Fisheries and Game.

The Cape woods are full of deer. It's no uncommon experience, in the spring and fall, to see them bounding across the road in front of your car and turning to stare at you from a clump of woods; at night the headlights of cars dazzle them and they are often struck and killed; fifteen died this way near Provincetown in one winter. Yet, so great are the numbers of deer hunters who come to the Cape in the fall it is sometimes considered necessary to omit the Cape's brief hunting season. The open season, when it exists, occurs in the first week in December, and lasts only five days. During this time, the woods are full of hunters and wood-



Elizabeth Wilson from Nesmith

Founded in 1660, Falmouth was once a haven for Quakers who were prosecuted elsewhere on the Cape. It is famous today for its Marine Biological Laboratory.



Elizabeth Wilson from Nesmith

Yachting, fishing and swimming are the favorite sports at Centerville, which has been a fashionable summer resort since the nineties.

cutters in red flannel caps, every third car you pass will have a deer on the running-board, and the open doors of Cape Cod barns show venison hung from the beams. The laws are stringent. Only one deer may be killed by any hunter and the killing or wounding of a deer must be reported within twenty-four hours to the Massachusetts State Division of Fish and Game, with age, sex and location. It is unlawful to shoot a deer later than one-half hour after sunset or earlier than one-half hour before sunrise; only shotguns or bows and arrows may be used; no hunting dogs of any kind are allowed at large during the season for shooting deer. There is no open season on moose—nor, in these days, are there any moose.

The Massachusetts State Division of Fisheries and Game will furnish a full transcript of the hunting and shooting laws for Barnstable County, but here are a few points to be remembered:

Discharge of firearms on the highways is prohibited. If you see a deer standing motionless in a thicket near the roadside, don't try to shoot him from your car, as some have done.

Carrying rifles, revolvers and pistols and the use of dogs *on any kind of game* during the deer season are prohibited.

Use of grain for baiting wild birds is prohibited.

Hunting on Sunday, on Posted Lands, or on State Reservations is prohibited.

The sale of all species of wild birds and game mammals is prohibited.

On Armistice Day all hunting is prohibited between the hours of seven A.M. and one P.M.

Foxes and rabbits also furnish plenty of sport to hunters on the Cape. There's no closed season on foxes but there's

a man in South Dennis who thinks there ought to be. He's a trapper, not a hunter, and foxes are so plentiful that during the winter of 1934-35 he had caught thirty-seven red foxes up to March; the skins were fine but he believes that with a few years of segregation and protection, something very special in the way of red foxes could be bred on Cape Cod; the segregation would be furnished by the Canal, which the foxes are unable to cross. This is of less interest to sportsmen than to furriers, though it is interesting to note that trapping, one of the earliest activities of the Cape, is being revived. Rabbits are everywhere, and the season for hunting them is from October 20th to February 15th.

SALT-WATER FISHING

Cape Codders say it is only because sportsmen do not know about the Cape that they ever go to Florida to fish. There may be an element of exaggeration in that, but certainly there are plenty of game fish to be taken in Cape Cod waters, and the sport of salt-water fishing is developing every year. There is noble fishing in the Gulf Stream; off Bimini and Miami and Key West they haul in the big marlin and sailfish, tarpon and barracuda and kingfish and tuna, but some of the finest game fish they hope and fish for are found right here in Cape Cod waters, and caught with rod and line.

There is the giant tuna which runs from 500 to 1,000 pounds and is caught by commercial fishermen every year in Provincetown Harbor.

The sportsmen catch them running about a hundred pounds, trolling off No Man's Land with rod and line.

There are swordfish off Nantucket. Even commercially this

fishing is pretty exciting, and recalls what was surely the world's greatest salt-water sport, whaling, for the giant fish, sighted below the surface of the water by a man in the look-out, is speared with a harpoon. The fish is caught by sportsmen trolling about forty miles off Woods Hole and runs from 200 to 400 pounds. It lives on mackerel and menhaden, thrashing its sword through a school of them till it has killed a full meal.

There is the big striped sea bass, caught surf-casting off the Back Shore.

This beautiful salmon-shaped fish weighing twenty to sixty pounds is silvery white in color with seven horizontal stripes along the upper part of the body. Coming up from the south, it summers off Cape Cod and is fished for along the beach from Chatham to Provincetown in the late summer and early fall. The fisherman stands behind the breakers and casts out beyond them a line of thirty-five or forty feet; if he hooks a bass, there is a strenuous fight for at least fifteen minutes. The best bait for striped bass is squid and the right time to get them is just after sunset on the turn of a flood tide. Cape Codders have fished for profit too long to care a great deal about sport fishing as a rule, but the striped bass gets them all. August sees them on the Back Shore, summer visitors, boys, businessmen, even Coast Guardsmen on a busman's holiday.

Mackerel are another market fish that sportsmen are beginning to appreciate as a game fish. On a rod and line they furnish plenty of interest and are caught weighing up to three pounds. Bluefish are very game. There is some surf-casting for these at Chatham, but they are usually caught trolling from a boat.

There is also ground fishing for tautog, scup, bottom bass, and flounder in the fall.

FRESH-WATER FISHING

Within the narrow compass of Cape Cod there lie no less than 270 fresh-water ponds, comprising almost a third of the area of the Cape. Many of them attain the dignity of a lake; the largest is Lake Mashpee with its 716 acres. All ponds on the Cape with more than twenty acres' area are called Great Ponds, and even when these are enclosed by private property it is the law that the public must have a right of way to them. Pickerel are very plentiful in the ponds; bass, too, and on the Cape these grow unusually large; and there are perch. Is it surprising to learn you may also fish for salmon in the ponds of Cape Cod? These fish are not native to the Cape, of course, but are hatched in the State Fish Hatcheries at Sandwich and released in the Great Ponds when they are about six inches long First, red men fished these ponds; then the early settlers, though they took no salmon; right on down through history the fresh waters of the Cape have attracted anglers of all kinds, including one President of the United States. The biggest number of Great Ponds are in the neighborhood of Mashpee and Sandwich on the upper Cape, and this country has had the longest fishing history, but there is almost no place on the Cape where a fresh-water fisherman can't find all the sport he wants within a narrow radius.

There are people who will tell you solemnly that there are no brook trout on the Cape. This is probably the result of a conspiracy on the part of the trout fishers who, as is well

known, are the most jealous anglers in the world. As a matter of fact, fine catches of brook trout are taken all the time, and there's no danger of the brooks being fished out, for they are constantly being restocked by the same State Fish Hatcheries that supply salmon to the Great Ponds. The same streams contain also a brook perch which fishermen say is a fighting fool.

CAMPING AND HIKING

Packed into this narrow land is an amazing diversity of landscape. Its chief fascination is the beach—that great rolling wave of sand that runs almost unbroken for nearly fifty miles from Chatham to Provincetown, but this is not all of Cape Cod by any means. Back from the ocean are woods and valleys, thirty miles of marsh, mile on mile of moorland, dirt roads through pine forests, sandy walks skirting marshes and tidal rivers, footpaths and riding paths and country lanes where you come unexpectedly upon old houses and farms. All this is compressed into so small a compass that you can enjoy several different kinds of country in a few hours of walking or riding.

THE BRIDLE TRAIL

Not everybody knows that the old bridle trail from the Cape to the Berkshires starts at Provincetown and goes through a series of connecting byways clear to the Canal and then on to Vermont. If you follow it to the Canal, or even part of the way, you will see a fine cross section of the

whole Cape, with every kind of scenery on the way. It is the first completed unit of the Massachusetts Bridle Trails System, and is so arranged that the traveler can stop overnight at inns along the road and find shelter for himself and his mount, with ease and comfort.

The trail is divided into zones, and carefully marked with white and orange spots, the white above the orange. The markers are painted on trees and poles and are so clear that you can follow the whole route without a guide, though it is convenient to have one, and an excellent one is published by the Massachusetts Forest and Park Association, 3 Joy Street, Boston, in case you want to know about the whole 450 miles of the trail.

The zones on the Cape are:

ZONE ONE—Provincetown to Harwich—48.7 miles.

This is the most seagoing part of the trail and one of the most beautiful and interesting. It follows the old abandoned King's Highway which went around the Back Shore and goes through fine dunes and ocean forests, and over some of the loveliest moorlands on the Cape. You pass Pilgrim Spring, and can visit Corn Hill and Highland Light at Truro, the Austin Bird Sanctuary and the oysterhouses at Wellfleet, see Nauset Light and the marshes of Herring River and the chain of connecting lakes of which Gull Pond is the largest on Gull Pond Road. In Orleans and Brewster you go by fine old captains' houses and there are plenty of places to eat and drink along the way.

Pilgrim Monument to Peaked Hill Bar Coast Guard Station—4.5 miles.

Peaked Hill Bar Coast Guard Station to Highland House—6.3 miles.
Highland House to Head of Pamet River—4.7 miles.
Head of Pamet River to Gull Pond Road—3.9 miles.
Gull Pond Road to South Wellfleet—6.2 miles.
South Wellfleet to U. S. Route 6—4.9 miles.
U. S. Route 6 to Boat Meadow River Bridge—5.2 miles.
Boat Meadow River Bridge to U. S. Route 6—3.0 miles.
U. S. Route 6 to East Harwich—East Brewster Road—4.4 miles.
East Harwich—East Brewster Road to Pleasant Lake Avenue—5.6 miles.

ZONE Two—Harwich to Cape Cod Canal—40.6 miles.

This part of the road is nearer to the Bay side than the ocean side, and goes through the interior, though it is never far from the sea, or the villages, as the land is not much more than six miles wide here on an average. Here you see the inland richness of the Cape, the cranberry bogs spilled like claret on the ground, moraine hills and pitch pine forests and small tidy towns. You can see the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Shoot-Flying Hill in Barnstable, the Friends' Meeting-house in Yarmouth, the Sturgis Library in Barnstable, Pine Hill in Bourne and the old Trading Post.

Pleasant Lake to Route 134—5.3 miles.
Route 134 to Bass River—2.9 miles.
Bass River to Yarmouth Water Tower—3.1 miles.
Yarmouth Water Tower to Hyannis Road—5.1 miles.
Hyannis Road to Shoot-Flying Hill Tower—2.9 miles.

Shoot-Flying Hill Fire Tower to White Church, West Barnstable—3.0 miles.

White Church, West Barnstable, to Pulpit Rock—5.4 miles.

Pulpit Rock to Bourne Hill—3.7 miles.

Bourne Hill to Shawme State Forest Headquarters—4.1 miles.

Shawme State Forest Headquarters to Cape Cod Canal—5.1 miles.

You may notice that the distances in this trail are not very great from one place to another. It can be picked up almost anywhere and followed on foot, but horses can be had at many of the towns from Provincetown to Falmouth, if you wish to ride. In September particularly the landscape is most beautiful and the weather fine. There are camps and inns where you can stay, but it is a good idea to take a lunch along and one feed for your horse.

There are many other attractive trips to be made on your own, either camping or walking. Most of the byroads are good, and you can camp by the small lakes, and canoe, sail or swim, with a great deal more pleasure now that the mosquitoes are abated nearly everywhere. They used to be the chief blight of the Cape, and even the Pilgrims were so "much annoyed" by them that Bradford wrote sternly that "they are too delicate and unfitte to begin new plantations and colonies that cannot endure the biting of a muskeeto."

Since before World War II, however, the Board of Mosquito Control has been ditching and draining the breeding grounds and now the hateful whine is dying away.

OTHER WALKS AND SMALL JOURNEYS

The Old Turpentine Road from Sandwich to Falmouth—not for cars, but nice riding or walking.

The Great Marshes of Barnstable—4,000 acres of them lie between the highway and Sandy Neck.

The Dunes of Sandy Neck—a seven-mile stretch of magnificent sand hills and wild shore. Many birds and remains of Indian clam feasts. This section used to be a whaling ground, with "tryhouses" to convert blubber into oil.

Wing Island in West Brewster is a short walk over a marsh (at low tide). It was once busy with saltworks and windmills. Near the path is a stone tablet in memory of John Wing, one of the first settlers. He built a house here in 1656.

The flats of Brewster are worth seeing, and a short walk from the main highway will bring you to them. Walk down the lane from West Brewster, toward the Bay shore.

Hog Island in a pleasant bay off Orleans is said to be one of the places where Captain Kidd buried his gold. You can row over in a small boat and inspect the scene.

From Nauset Harbor to Race Point went the thirty-mile walk that Thoreau made so memorable: " . . . for where is there a beach and a bank which at the same time shows you the land and the sea and part of the time two seas . . . the edge of a continent wasting before the assaults of the ocean?" The upper road, the high bank and the beach are still there, and so is the walk, unchanged and incomparable.

The Atkins Mayo Road in Provincetown takes you past the buried forest which shows itself dramatically and awfully through the sand.

Race Run and the Flying field are just off the main road of the New State Highway. Walking here you will find the rotted timbers of many ships.

Investigate the parallel valleys of the lower Cape. Cahoon's Hollow, Gull Pond, Pamet River, Longnook, Indian Neck Road. There is a cart track clear from Orleans to Wellfleet along the Bay shore that shows you some very interesting land and sea scapes.

Across the breakwater at Provincetown lie Wood End Coast Guard Station and Long Point Light—a thirty-minute walk, interesting at low tide.

MORE BIRDS

Birds on this coast have a great attraction for sportsmen, but they have a special interest for ornithologists because of the climate and geography. It is warmer in winter than the mainland, and colder in summer, so that species of birds will summer here that usually go farther north, and winter here that usually go farther south.

The Cape thrusts out for thirty miles with water on three sides, and owing to this jutting out of the coastal plain, many unusual kinds of birds driven off their course make a landfall here, and there is a large proportion of occasional birds accidentally blown here by storms.

These land birds are sometimes extremely interesting but the sea birds are the most important. The great thing on the Cape for ornithologists or even amateur bird students is the heavy shore bird flight in August, which is a unique and fascinating phenomenon. The birds are too varied and

numerous to catalogue here—there are over twenty species of sandpiper alone.

There is a great tern-breeding ground at Chatham, on an island in Pleasant Bay, just opposite the Chatham Bars Inn. It is owned by the Federation of Bird Clubs of New England, and protected. There are about eight thousand pairs of terns, and the sand is covered with their eggs. The young chicks hatch in twenty-one days. The tern is a well-tailored bird, gray, with vermilion bill and feet and white breast. Terns arrive every year about the tenth of May and stay till September, then go south with the young birds. Scientists band them and they are found later in far parts of the world, South America or the West Indies.

You may visit the terns, though you will not be welcome. They swoop angrily about your head and are too bold for comfort.

There are other tern-breeding grounds at Billingsgate Island, Wellfleet, Pamet River near Corn Hill at Truro, and Egg Island in Lewis Bay opposite Hyannis.

In October also come great flocks of shore birds, plovers, killdeer, sanderlings, the pretty semipalmated plover (ringnecks), yellowlegs and "knots." The common name for them all is sandpiper. Most of the shore birds have gone south by December, though now and then strays fly along the coast in the depth of winter.

As the smaller birds fly on south to warm beaches and sunny bays, the Northern birds come down south to this coast, which by contrast to the Arctic is tropical to them. There are Arctic sea ducks, warmly packed in their watertight feathers and sitting cozily in ice water as if it were actually agreeable. There are several kinds of these—handsome

glossy birds, marked with black and white. There are many old squaws, widgeons, dipper ducks, the big handsome king eiders. They go back north to their breeding grounds when it gets too hot in April.

Among the most entertaining winter birds are the little auks, which look like small penguins. The murre and the guillemot come south to this coast as well.

In March the wild geese fly over honking high in the air. The gannet comes in April; he is a large bird, and a marvelous diver. Hovering high above the water, he will drop forty feet through the air straight down upon a fish, throwing up a small fountain of spray. He is a white, elegant-looking bird with a long neck and a neat black trim on the ends of his wings.

All summer the black-crowned herons are numerous. They are called the "qwuak bird," because of their chattering cry as they fly home to their rookeries in the evening. There are rookeries of these birds at Sandy Neck, Barnstable, Chatham and Truro. All of them can be easily visited.

Big brown marsh hawks are common too, and there are eagles on the Cape, though they are not so easy to see.

Starlings are getting to be a nuisance.

Gulls are always with us. They are protected and make good scavengers of the beaches. Sometimes you will see great numbers of them far inland after food.

THE GREAT PONDS

Even out of sight of the sea, Cape Cod's freshwater ponds give life and sparkle to the air. When you're walking or riding through the woods there's nothing pleasanter than to come

upon the flash of blue water and gleam of white sand in a green hollow. Some are no more than half an acre in area. The biggest, Long Pond, in Harwich and Brewster, covers 743 acres. Mashpee Pond and Wakeby Pond in Mashpee with 716 acres between them and Great Nine Pond in Barnstable come next. All ponds bigger than ten square acres were designated great ponds by the early settlers and, ever since 1641, there have been laws to govern their democratic use. The original law found in the "Body of Liberties" adopted in that year and later amended read in part:

"Every inhabitant who is an householder shall have free fishing and fowling in any great pond, bays, coves and rivers so far as the sea ebbs and flows within the precincts of the town where they dwell . . . Provided that no town shall appropriate to any particular person or persons any great pond containing more than ten acres of land, and that no man shall cross upon another's propriety without their leave otherwise than as hereafter expressed . . . And for great ponds lying in common, though within the bonds of some town, it shall be free for any man to fish and fowl there, and may pass and repass on foot through any man's propriety for that end, so they trespass not upon any man's corn or meadow."

Today's law is practically the same except that it defines a great pond as "a natural pond, the area of which is 20 acres or more." It provides in effect that all great ponds are the property of the Commonwealth, even though an individual may own all the property around them. If any private person bars access to a great pond, with proper proceedings the town may lay out a way to reach it.

There are 164 great ponds on Cape Cod, including 25 with more than 100 acres. Brewster with 25 Great Ponds and

Barnstable with 24 lead all the towns. Saltwater ponds and arms of the sea locally called ponds are not counted.

People skate and boat on the ponds; fish for perch and pickerel and swim in them. Sometimes after the harsh salt assault of the ocean, a dip in the clear, cool, bodiless water of a pond is very agreeable. It is never stagnant, for the ponds are all spring-fed.

The names of many of the ponds take you back: Aunt Lizzie Robbins Pond, Shubael Pond, Meetinghouse Pond, Shiverick Pond. A few Indian names survive—Wequaquet, Cataumet, Scargo, Coonemessett, Ashumet, Skinequit—but for the most part the names have a local interest, attaching to some person in the place, or describe the pond: Shallow, Muddy, Round, Long, No-Bottom Pond. Sometimes the pond got its name from the life in and about it. There's a Swan Pond, a Goose Pond, a Duck Pond, an Eagle Pond, Hawk's Nest Pond, Snake Pond, Herring Pond, Gull Pond. A few curious names are Queen Sewell Pond, Chime Pond, Spectacle Pond, Horse Leech Pond. No one knows why the great ponds were called ponds instead of lakes, for in the English of the time when they were named pond meant an artificial pool. But great ponds they were, and great ponds they are today, in common talk and in the statutes concerning them. In early records you'll notice, too, that the early Cape Codders never spoke loosely of "Gull Pond," "Long Pond," etc., but always of "the Gull Pond," "the Long Pond." This use survives in the speech of a few old-timers today.

CHAPTER VII.

ARTISTS AND MUMMERS

THERE are two questions asked by every visitor to Provincetown at which the "old comers," those who have lived there a year or so, have learned to smile, because they are so inevitable. One is, "Where can I see the artists?" and the other, "Where did Eugene O'Neill live?" They are significant of what Provincetown first and the rest of the Cape to a large degree have come to represent in the public mind: a summer playground and workshop for the arts. Everybody knows that the Little Theater movement in America had its beginning in the parlor of a Cape Cod cottage in Provincetown, that O'Neill did much of his early writing there, and that the first production of any play of his occurred in a fishhouse at the end of a wharf. The summer art school, founded by Charles W. Hawthorne, N.A., nearly forty years ago, was famous as one of the largest in the country and, incidentally, the only one for many years where figure painting was taught out-of-doors.

There's no difficulty about seeing the artists, for they and their easels are everywhere: on the beaches, at the end of the wharves, in the narrow alleys, even in the crowded main

street of the town where the incurious Cape Codders step around them patiently. One of O'Neill's earliest homes in Provincetown may still be seen: a three-room apartment in a building on Commercial Street overlooking the harbor; here O'Neill lived through one long winter and might have had a bad time if it had not been for the faith of his landlord, who was also his grocer, John Francis, an old-time Provincetowner who may truly be said to have been through his long life a patron of the arts. In the years after success came O'Neill lived in an abandoned Coast Guard Station on the Back Shore transformed into a house, but this later slipped into the sea; apparently the Coast Guard knew what they were about when they abandoned it.

ARTISTS

Charles W. Hawthorne made Provincetown the art center it is today. He was a young man when he visited the Cape's end in the summer of 1899 and had been a pupil of William Chase and an assistant instructor in Chase's summer school at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. Many of his own paintings show how deeply he himself had been impressed with the Cape scene. Among his most celebrated works are *The Captain's Wife; Three Selectmen of Provincetown; Fisherwife; The Net Mender; Three Women of Provincetown; The Captain, the Cook and the First Mate.* A painting of his showing a group of fishermen returning home with their catch hangs today in the Selectmen's Room of the Provincetown Town Hall. The Cape Cod School of Art was a success from the start and every year until Mr. Hawthorne's death in 1930 continued to draw great numbers of art students to Province-

town. He guided his pupils in weekly criticisms and instructive talks but, it is said, never attempted to impose his own method or technique on them. Hawthorne's school was quickly followed by the flourishing schools of George Elmer Browne and E. Ambrose Webster. These formed the nucleus of an art colony which attracted other artists, long past the pupil stage, to Provincetown; some of these formed classes of their own, others took individual pupils, and many simply made the Cape's end their home.

It wasn't long before the colony began spilling over into Truro, later to make its way through Wellfleet, farther up the Cape. To begin to name the distinguished artists, living and dead, who have made this region one of the great art centers of the country, would be impossible, but special notice should be taken of a few. Frederick Waugh, whose marines are among the best-loved paintings in America, came to Provincetown to live in the early 1920's. Richard Miller was already there, a young man whose brilliant, sunny canvases were famous in Paris and in the United States. Max Bohm, Oliver Chaffee and Charles Demuth are other past great names in Provincetown. The artists kept coming during the years between the wars, and among those living in Provincetown at the close of World War II were John Whorf, Carl Otto Knaths, Mary Hackett, Oscar Giebrich, Henry Hensche, V. B. Rann, Ross Moffett, Tod Lindenmuth, Charles Heinz, Hans Hoffman, Philip Malicoat—to mention but a few. Long-time residents of Truro were William and Lucy L'Engle, Jerry Farnsworth, head of a flourishing art school, Helen Sawyer, Eben Given, Arthur Musgrave, Thomas Blakeman, Edward Wilson and many more. Wellfleet pointed with pride to Edwin Dickinson and John Frazier. These were old-timers.

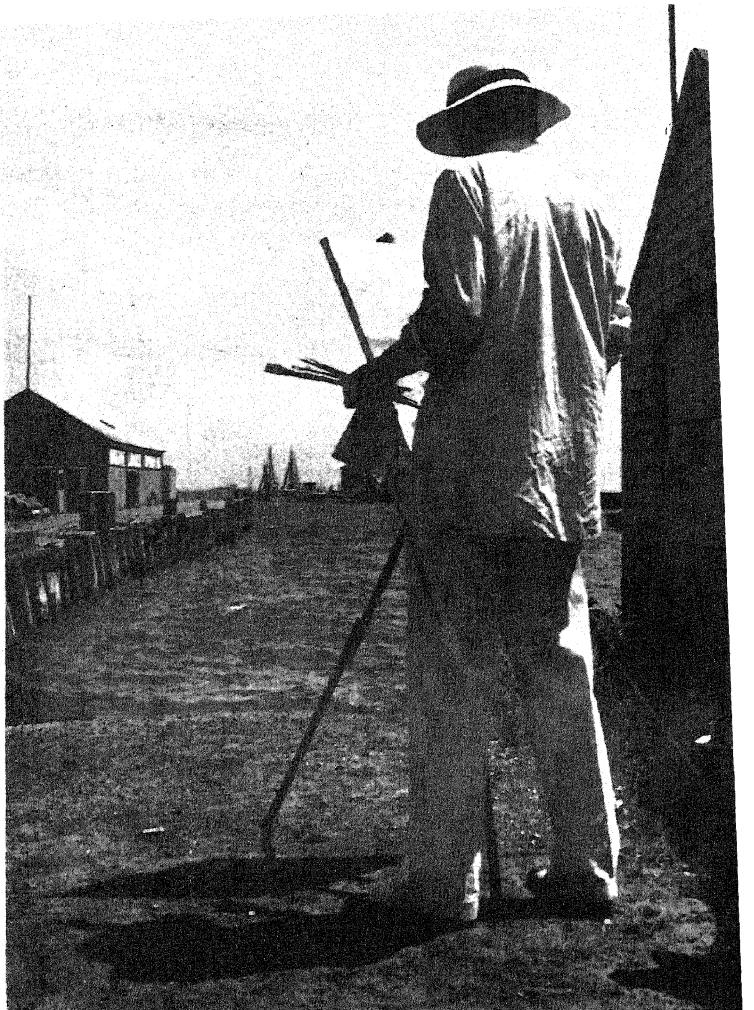
Famous new names were rising, too—new, that is, to Cape Cod: George Grosz, Claire Leighton, Henry Varnum Poore, George Biddle, Ben Wolf. And European artists of international fame were beginning to discover Thoreau's upper road along the Great Beach. Perhaps some of these will be the old-timers of tomorrow.

Most of the established painters in the towns at the Cape's end are members of the Provincetown Art Association, which has two summer exhibitions of national importance. This organization was founded in August, 1914. Its constitution and bylaws, drawn up by Gerrit A. Beneker, a resident of Truro for many years, were modeled on those of the famous Salmagundi Club of New York, and in the autumn of 1914 the Association became a member of the American Federation of Arts. Through its first years, the new Association had a difficult existence, and was financed partly by lectures and popular entertainments. It was then that the famous Artists' Costume Ball, to which the public is admitted, was inaugurated; occurring in August, this event is the high point of the summer social season in Provincetown; a committee of artists passes on the originality and artistic value of the costumes which lift this ball far above the level of the ordinary masquerade. The Beachcombers' Ball, sponsored by the Beachcombers, a club of artists and writers, competes with it for favor. During the early years, meetings of the Art Association were held wherever a place could be found, and exhibitions were shown in the School Committee Room of the Town Hall. But in 1917 a handsome, dignified old New England house on the main street was purchased by the Association and has been its headquarters ever since. In the matter of lighting and space, its public rooms, where the pictures are shown, compare favorably with the best



Statile from Monkmeyer

The moors and dunes of Cape Cod add immeasurably to its fascination. All summer artists strive to capture the magic of the colorful patterns.



Carola Gregor from Monkmeyer

Ever since Cape Cod's summer art school was founded by Charles W. Hawthorne nearly fifty years ago the Cape has attracted artists from all over America.

galleries in the country. The Provincetown Art Association was incorporated in the same year.

The Hawthorne Memorial Gallery, built by donations and dedicated in 1942, adjoins the main building. It was planned to house a representative collection of the painter's work, the gift of his son, Joseph Hawthorne. There will be a special showing of pictures in this gallery every five years—the first was in 1942. The building is completely fireproof.

The two shows of the Provincetown Art Association held in July and August have from the beginning attracted great attention both among artists and the general public. The Association serves its members well, selling their pictures; after World War II more and more people came not just to look but to buy. In 1946 sales ran over $10,000—a record. Interest was so great that in November the Jacques Seligmann Gallery in New York showed a selected group of paintings and sculpture from that summer's exhibitions in Provincetown. Critics noticed particularly the work of Koren der Harootian, William and Lucy L'Engle, John Noble, George Yater, Florence Peers, Ruth Cobb, George Biddle, Jane Peterson, Helen Sardeau and Philip Malicoat. Thirty-five artists were represented, each by two selections.

Besides the two annual exhibitions of the Provincetown Art Association, there are many other places on the cape where pictures may be seen. Art shows are everywhere, sometimes decorating the gray walls of the interior of an old barn, sometimes primly housed in the corridors of a town hall. People throng to them. "Seen the pictures yet?" the boy who cuts your grass may ask—and it's not unlikely he has a canvas there himself. Painting's a contagious activity, and for a long time now people on Cape Cod, without professional training, have

been taking happily to the brush.

"Pa" Hunt in Provincetown was foremost among these. "If all these people are painting, I can paint, too," he said. And he was right. Johnny Enos, a Provincetown fisherman, was not to be outdone. "If he can paint and sell pictures, I can, too." And so he did. And there have been others. One can hardly expect to find many Rousseaus among these Sunday painters, but their work often has a very taking quality: the fresh personal charm of something simply and directly seen.

The distinguished metal work of William Boogar has become increasingly well known since he set up his first forge in Provincetown in the 1920's.

Craftsmen have followed the artists, naturally. In the streets and shops of Provincetown and other Cape Cod towns you'll see them hammering out brass and silver, weaving textiles, tooling out Greek sandals and leather belts and shoes, creating lamps and plates and candlesticks and other objects from driftwood, making something out of nothing, in the old Cape Cod way. Over the fences around the Peasant Village on Commercial Street in Provincetown you can watch young Provincetowners decorating old hatracks, chairs, lamps, desks, trays, bedsteads and stoves with painted floral wreaths, mottoes, figures, making them into gay, modern objects which belong to no special time or place. Peter Hunt had the inspiration for this. He had been selling antiques in his shop for a long time when he was seized by the idea—this was shortly before World War II—that something much more attractive and enlivening could be made from the sometimes rather gloomy though interesting objects that were brought him. His painted Peasant Furniture seized the popular fancy and soon was being sold from one end of the United States to the other—a major

enterprise. Mrs. John Worthington's fishnet industry in Truro had a similar success; in a large building by the highway fishnet is dyed, cut and shaped into a wide variety of objects for women to wear or use in decoration. It's just old Cape Cod practice. The Cape Cod women of long ago who first covered their bare floors with rugs hooked in patterns of flowers and dogs and cats and sailing vessels, made out of odds and ends of bright wool they had on hand, had the same practical and artistic impulse.

Although the Cape Cod School of Art, great founder of it all, died with Charles Hawthorne, excellent new schools and classes have arisen in Provincetown and Truro and Wellfleet, and more and more art students flock every year to the Cape's end from all over America. In 1946 their numbers were greatly augmented by a cheerful invasion of GI's.

Particular attention has been paid in this account to Provincetown and its near neighbors because they were the first art center on the Cape and have continued to be the largest and most flourishing, but artistic activities are by no means confined to them. Art clubs and classes have thrived in many of the towns, and such celebrated painters as Alice Stallknecht Wight in Chatham and Ellen Donovan in Falmouth have been painting up and down the Cape for years, and there are many others—too many even to attempt to name them in the short space of this book.

The writers were a little later than the artists in "discovering" Cape Cod, but they have ended by making it as famous a center of letters as of painting. People have been writing on and about Cape Cod since Bradford's time. Henry James, for one, in the 1880's put down the look and scent and feel of the

place with wonderful freshness in his novel, *The Bostonians.* Thoreau's *Cape Cod* is one of America's most treasured classics. Cape Cod men and women were writing, too. But it was not until early in the present century that men of letters from all over the country began to congregate here to live and work. To Mary Heaton Vorse, of Provincetown, is accorded the distinction of being the first writer from the "outside" to make that town her home.

She came in 1907, and her book about Provincetown, *Time and the Town,* published in 1942, is a transcript of the associations and experiences of years spent in a rambling old Cape Cod cottage on Commercial Street. Others came, more and more of them, buying old houses, settling down. In the 1930's and '40's such men and women as John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson, Waldo Frank, Susan Glaspell, Phyllis Duganne, Robert Nathan, Harry Kemp, Victor Wolfson were a few among the distinguished authors living in Wellfleet and Truro and Provincetown alone. And up and down the Cape there were many other famous names. Barnstable will always be known as the home of Henry C. Kittredge. Chatham claims Arthur Wilson Tarbell, Elizabeth Reynard, Joseph Lincoln; Brewster, Conrad Aiken; Falmouth, Edith Austin Holton, Fulton Oursler, Grace Perkins; Eastham, Henry Beston—these are only a few.

It was an early gathering together of writers with an interest in drama that started the Little Theater movement in Provincetown in the summer of 1915.

MUMMERS

At that time there were living there John Reed, Mary Heaton Vorse, George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Hutchins Hapgood, Neith Boyce and others, all interested in the theater and all good friends. In the Hapgood house there was a sitting room—"the parlor that became a national institution"—with big double doors; a perfect stage George Cram Cook—"Jig" to all the group—had dreamed for a long time of a noncommercial experimental theater where a playwright could take his play and see it produced exactly as he wished before an audience of his peers. "One man cannot produce drama," he wrote. "True drama is born only of one feeling animating all the members of a clan, a spirit shared by all and expressed by the few for the all."* It was he who now suggested that the Provincetown writers put on some plays to be written, directed, acted and largely witnessed by themselves. Together he and his wife, Susan Glaspell, wrote *Suppressed Desires* for the first bill, a comedy that was destined to become probably the most widely-acted one-act play in America; Neith Boyce wrote *Constancy*. The two plays were given in the Hapgood sitting room to the wild acclaim of an invited audience.

The next two plays of the season were produced in a fish-house at the end of a wharf belonging to Mary Heaton Vorse; it had a seating capacity of sixty and this time the audience were invited to pay fifty cents. The two plays given were *Contemporaries* by Wilbur Daniel Steele and *Change Your*

* Susan Glaspell, "The Provincetown Players," in the *Provincetown Guide Book*, published by the Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass.

Style by George Cram Cook. The first was a one-act play based on a Biblical parallel with the contemporary church riots of the unemployed in New York, and the second a satire on a problem then confronting the very artists who were producing the play. The settings were by Robert Edmond Jones, who was also spending the summer in Provincetown; the plays ran for three nights, then a record in the town.

Theatrical history was being made, though it is unlikely that the group as yet was fully aware of it.

The second season, in 1916, got off to a good start. The first bill presented a revival of *Suppressed Desires*, a new play, *Winter's Night*, by Neith Boyce, and *Freedom* by John Reed. But it was the second bill that electrified the audience. It opened with *Bound East for Cardiff*, a play laid in the forecastle of a tramp steamer, written by a dark, shy, unknown young man who himself acted the part of Mate. Eugene O'Neill, drawn to Provincetown by the reputation the group had made for itself the year before, had been too diffident even to attend a meeting of the play-readers; it was a friend of his who told them that in a shack on the Back Shore lived a young writer who had a trunkful of plays, and George Cram Cook who visited him and brought back several manuscripts of which *Bound East for Cardiff* was one. Mary Heaton Vorse's fishhouse provided the perfect setting for this play; when the great doors looking upon the sea were opened, no scenery was necessary except the furnishings of the forecastle. At the conclusion of *Bound East for Cardiff* the doors were closed; then a little allegory of Louise Bryant's called *The Game*, and *Not Smart*, a comedy of Wilbur Daniel Steele's, were played.

The third bill of the summer was almost as historic. It con-

tained *Thirst* by Eugene O'Neill and *Trifles* by Susan Glaspell, the latter still considered by critics one of America's best one-act plays. The season closed with a revival of the earlier plays. This summer the group, already enthusiastic, had been galvanized still further by the discovery of O'Neill and they decided to carry their activities to New York. At the end of the season in Provincetown they moved into the MacDougal Street Theatre in New York, named at O'Neill's suggestion, "The Playwrights' Theatre." They now called themselves "The Provincetown Players," a name, curiously enough, that had never been used in Provincetown. Fittingly, *Bound East for Cardiff* was their first production.

The success of the Players is history. In their first two years they presented six plays by O'Neill: *Before Breakfast, Fog, The Sniper, 'Ile, The Long Voyage Home,* and *The Rope*; four by Susan Glaspell: *The People, Close the Book, Woman's Honor,* and *The Outsider*; one by Pendleton King: *Cocaine;* and one by Hutchins Hapgood and Neith Boyce: *Enemies.* Years later when the great Stanislavski of the Moscow Art Theatre came to New York, he insisted that he had come only to see the Provincetown Players, but their story no longer concerns the Cape, for, although the theatrical tradition lived on, the original group never re-formed in Provincetown.

George Cram Cook was dead in Greece, the original Players had scattered, and Eugene O'Neill, famous now and fleeing publicity, had deserted his Coast Guard home on the Back Shore, when Mary Bicknell, in the summer of 1923, got together a new organization called the Wharf Players. An abandoned moving picture theater housed its one bill. The next year it opened in a real playhouse—Frank Shay's Barn on

the back street—but a schism soon appeared. A dissident group believed that the Wharf Players were getting too far away from the first Players' idea of producing original plays by playwrights working on Cape Cod. Calling themselves the Barnstormers, this group broke away and for the rest of the season gave their productions in the Barn. The Wharf Players retreated to a studio on the front street, but by the next year had completed construction of their own theater, a small, complete, modern playhouse which became one of the great attractions of the town.

Although they were far removed in policy from the first Players, the Wharf Players held in part to the old tradition and usually presented at least one original play a season, sometimes with a revival of one of the Players' early successes. For the most part, their offerings were old favorites or recent Broadway hits. Some actors who were later to achieve metropolitan success heard their first applause in the little theater overlooking the harbor, and some stars of the first rank appeared. A dramatic school was run for several years in connection with the theater, and at the end of the season the theater-minded town turned out with special enthusiasm to see a play cast wholly by the students. It was cause for regret to everyone when the Wharf Theater was destroyed in an eighty-mile gale and blizzard which, on February 14, 1940, swept the town with great damage to the waterfront.

The Barnstormers, with Frank Shay as director, presented their first year four short plays of O'Neill's united under the title *S. S. Glencairn.* These plays were *The Moon of the Caribbees, In the Zone, Bound East for Cardiff* and *The Long Voyage Home.* This was the first time they ever appeared in this form—later a success on Broadway. *The Emperor Jones,*

with Charles Gilpin in the original role, Cleon Throckmorton as art director and Frank Shay as director, packed them in the next summer in a memorable production. Gilpin always said afterward he had given his best performance here. *The Emperor Jones* was followed by *The Skid Road* by George Frame Browne, a Provincetown writer, and by *The Provincetown Follies,* a revue for which Bobby Edwards, a Greenwich Village musician spending the summer in Provincetown, wrote the words and music. Mary Heaton Vorse wrote years later about the Barn: "There was always a vital feeling about this theater, something robustious and rollicking and alive."

In the summer of 1926 Raymond Moore and Harold Winston leased it for a summer stock company. The next year they moved to Dennis, to make a new kind of history, and since then the Barn has been a theater no more.

In the now famous Cape Playhouse at Dennis the break with the original theatrical tradition on Cape Cod became complete. Richard Aldrich, who worked with Raymond Moore and later succeeded him, tells us that it was never Moore's intention to establish or promote a rustic Little Theater movement, but to bring the professional, legitimate theater to the country. At the same time—"The Cape Playhouse hopes to stand for the best in the field of art," Raymond Moore stated in his prospectus of 1927, "and to establish something infinitely more important than a mere commercial theater." The success of this policy was tremendous from the start. It's a kind of distillation of Broadway, filtered of much that is worthless or ephemeral, that the Cape Playhouse offers the public, and the public has responded by making it one of the largest summer theatrical centers in America.

A great part of the charm of the project lies in the beauty of

the little town of Dennis and of the dignified, comfortable buildings which house the shows. The theater is the old Nobscusset Meeting House, built around 1790, which Cleon Throckmorton, scenic designer for the Theater Guild, adapted to its present use. It seats 500 persons, and includes a balcony and a group of boxes. The facade of the Cape Cinema, which stands near by, is a replica of that of an old Cape Cod church; within, its walls and ceilings are decorated with the modernistic murals of Rockwell Kent. Besides these main buildings, there are cottages for the actors, a dining hall and a house for scene building.

The Cape Playhouse opened its first season in 1927 with Basil Rathbone in *The Guardsman*. Gertrude Lawrence in *Pygmalion* inaugurated the first postwar season of 1946. In between these two, a great many famous plays have been given, including Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* in 1931, with Judith Anderson and Tom Powers. Famous actors of stage and screen have trod the Cape Playhouse boards: Violet Kemble Wood, Tallulah Bankhead, Peggy Wood, Alice Brady, Gregory Peck, Jane Cowl, Spring Byington, Mady Christians, Margalo Gilmore, Eva Le Gallienne, Ethel Barrymore and many, many more.

Bette Davis made her first professional appearance on any stage at the Cape Playhouse. So did Henry Fonda; so did Margaret Hamilton. Robert Montgomery acted there before he had ever seen Hollywood.

No school is run in connection with the theater, but a few apprentices are accepted every year who help build, paint and shift scenery, along with professional designers and stage crew, and ring up the curtain, usher and occasionally play a small part with the regular professional company. Bette

Davis, Anne Baxter and Martha Scott are among those who learned this way.

Dennis, once the lively, bustling home of fishermen and whalers and boatbuilders, is crowded again. Private planes bringing actors for opening performances swoop down upon its wide flat fields. Its beautiful long beaches are lined with bathers. Cars bringing theatergoers from all over the Cape and beyond stream down its roads by hundreds. The town takes it calmly. It likes the Playhouse, likes to see the shows. It missed them during the seasons when war closed its doors.

Meantime, the Little Theater has not been wholly forgotten on Cape Cod, its home. Old-timers sometimes talk wistfully about other days. New projects rise—a summer outdoor theater in one town; a studio turned into a playhouse for a few summer weeks in another. Heinrich Pfeiffer has been running a little theater on a wharf in Provincetown. The theater's in the air on Cape Cod. If no other organization has ever achieved the artistic eminence of the original Provincetown group of 1915-16, that is probably because Eugene O'Neills and George Cram Cooks are rare, and because in those earlier days a unique set of circumstances brought the right people together at the right time; but the picture changes every year, the theater's alive on Cape Cod, and history may be made again.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUSINESS OF THE SEA

LIGHTHOUSES: The Cape Cod coast is not rock-bound, but it is about as stern as they come. Here the worn edge of a continent takes the whole attack of the western ocean, and there is no harbor between Provincetown and Vineyard Haven. It the most dangerous shore line in the United States, except possibly Hatteras, and it has an appalling record of shipwrecks. Thousands of vessels have been smashed to pieces on these disastrous sands. The tidal currents are shifting, so are the shoals, the tricky sand bars reach far out. Gales occasionally reach a velocity of seventy miles, and tropical hurricanes sometimes lash hard at Cape Cod. Fog muffles the coast on an average of forty-five days per year. Unless a ship sheers off entirely and goes outside, she must pass through Nantucket Sound which is a riddle of tides and currents.

It is a staggering thought that there was not a single lighthouse on the Cape in colonial times. Not till 1770 did the first light go up at Plymouth. Churches, steeples and windmills, beach fires, good weather and masterly seamanship were all a ship could count on. The wrecks piled up a terrible count of loss in life and goods, and of ill-gotten profit to

wreckers in the rich cargoes that came ashore. Kittredge quotes a gloomy observation on human nature here: "Emerson writes in 1854, 'Went to Orleans Monday, to Nauset Light on the back of Cape Cod. The keeper Collins told us that he found obstinate resistance on the Cape to the project of building a lighthouse on this coast, as it would injure the wrecking business.'"

Plymouth Light was little good to the Back Shore.

Highland Light was established in 1797. It illumined at last the "dark chasm between Nantucket and Cape Ann," as the Reverend Levi Whitman of Wellfleet called it. It is the official Cape Cod light, and in 1857 was rebuilt into one of the greatest lighthouses in the world.

The Twin Lights at Chatham took up their work in 1808. They were wooden towers, and used to lead vessels into Chatham Harbor, now a harbor no more.

Race Point Light began to shine in 1816.

Billingsgate Light, off Wellfleet, came close behind, in 1822. Billingsgate was once part of the mainland, then turned into an island, now is just a sand bar. The light was useful to fishermen in the Bay side, but has been discontinued. There is a flashing beacon here.

Sandy Neck was set up in 1826, to guide fishermen and coastwise packet boats. Now the packet boats are gone, the lighthouse is abandoned, and only fishermen, lobstermen and a few yachts have a use for the flashing beacon.

Monomoy Light on Monomoy Point at Chatham was erected by the government about 1824. With Great Point Light in Nantucket it took vessels safely through the Sound. It has been discontinued, and replaced by an automatic gas beacon.

Long Point Light in 1826 was the beacon which Georges Bankers welcomed when they came home around the tip of the Cape to Provincetown Harbor.

Nobska Light at Falmouth was established in 1828, a boon to coastwise traffic.

Three lights went up at Nauset in 1838. With Chatham Twin Lights and the Hyannisport gas beacon, they piloted shipping from Nobska Point clear around to Peaked Hill Bars. Now there is only one light at Nauset.

At Pamet Harbor in 1894 there was a light and a harbor. The light is gone now and so is the harbor, which has been gradually silting up, though small boats can still get in and out at high tide.

Wood End Light dates from 1873.

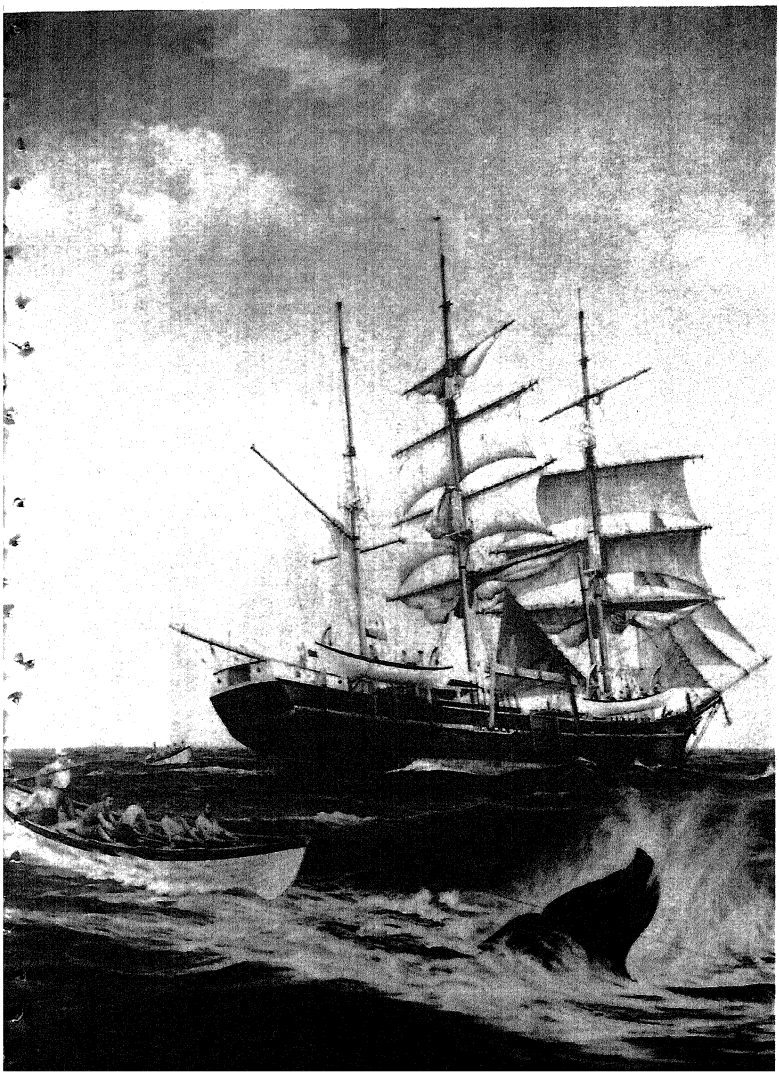
Other lights are at Wing's Neck, on the southwest end of Weaumet Neck in Buzzards Bay, and at Hyannis.

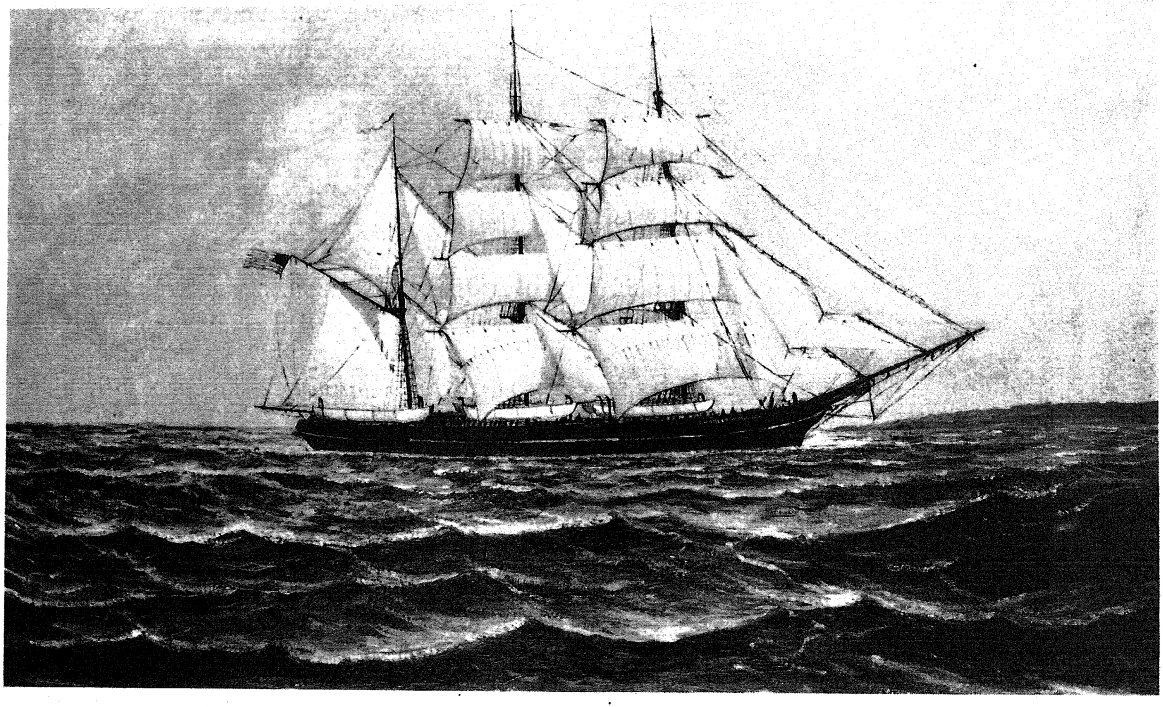
The Ace Light of the coast is Highland, called officially Cape Cod Light. It stands on the Clay Pounds at Truro, and is an enormously powerful beacon, with a brilliancy of 4,500,000 candle power. On a clear night the flash may be seen 45 miles out to sea. It flashes white every five seconds; the thick long beam looks almost solid cutting through the darkness and all night long it whitens the sleeping countryside.

The tower is 80 feet high and stands on a cliff 140 feet above sea level. This cliff has been eaten away by the waves till only four acres are left of ten bought by the government in 1787. Notice the Clay Pounds rising here from the beach. This is a great wedge of preglacial clay running 600 feet across the ocean front, tapering off on the Bay side. There is clay like this at West Barnstable, which is used for brickmaking, but these cliffs are unique. The steep sheer and deep

From a painting by Robert Lie

Cape Codders sailed the seven seas during the great era of whaling and many of her towns had whaling fleets. Provincetown's last whaler was not retired until 1916.





From a painting by Robert Lie

Many famous whaling vessels sailed by Cape Cod or put in to her harbors. This is the *Charles W. Morgan* which was built in 1841.

gullies are rather scary—particularly in a high wind. This earth is tough blue clay and marl, with basal spurs of ancient coarse gravel below, more ancient than the clay. The view from this cliff is incomparable. Directly across lies Pontevedra, in northern Spain with three thousand miles of ocean between, and no more land. Highland is the first light picked up by ships coming from Europe and heading to Boston. You can imagine the emotions of a Cape Codder when he sees it coming home.

In Highland now there is a radio compass station, which is an almost magical aid to navigation Ships can check their position by it and find out their exact bearing without fixed beacons or clear weather.

Looking over the golf links, you may notice what looks like a slightly incongruous castle. This is not part of the light, but is merely an old stone tower from the Fitchburg railroad station in Boston. A Boston lawyer liked it, bought it and moved it here on his own land.

To see Highland, turn off to the right on coming into the town of North Truro at the bottom of the hill. It is only a short drive. At night from this height you can see five beacons winking through the dark, if it is clear. They are Wood End, Long Point, Peaked Hill (a flashing gas buoy), the Gurnet at Plymouth and Minot's Light off Cohasset.

CHATHAM LIGHT

Chatham Light is perhaps the easiest to reach in a car of all the Cape lighthouses. It stands on a high bluff with only the road between it and the drop to the ocean, and it is right at the elbow of the Cape. It is a sensational view of the At-

lantic, the water is very blue, the sand white, the long gleaming spit of Monomoy can be seen—Champlain called it Mallebarre, the "evil bar."

This is a ticklish situation for a light and Chatham has already lost two lighthouses, eaten away by the sea. The sea took first the old twin lights; in 1870 a hurricane attacked the second pair, which were of brick. In nine years four hundred feet of land was torn down and the south tower had fallen. The foundations of the north tower are still left.

The new lights went up again in 1877. One of them was moved to Nauset at Eastham in 1923 and a bigger, more powerful beacon installed at Chatham. It has a 24,000 candle power lens and is visible for 15 miles. The lighthouse and the situation are among the most powerful on the Cape. This is another great sea view like Highland Light, but less grim. From the bluff you can see Pollock Lightship, Stone Horse Lightship, Old Harbor and the Chatham Coast Guard Stations. At night there is a string of beacons—Chatham Sea Buoy, the Bars Buoy, Chatham Light, Pollock Lightship, Sankaty Head Light and Great Point Light off Nantucket, and Stone Horse Lightship at the end of Monomoy. There are also seven flashing channel buoys.

NAUSET LIGHT

Three lights shone at Nauset in 1838, now there is only one. The old towers were brick, and the sea ate the cliff away under them till they collapsed. Wooden towers took their place because they were easier to move. Two of these old towers now form part of a summer cottage nearby on the Nauset Road. The present tower is the one moved here from

Chatham, which was formerly one of the famous twin lights. Though the three old towers are gone, the present light has three flashes. It is 25,000 candle power and is visible for 18 miles.

Nauset Light and Nauset Coast Guard Station are reached by the same tarred road turning off from Route 6. They are only about a mile apart. You can drive almost up to the great beach, at one of its most impressive sections. The light and color here are extraordinary.

NOBSKA LIGHT

Nobska Light, called Nobska Point, stands on a rocky bulwark, on the point east of the entrance to Woods Hole Harbor. It lights a crowded coastwise traffic, ships from all the Eastern and Southern ports go by here, standing close in, and you may see a great variety of vessels within a short time. It is a fixed beacon alternating white and red showing for 15 miles. As many as thirty thousand ships pass here in a year.

For a good view, take the shore road from Woods Hole, turning right over the railroad bridge. You will come to a fine bluff overlooking Vineyard Sound and an excellent look at Nobska Point.

LIGHTSHIPS

With these lighthouses and the Coast Guard Stations the lightships of the coast piece out a continuous line of defense against the ferocious sea. The lightships are in the front-line trenches. They are often in considerable danger themselves, facing bitter winter weather, pack ice, fifty-mile gales, terrific

seas when the chains may break, and the sinister chance of a collision in fog.

Pollock Rip Lightship takes all these hazards year after year. She is one of the big sea dogs of the Cape. She lies seven miles offshore in sixty feet, three miles to northeastward of the entrance to Pollock Rip Channel. She has been twice run into, ripped twice from her mooring by ice, has gone adrift in more than one big blow. In 1896 her chain cable broke and she struck on Stone Horse Shoal and drifted out to sea, but was towed to safety by the steamer *Switzerland*. In November, 1921, she dragged her six-ton anchor in a terrific gale but showed up safely at Hyannis. She has a crew of fourteen, who do not lead an easy life. The lightship is equipped with radio beacon, submarine bell and fog blast, and is one of the most important traffic lights on the coast. In clear weather she is visible from the Chatham Lighthouse and you can see the red hull with the white letters *Pollock* painted on her side.

Other Lightships are:

Stone Horse Shoal—.9 mile off Monomoy Point an unused lighthouse.

Handkerchief Lightship—east part of Nantucket Sound.

Nantucket Shoals Lightship.

Vineyard Sound (Sow and Pigs)—west entrance to Sound.

Hen and Chickens Lightship—north side of entrance to Buzzards Bay.

THE COAST GUARD

The U. S. Coast Guard, now a close-trained corps of men, started in a small humanitarian way as a private charity, called

the Massachusetts Humane Society, organized in 1786. Along the terrible shore volunteers had been risking their lives year after year to save shipwrecked men as wreck after wreck piled up in gales and fog. There were times when plundering and lifesaving were weirdly combined, but Cape Codders were seamen themselves and mooncussing was never a profession with them. (Mooncussing in its worst sense meant wrecking boats deliberately with false lights; in its milder sense, simple looting.) The Humane Society did not have enough money to keep boats and equipment to guard the danger points of the Back Shore. But it built huts for shipwrecked men, with straw and matches and firewood to keep them from freezing if they got ashore alive. They were called "charity houses," and it must have been a desperate business to find them on a dark night in a raging gale of sleet or snow. In 1802 Joseph Freeman wrote a booklet called *A Description of the Eastern Coast of the County of Barnstable*, giving painstaking directions to these "charity houses." It is a sort of shipwrecked seaman's manual, very affecting to read. The huts did save some stranded sailors, but only a pitiful few.

Still the wrecks piled up, and scattered drowned men and broken ships from Chatham to Provincetown. There were close to 700 vessels lost between 1875 and 1903. Even when the government began to aid, about 1850, there followed twenty years of frightful disasters, but by 1872 the Cape had nine lifesaving stations, the government had taken over the entire service, and the Coast Guard was getting into its stride. In 1915 the Life Saving Service, as it was then named, was combined with the Revenue Cutter Service and became the U. S. Coast Guard. It is now one of the crack Federal or-

ganizations, disciplined, honest and efficient. Its officers and men have hung up a great record of faithfulness and nerve.

The stations themselves look much alike, white cottages close to the shore, with a watchtower, living quarters for the crew, and boat and beach apparatus always ready. They now draw the beach cart down to the water by tractor instead of with the old horse that was once a picturesque part of the service. The cart is a two-wheeled wagon that carries the apparatus, the cannon, lines and pulleys. The gun shoots the life line out to an offshore wreck. It is aimed for the rigging, and if it strikes, the shipwrecked men can pull in the heavy cord attached with life buoy and hawser and be hauled to safety.

The lifeboat is a heavy double ender and it is a stirring sight to see her launched in a big surf, the captain at the stern, the men timing the sweep of the oars like clockwork. The modern surfboat has evolved from the whaleboat which was one of the most perfect and seaworthy crafts ever designed. It is capable of being rowed at high speed, tends to fit between the waves, and like the whaleboat, is really a derivative of the Viking boat.

There is a weekly Coast Guard drill which you may watch. You can find out the time of the drill by telephoning the station. The surfmen, as they are officially called, are enlisted for three years, get fair to middling wages and live under a practical ship's discipline. There are watches, surfboat drills, blinker and flag drill, resuscitation drill, day and night patrol.

The last is the most rigorous part of the service, aside from lifesaving itself. A day watch is always kept from the tower, and foggy days or during a storm the beach is patrolled dur-

ing the day, but the men go out every night in all weathers, winter and summer.

This is the night patrol. After sunset the darkness of the whole fifty-mile beach is pricked with points of light moving along the edge of the sea. From each station a surfman goes out north and south, walking the beach for three and a half miles to the end of his beat, which is halfway to the next station, and usually marked by a small hut or halfway house. He carries a lantern, a watchman's clock, and a stock of Coston lights, red flare cartridges. At the halfway house he winds his clock and hangs up his numbered brass check inside. The man from the nearest station picks it up and leaves his check. If the beats do not meet, the watchman's clock is used and the key is hung up on a post at the end of the beat.

If the surfman notices a ship standing too close in on a bad or rainy night, he touches off his red flare; the ship takes the warning, signals back by a whistle and changes her course. If there is any kind of disaster on the beach, he burns the light. It goes up in a quick blaze, a message of hope to a ship and of warning to the station. Telephone lines connect all the stations and there is also a telephone at the halfway house. There is always a man on station watch, and on a hurry call the crew can tumble out as fast as firemen.

In summer this patrol goes out twice every night; in winter, three times: at sunset, midnight and just before dawn. Two men serve a watch of four hours, one in the tower and one on the beach. In the middle of the watch they change.

The night patrol is a hard pull in bitter winter weather when icy rain, wind, sleet, or worst of all, sand storms whip the shore, but it never fails—the men in black oilskins go out. Sand is the meanest—it cuts face and eyes like flying glass

and walking head on into it is punishing work. In a driving blow the sand can etch a piece of glass in a few hours, or strip the paint clean off a car.

The surfmen regard it all as part of the job. They have a tradition to be proud of, they are expert and brave, they can take it, and they risk their own lives in an emergency as a matter of course. Formerly they were nearly all Cape Cod stock, now many of them are Portuguese, sons of sailors and fishermen, who also have a great seafaring history behind them.

COAST GUARD STATIONS

There are fourteen Coast Guard Stations on Cape Cod:

Wood End, Race Point, and Peaked Hill Bars at Provincetown.

Highland at North Truro.

Pamet River at Truro.

Cahoon's Hollow at Wellfleet.

Nauset at Eastham.

Orleans at East Orleans.

Chatham.

Old Harbor at Chatham, Monomoy Point and Monomoy.

Canal Station, at Sandwich.

Woods Hole Coast Guard Base.

Some of these stations have no paved road and take a long walk or a car with special jumbo tires to reach them. But several are easily accessible in a short drive from the main road. A few became inactive after World War II.

Nauset Station at Eastham is just off Route 6. Leave the main road a little north of Eastham Town Hall, and take the tarred side road to the east at the intersection where a small

memorial boulder stands in a grass plot. It is a three-mile drive through the characteristic Eastham moors. The beach here is fine and so is the long stretch of the sea. A short walk from the station is the Fo'castle, the small house where Henry Beston stayed in the winter of 1927 and wrote *The Outermost House*. There were six shipwrecks that winter. One ship, the *Montclair*, was driven on the bar in a March gale and all the crew but one were lost. The *Montclair* was a three-masted schooner, quickly broken up and destroyed, but there may still be seen traces of old wrecks on this beach. The small one, the *Lily*, came ashore in 1901. The larger is the *J. H. Ells*, which carried a cargo of railroad iron. The ship struck on the outer bar, too far for lifeboats in the powerful surf, or for the cannon. The men froze in the rigging, dropped finally into the sea. Only two were taken off by a tug next morning. Sometimes on the bar the tide uncovers a few tragic pieces of rusty iron.

Cahoon's Hollow Coast Guard Station is also at the end of a good road which runs through a lovely glacial valley and ends up at a noble beach and a view. Turn off Route 6 at the sign Cahoon's Hollow. It is about two miles. You see some nice old houses on the way.

Pamet River Coast Guard Station is at the end of the river road in Truro Center. This is another short beautiful drive, turning off to the right from Route 6. There is an excellent swimming beach here. The sea has been making inroads against this shore for several years—it has washed as deep as 180 feet in one place. In a big storm the northeast wind cuts away the bank and Pamet River threatens to break through and make the Cape an island.

Highland Light Coast Guard Station is set in a hollow

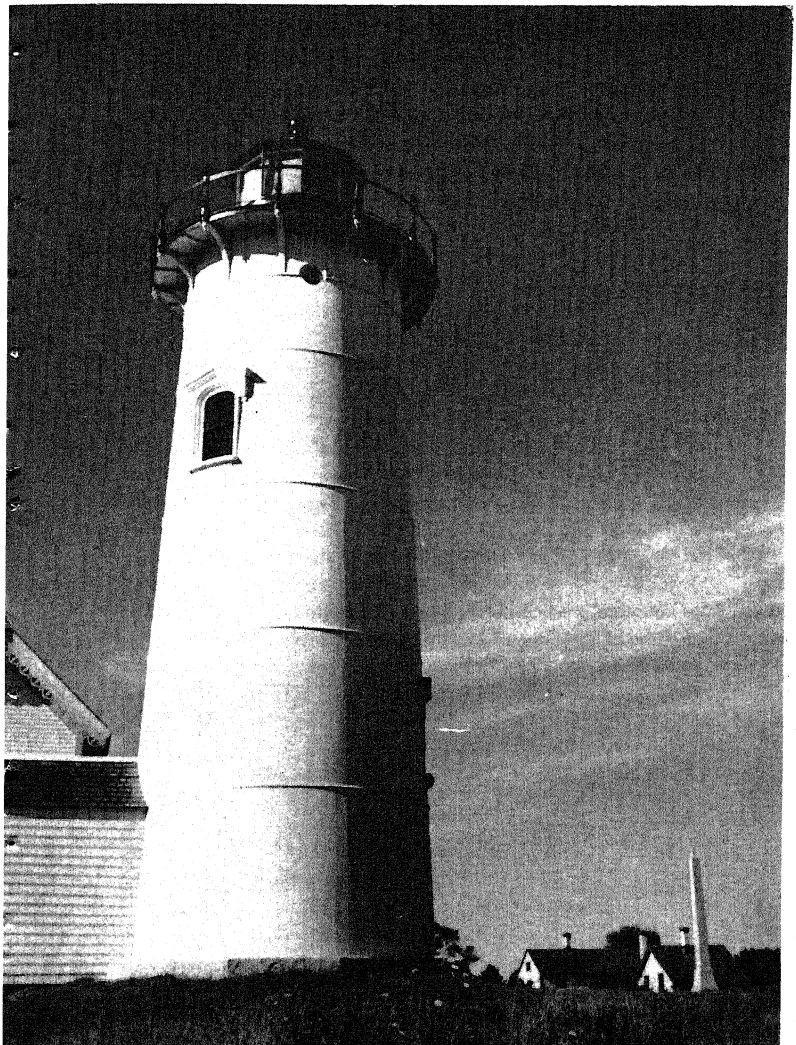
near the shore, not far from Highland Light. A car can reach it over a passable road. The view from the beach is interesting. It was between the Highland Coast Guard Station and High Head (off Pilgrim Heights) that the Coast Guard patrol boat was wrecked with a loss of eight lives in February, 1927. This was a fearful and memorable blow—the surf was terrific and it was almost impossible to stand against the wind, filled with sleet and sand.

At Chatham you can now take an odd and amazing drive to Monomoy Point, going over the sand in a car with special huge tires. Once it meant a twenty-mile walk. The beach is extremely wild, solitary and beautiful.

Peaked Hill Bars at Provincetown is worth seeing. It is a three-mile walk along Snail Road, through heavy sand, but with a fine view of the dunes. This is the section they call the Graveyard of Ships. The British man-of-war *Somerset* struck on these bars in a gale in November, 1778. She was buried for years, uncovered for a brief time in 1886—a historic hulk which had its effect on those who came to see it. Now the blackened timbers are hidden again, but people still look for the *Somerset* to reappear.

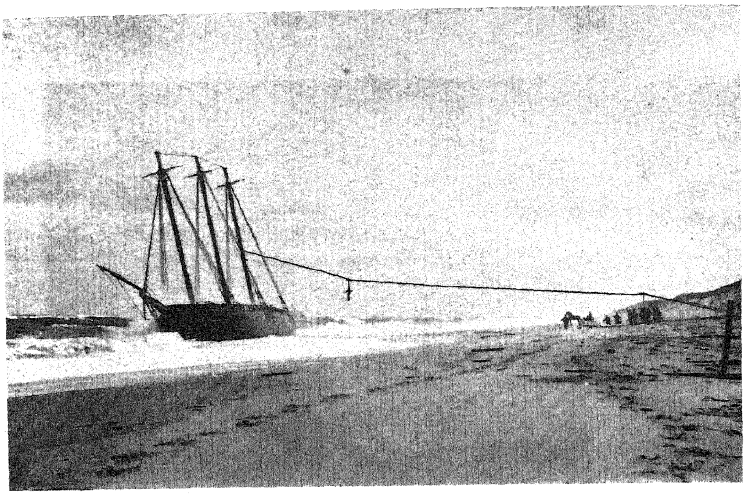
These vicious bars look mild enough on a smooth day, but they hold the bones of hundreds of dead ships. It is a coast which is continually changing. The old lifesaving station where Eugene O'Neill once lived is now under water at high and low tide, approximately 2,000 feet from the spot where it stood in 1932. The present lifesaving station was built in 1914, and had to be moved back 900 yards in 1930. Now the beach is building out once more.

The Cape Cod coast is as bad as it ever was but here are a few telling figures:



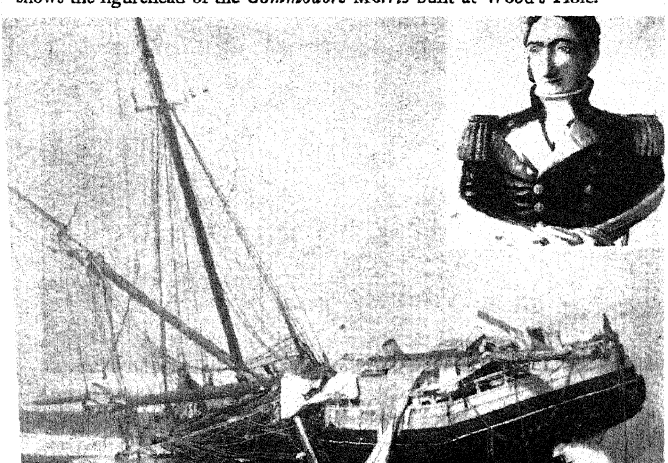
Jean Hersey from Nesmith

Chatham Lighthouse commands a treacherous section of the coast. Its powerful beam can be seen fifteen miles at sea and is one of the most powerful on the Cape.



Members of the U. S. Coast Guard on Cape Cod must be prepared for dangerous tasks. Here is a Coast Guard drill with a real wreck.

Wrecked ships are often beached on the Cape's treacherous shores. The insert shows the figurehead of the *Commodore Morris* built at Wood's Hole.



From 1907 to 1917 there were 156 wrecks on the ocean side, with a great loss of life.

From 1917 to 1936 there were 25 wrecks, and some of these were strandings, got off or floated later.

You will have to walk across the breakwater or take a boat to see Long Point Light and Wood End Coast Guard Station. It was a mile off Wood End Light that the submarine S-4 sank with the loss of every man on board. She was rammed by the *Paulding*, a Coast Guard vessel, just as she was rising to the surface, and sank at once in 120 feet of water. Forty men died, in spite of great efforts to raise her and the heroism of the divers who went down in rough water under icy seas. It took a month to bring her up, and float her with pontoons.

There was once a large settlement on Long Point, about sixty families, but the houses were nearly all floated over to the mainland after 1860.

On Long Point you can see the grassy mounds of the earthworks thrown up during the Civil War.

STORM WARNINGS

DAY: Two red flags with black centers forecast a hurricane.
NIGHT: Two red lights with white light between.

DAY: A red pennant above a red square with black center means a northeast wind.
NIGHT: Two red lights.

DAY: A red square with black center and red triangle below means southeast winds.
NIGHT: Red light.

DAY: A white pennant above a red square with black center means northwest winds.
NIGHT: White light above red.

DAY: A red square with black center above a white pennant means southwest winds.
NIGHT: One red light above white.

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH THE TOWNS

WHEN you cross the Cape Cod Canal at Buzzards Bay or at Sagamore, you are on the Cape. Don't let anyone deceive you; Cape Cod begins at the Canal and no place else, though long before you get there you will be told by road signs that you are entering it. Some disgruntled Cape Codder once remarked that if the chambers of commerce of the towns on the mainland had their way, the Mississippi River would mark the beginning of Cape Cod. Before you reach the Canal, you will see plenty of evidence that you are approaching the Cape: there will be salt marshes, rolling moors, scrub pine, small sloping-roofed cottages, wide glimpses of the sea, but geologically the strange small promontory known as Cape Cod begins where Nature and August Belmont decreed there should be a canal.

There are many pleasant ways to see the Cape by land, sea and air, but since so many visitors drive, this chapter will be mapped out for a motorist. Nor will the modern motorist see less of Cape Cod than did the Colonial traveler. Driving from New York, you'll enter the Cape at Buzzards Bay; from Boston, it's 120 miles to Provincetown, from New York about

300; we'll take you through Sagamore first and down the Bay Shore because that's the part of the Cape the Pilgrims knew first.

Either at Buzzards Bay or at Sagamore, you'll cross the Canal over one of the two big bridges, completed in 1935, that are the Cape's pride; there's yet another bridge at Buzzards Bay, but that's the railroad bridge. Formerly the Canal was spanned at these points by two jackknife bridges that delayed traffic, sometimes seriously, while they stood on end to permit the passage of long strings of barges, tankers, fishing craft, freighters and passenger ships. The bridges all have a clearance of 135 feet at high tide, the same as that of Brooklyn Bridge, and every type of coastwise vessel can pass beneath them. Before they were built, people in cars used to kind of enjoy being stopped along the Canal road at night to see the New York boat, a blaze of lights, go through. The Canal has made an actual island of the Cape; Cape Cod Bay to the north, Vineyard Sound and Nantucket Sound to the south, Buzzards Bay to the west and the Atlantic Ocean to the east bring the sight and smell of salt water to Cape Codders at all times, and something of an atavistic islander psychology persists in the fascination exerted by a vessel bound for the great world outside. Perhaps it's not too far-fetched to think that this illogical feeling of seclusion, of being cut off, is part of the Cape's charm.

Arbitrarily, the route through the towns mapped out in this chapter will start at the bridge at Sagamore, follow the inside bend of the arm to which the Cape has so often been compared, down the main highway to Provincetown, back to Orleans, and then along the "outside" of the Cape through Chatham, Hyannis, Falmouth and other towns and villages to Bourne. At this point anyone following it will have made

a complete circuit of the Cape. One of the most satisfying things about the Cape is that it is so small and the vistas are so clear that it looks to the eye almost exactly as it does upon the map. As you cross the bridge and look down at the Canal it may interest you to know that you are looking down upon the fulfillment of a dream that has been occupying men's minds for more than three hundred years.

CAPE COD CANAL

There had to be a Cape Cod Canal. The long projecting arm of the Cape adds miles to coastwise traffic, 70 miles from Boston to New York, not to speak of the peril from the violent storms that rage around it and the "roring breakers" of its many shoals, like those that turned the Pilgrims back at Pollock's Rip.

The first white men to settle here were the first to plan for a canal. The Pilgrims, trading fur for food and other necessities with the Dutch in New York, built their first trading post in 1627 where the Manomet and Scusset rivers almost met, forming a natural canal; as early as 1624 that practical visionary, Myles Standish, was busy with a plan for completing the waterway. When at long last the Canal was actually opened to traffic on July 29, 1914, a throng of cheering ghosts must have lined the banks, for it is safe to say that there had been no intervening years when someone was not planning the Canal. George Washington wished for a canal to facilitate the movement of troops to New York during the Revolution and went so far as to order his engineers to make a survey of the present site.

During all the early years of our country's life surveys and estimates were constantly being made and remade. At times other sites than the present one were considered, notably at Orleans where the sea had been known to break through (in 1717) and form a natural canal, but no other had the advantage of cutting off the whole Cape. The idea lapsed to some extent during our great period of foreign trade, when coastwise traffic was no longer of first importance, but it sprang up again before the Civil War. Again the surveyors came and went and came again; one may imagine that the citizens of Sandwich and Bourne looked at them with some skepticism by this time. During the next decades various companies were organized to build the Canal, sought capital, fought out their rival claims and disappeared; some abortive attempts at actually digging the Canal were made but rivalry or the lack of money or engineering difficulties brought all the projects to an end.

The final builders were the Boston, Cape Cod and New York Company, to which a charter was granted in 1899. This company spent some years in organizing their plans and in 1906 succeeded in arousing the interest of August Belmont. Belmont perhaps was naturally inclined toward the idea of a canal, for his grandfather, Commodore Perry, came from Sandwich and he may well have heard talk of such a waterway all his life, but it was only after consulting eminent engineers that he gave the project his support. Work began on July 19, 1909, and a little more than five years later the first vessels sailed through. The Canal cost $16,000,000 to build. It was operated as a toll waterway at first, the high charges discouraging its full use, but it passed into Federal

ownership in 1926 and the tolls were abolished the following year.

The Canal was lengthened, widened, deepened and had its face lifted by the Government shortly before World War II. It is now 17 miles long, 540 feet wide, and 32 feet deep at low tide: the widest artificial waterway in the world. A handsome scenic highway skirts it from Buzzards Bay to Sagamore. Maintenance and operation of the Canal and its bridges are responsibilities of the United States Army Corps of Engineers.

It has been a life-saver from the start, invaluable to New England commerce and prosperity and, after Pearl Harbor, invaluable in war Convoys passed through it in numbers while German submarines prowled this Atlantic coast. On endless lines of men-of-war, freighters, tankers, barges you could see the flags of all our Allies and most of our friends. Cape Codders were proud of its war work but much relieved when normal peacetime traffic could be resumed. The sea's for fishing in and trading on, to Cape Cod minds.

Sagamore, lying at the eastern entrance to the Canal, is not really a town—it is a village of the town of Bourne. There are so many post offices on the Cape, so many names of places, that visitors are sometimes puzzled at hearing there are only fifteen towns; the other communities are villages, or "neighborhoods" as they used to be called, of the towns. The towns are Sandwich, Barnstable, Yarmouth, Dennis, Brewster, Orleans, Eastham, Wellfleet, Truro, Provincetown, Chatham, Harwich, Mashpee, Falmouth and Bourne; these comprise one hundred and forty-three villages. They lie so close together that it is not always easy to tell when you are leaving one town and entering the next; this does not mean there

aren't great wooded stretches on the Cape, but these are part of the towns.

Immediately after leaving Sagamore on the main highway (Route 6) you will enter

SANDWICH, named for the seaport in Kent.

Sandwich, settled in 1637 and incorporated in 1639, is the oldest town on the Cape and one of the most beautiful. Leave the highway here, or it will sweep you down the Cape, past spectacular dunes and marshes, but show you nothing except a few roofs of the quiet, lovely old town, called "the handsomest town out of England" by Joseph Jefferson.

Soon after Edward Freeman with his ten followers had been given permission to found a settlement here, two commissioners were sent from Plymouth Colony to lay out the bounds of the land; they were Myles Standish and John Alden, and it's to wonder what the two men found to talk about on their long trip from Plymouth to the Cape; John Alden had been married to Priscilla Mullins since 1622. In the perspective of history Sandwich has won some bad repute for its early persecution of the Quakers, but the impulse came from Plymouth and at one time so many citizens of Sandwich were befriending Quakers in defiance of the law that the town constable gave up and a special marshal was sent from Plymouth to take his place.

Sandwich today is a tranquil town of elm-shaded streets, fine old churches and houses, lakes and woods and ponds and streams. It was here in the early days that Daniel Webster came to fish, and the old inn (old even then) at which he stayed, now called the Daniel Webster Inn, is still open

to visitors. Two old friends, Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, cast their lines in the same lakes and ponds. But where on the upper Cape did these three not fish? Jefferson was buried in Sandwich by his own wish.

Fishing and farming were Sandwich's great industries in the early days, but the town is chiefly famous as the home of Sandwich glass.

There is a fine bathing beach at Sagamore and the Ben Lomond Golf Club, near Sagamore, has a nine-hole course overlooking the Canal and Cape Cod Bay. Things to see in Sandwich are

Christopher Wren spires.

Old burying ground by Shawme Lake; here lie many of the founders of the town.

The Hoxie House, believed to be the oldest house on the Cape (1637).

The Friends' Meetinghouse.

Historical Museum with fine collection of Sandwich glass.

Joseph Jefferson's grave in Bay View Cemetery.

Daniel Webster Inn (1694).

State Fish Hatcheries where brook trout and Chinook salmon are spawned to be released into Cape waters.

State Game Preserves where pheasants and some quail are bred to be released upon the Cape.

Shawme State Forest (8,422 acres) specializing in pines.

Site of old glassworks: bits of broken, brilliantly colored glass are sometimes still found.

Nye Memorial Boulder, "erected by the Nye Family of America to the memory of their ancestors, Benjamin Nye and Katherine Tupper."

Bourne House with salt-box roof (1693) beside Congregational Church.

The next town after Sandwich on Route 6 is

BARNSTABLE, named for the seaport in Devonshire.

Barnstable looks like what it is and has always been since 1685, the shire town. With its broad harbor, its tree-shaded hilly streets, its exceptionally fine old houses and imposing courthouse, it has a stately air. Barnstable has had a strangely mixed history. James Otis was born here, the fiery orator who in 1761 did so much to prepare men's minds for the coming Revolution and who has been called the Patrick Henry of the North; it was here that a small army of grave men assembled, six months before the battle of Concord, to prevent the King's Court from sitting, and the Chief Justice, Colonel James Otis, father of the orator, bowed to the force of numbers unreluctantly. Yet when war actually impended, Barnstable was the only Cape town which failed to instruct its representative to vote for the Declaration of Independence. War meant destruction to Cape industries, at that time well developed on the sea, and Cape Codders knew it, so perhaps it was natural that Barnstable, the county town, should have more than its share of loyalists.

Incorporated in 1639, the same year as Sandwich, the town of Barnstable today consists of fourteen villages, one of which, Hyannis, is the thriving business center of the Cape. These villages stretch clear cross the Cape and, since many

of them are to all intents and purposes towns in themselves, the ones on the South Shore will be described as they are approached geographically and not as a part of Barnstable.

In approaching Barnstable you may turn off the highway for a short distance at West Barnstable for a view of magnificent dunes and marshes; in their outermost reaches these are almost as wild and untouched as when the Pilgrims came, and impassable except on foot; it was from them that Barnstable's first named Great Marshes, was derived.

The Cummaquid Golf Club has a nine-hole course which is one of the oldest in America. In Barnstable see

The Sturgis Library (1645), the oldest public library building in the United States. It is pleasant to know that this building was once the home of John Lothrop, Barnstable's remarkable clergyman founder, who in his will bequeathed a book to every child in the town.

Old houses, as the Crocker House (1790); Gray Shingles (1640); Gorham House (1675); Dimmock House (1684); and many more.

The Old Crocker Tavern, now owned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.

Grave of Sachem Iyanough, "Friend and Entertainer of the Pilgrims," for whom Hyannis is named.

Oldest Congregational Church in America (1717).

Tablet marking place where James Otis, the patriot, was born in 1725.

Courthouse (1834) containing many interesting records and famous old bell, cast in Munich in 1675.

Grave of "Mad Jack," Captain John Percival, who was born in Barnstable in 1779 and closed a hectic career at sea

by commanding the old *Constitution* on her world cruise in 1844-1846.

Old Cemetery.

A few miles beyond Barnstable the main highway enters

YARMOUTH, named for the seaport in Norfolk.

To many people Yarmouth is not only one of the prettiest towns upon the Cape but in the whole world. The magnificent elms that line its streets, planted by a village improvement society under Amos Otis nearly a hundred years ago; the small, cozy, ancient houses; the old-fashioned gardens and the flowery meadows that edge their way into the very heart of the town, combined with sudden vistas of the sea, all give it a distinctive character; shore and country meet. Incorporated in 1639, the same year as Sandwich and Barnstable, it boasts a larger single group of old Cape houses than any other town. Many of the old Yarmouth houses are of the cottage type; small-seeming story-and-a-half affairs, they hug the ground and present a circumscribed face to the road but, if you enter them, they open up amazingly into room after room. Religion, education and civic pride have always been important preoccupations of Yarmouth; around the names of the first settlers—Thacher, Hallett, Howes, Crow, Hatch and many more, still proudly borne after many generations—much of the Cape's history has clung. Men came to Yarmouth first to farm, the town's original Indian name Mattachee meant "planting-lands," but, as on the rest of the Cape, the men of Yarmouth early took to the sea. The



Kelsey

This aerial photograph shows Harwichport and the miniature Wychmere Harbor crowded with pleasure craft. This was once a lake surrounded by a trotting-race track.

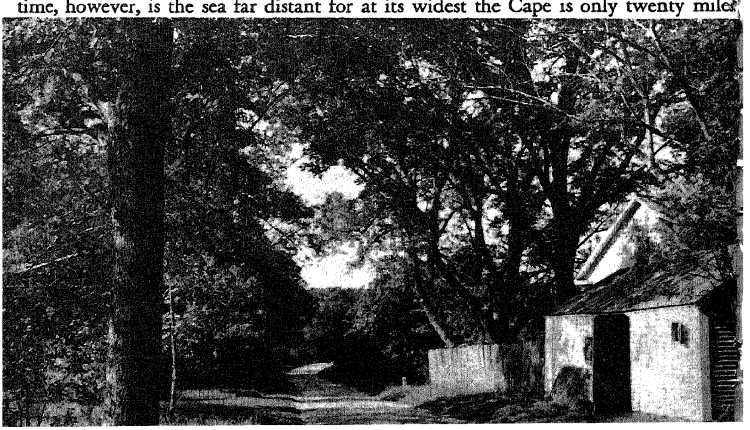


Hobart from Monkmeyer

Sandwich, which was settled in 1637, is the oldest town on the Cape. The bounds of its land were laid out by Myles Standish and John Alden.

Elizabeth Wilson from Nesmith

Tree shaded, ancient winding roadways add much to the charm of Cape Cod. At no time, however, is the sea far distant for at its widest the Cape is only twenty miles



town had a long and prosperous seafaring history but the most lucrative industries today are cranberries and shellfish.

There are five post offices—Yarmouthport, Yarmouth, South Yarmouth, Bass River and West Yarmouth; you will have to leave the main highway to see all the villages, criss-crossing the Cape on pleasant roads. Golf is played on an eighteen-hole course at Bass River and the nine-hole course of the Cummaquid Golf Club, and there is good swimming both on the open shore and in the many tidal creeks and inlets. In Yarmouth see

The Colonel John Thacher house (1680), now an antique shop.

The Thacher house (1730), now a tearoom and a very good one, too.

The Friends' Meetinghouse (1809); the last services were held here in August, 1929.

The Quaker Graveyard with its uniform headstones; in death, as in life, no Quaker could set himself up.

House of Seven Chimneys, a group of four old Cape houses linked together to make one whole.

Old Yarmouth Tavern (1696), an inn again.

C. W. Swift Printing Shop at Yarmouthport, a storehouse of information about the Cape. Here the *Yarmouth Register*, a weekly newspaper, has been published for a hundred years. One of the original owners was Amos Otis. A long line of historical and genealogical pamphlets have been published, of great interest to historians and antiquarians.

Bronze tablet near roadside marking burial ground of the last native Yarmouth Indians. There was a village of wigwams here until late in the seventeenth century.

You can't see the Oldest Windmill on the Cape which formerly stood in West Yarmouth and was regarded as one of the Cape's greatest treasures. This windmill was erected probably within twenty years after the Pilgrims came and was moved four times in its long life. The fifth removal occurred in 1935 when it was bought by the employees of Henry Ford and presented to him as a birthday gift.

Return to the main highway after seeing all the Yarmouths and drive on to

DENNIS, named for the Reverend Josiah Dennis.

Originally a part of Yarmouth, Dennis was incorporated separately in 1793 and named for its first minister who was noted for "the mirthfulness of his disposition," among other things. Some of the clergyman's jokes survive. By no means side-splitting, they have about them a pleasant, unworldly jocularity. He once wrote out a list of goods to be brought by packet from Boston; the messenger couldn't read it and brought it back. Dennis was unable to make it out, so he said, "I didn't write it to read myself. I wrote it for you to read."

Dennis had a lively, prosperous existence during the Cape's great fishing and trading days and is famous as the home of John Sears and of the Shivericks. Sears is the man who in 1776 constructed the first vat on Cape Cod for making salt by solar evaporation of sea water and started the long chain of experiments that was to raise salt-making to one of the Cape's major industries and provide the backbone for its fishing preeminence. (See Chapter VIII.) Asa Shiverick in

1820 founded the shipyard which a generation later, under his three sons, was to construct some famous, deepwater, square-rigged vessels, averaging 1,000 tons register, of the clipper type, the only such vessels ever built upon the Cape. These vessels could be launched only at the high-course tides in early spring and fall; they were then either sailed under jury-rig or towed to Boston to be completely rigged. It is interesting to note that each of the eight vessels of this type launched from Dennis was commanded by a Dennis man. The enterprise was financed by Christopher Hall, of Dennis. His son, Thomas Hall, who as a boy sailed for six years on the Shiverick ships, *Wild Hunter* and *Belle of the West*, has given a complete history of the shipyard in a pamphlet published by C. W. Swift, Yarmouthport; of the *Belle of the West,* now lying for many decades at the bottom of the Bay of Bengal, he says, she "at last became my sweetheart, my idol." The last launching occurred in 1863.

With the ebb of fishing, salt, trading and shipbuilding industries, Dennis, like other Cape towns, has turned to cranberries, truck gardening and tourists. It was one of the earliest Cape towns to attract summer visitors and today is famous as the home of the Cape Playhouse and Cape Cinema. (See Chapter VII.) There are five Dennises: West Dennis, Dennisport, East Dennis, Dennis, and South Dennis. The Dennises sprawl, four of them reaching toward a harbor or inlet of some kind. To see them all you will have to make your way back and forth across the Cape on country roads. The beaches of Dennis are particularly fine. In Dennis see

Bronze tablet marking site of Shiverick shipyard and depicting hull of vessel on the ways.

Eighty-mile view from top of Scargo Hill, the highest eminence on the lower Cape.

One-family graveyard where seven generations of Howes are buried—and no one else.

Burial ground of the Nobscusset Tribe of Indians.

Cape Playhouse, housed in an old Cape Cod meetinghouse remade into a completely modern theater.

Cape Cinema, decorated by Rockwell Kent with a 6,400 square-foot mural painting, exceeding in size even Tintoretto's *Paradise*.

Nobscusset Beach.

From East Dennis it is a short drive into the old captains' town of

BREWSTER, named for an Elder of Plymouth who came over in the *Mayflower*.

Brewster, like Yarmouth, looks only like itself. When you consider how small the Cape is, that its towns were settled at approximately the same time by people of like stock, it is always surprising to see what a marked personality each one has. Brewster was the home of deepwater sea captains, ninety-nine of them according to a recent honor roll, and it is said that at one time the town boasted more shipmasters than any other town in the country in proportion to its size. Foreign trade rather than fishing was the source of Brewster's wealth, and its great days of prosperity are reflected in the many beautiful Georgian mansions surrounded by wide lawns, trim high-grown hedges and fine old trees. The early primitive past seems farther away from Brewster than

from most Cape towns; it has a look not so much of age as of timelessness and, for that very reason, probably looks more like itself of a century and a half ago than do most Cape towns. That so many beautiful landmarks of the past survive is due either to the town's pusillanimity or its good sense; when threatened with destruction by the British in the War of 1812 it promptly raised the demanded $4,000 ransom by a tax on salt works, buildings and ships. Brewster wasn't the only town on the Cape to be forced to such measures and it must always be remembered not only that the Cape towns occupied a particularly vulnerable position but that the Army drained their natural defenders away from them.

Incorporated in 1803, Brewster is an offshoot of Harwich, as Harwich is of Eastham, one of the four original Cape towns, and consists of East Brewster, North Brewster, South Brewster and Brewster Center. The Brewster Country Club at East Brewster has a good nine-hole links. Also there is a fine beach, and many beautiful drives lead into the back country which proves unexpectedly sylvan, almost inland-looking at times. In the Brewsters see

The two Dillingham houses side by side on the main road. The older, the one with the salt-box roof, was built in 1660.

Joseph Lincoln's birthplace, a small clapboarded story-and-a-half cottage on the main road.

Stony Brook Mill at the site of one of the first four water-power grist mills in America (1660); this mill is located in West Brewster, once known as "Factory Village" because of the five mills—millers, weavers, knitters—lo-

cated there on account of the natural water power. The brook is one of the Cape's many "Herring Brooks," so called because in the spring the herring, seeking a pond in which to spawn, come up in such numbers that they may be scooped out in the hands.

Wing's Island, site of Brewster's old salt works: here also a tablet marks a spot near which John Wing in 1656 "erected the first house and became the first white settler within the limits of old Harwich."

Graveyard beside First Parish Church containing graves of fifty-two officers and privates of the Revolution.

Indian Prayer Rock, near the eastern shore of the Lower Mill Pond.

Cobb House (1800), surmounted by a captain's walk. Home of Captain Elijah Cobb.

A few miles from East Brewster, you will come to the elbow of the Cape at

ORLEANS, named for the democratic Duke of Orleans.

The pretty, peaceful town of Orleans, set off from Eastham and incorporated in 1797, has had perhaps the longest continuous history of any place upon the Cape and the one most crammed with exciting incident. The reason lies in its exposed position, of course; located at the elbow of the Cape, its eastern shores lie open to the full sweep of the Atlantic.

Near here Leif Ericsson is believed to have landed at the beginning of the eleventh century. The *Sparrowhawk*, carry-

ing colonists to the New World who were to spend the winter in Plymouth, was wrecked near Orleans in 1626. A clean break across the Cape, the first Cape Cod Canal, was made when the sea broke through the marshes north of town in 1717. During the Revolution and the War of 1812, Orleans was threatened again and again by the British fleets; a demand for an indemnity to spare the saltworks, like that made on Brewster, was indignantly rejected in the War of 1812; the British frigate *Newcastle*, in an attempt to collect the ransom, ran ashore off Rock Harbor; a British barge then entered Orleans Harbor and took possession of the schooner *Betty* and the sloops *Camel, Washington* and *Nancy*, but the British credulously placed one of the captured Yankee seamen aboard the chief prize, the schooner, to pilot her to Boston, and he ran her aground and took her crew prisoner; meantime, landing parties were being repelled by Orleans militiamen at what has come to be known as the Battle of Rock Harbor for which, sixty years later, Congress indemnified the town. Coming down a good many years, it was toward the Orleans coast that a German submarine in World War I fired the only shots of the war directed toward American soil, sinking four barges; the one retaliation attempted was a tool flung at the enemy submarine by an excited aviator in the midst of a throng of people in cars who were pouring down the Cape to see the German submarine.

Today Cape Codders around Orleans till their farms and tend their ducks and poultry; summer residents plant and trim their gardens, paint their old-fashioned houses, row on the placid waters of the bay, hunt antiques; but the ocean thundering against the sand barrier behind the town is still

a reminder of Orleans' peculiar vulnerability to the elements or a foreign foe. In Orleans see

Two-hundred-year-old home of Joshua Crosby who commanded a quarterdeck gun on the frigate *Constitution* during the fight with the Guerriere in the War of 1812 It is a plain little Cape house surrounded by anchors and the vertebrae of whales, out on Nauset road.

House of Captain John Kendrick (1792). Captain Kendrick in command of the *Columbia* and Lieutenant Robert Gray, commanding the sloop *Lady Washington*, were the first Americans to open up trade to the Northwest Coast. Kendrick was also the first captain to circumnavigate the globe under the American flag.

Rock Harbor where the British were repulsed in the War of 1812.

French Cable Station from which runs a direct route cable to Brest.

Jeremiah's Gutter, now only a depression across the Cape, where the sea broke through in 1717.

Nauset Beach.

Hog Island in Pleasant Bay, where part of Captain Kidd's treasure is said to lie; a good place for picnics, anyway.

Headstone in Orleans Library which originally marked the grave of the Reverend Samuel Treat who died in 1716. Treat was a great preacher of hell-fire and once warned his hearers that sinning did not end with this life: "the damned increase in sin in hell . . . Possibly the mention of this may please thee, but remember, there shall be no pleasant sins there, no eating, drinking, singing, dancing, wanton dalliance and drinking stolen

waters . . ." Like Richard Bourne, Treat worked indefatigably to convert the Indians.

Turning North from Orleans you come to

EASTHAM, first called Nausett.

Here the Cape flattens out into the great Nauset plains, once the granary of the Cape, which were so fertile they tempted almost half of Plymouth Colony to move here in 1646. Eastham is the Pilgrims' own town. Before they ever saw Plymouth they had camped upon its inner shore; during the Colony's first years of life they traded here with Indians for corn; when Bradford made over the patent he had received in 1630 to the Colony he reserved Nauset for the use of the Purchasers and Old Comers. There was even talk at one time of moving all of Plymouth Colony to Nauset and enough citizens did go to leave the old colony "like an ancient mother growne olde and forsaken of her children," in Bradford's words.

The forests which protected the rich top soil from the winds have long since disappeared; corn no longer grows here in any quantity, but truck gardening flourishes, with immense quantities of asparagus in the lead.

Eastham, like Orleans, had an exciting time in the Revolution and the War of 1812. The town's hero is Captain Matthew "Hóppy" Mayo who was captured by the British *Spencer* while attempting, with a Captain Winslow Knowles, to run a cargo of rye through the blockade in a whaleboat during the War of 1812. The British made the mistake of pressing Mayo into service as pilot of a captured schooner (couldn't

they ever learn?) and he succeeded in running it aground after getting the crew drunk and seizing what weapons he needed and throwing the others overboard; the captain and the crew were taken prisoners.

Another distinguished son of Eastham was Captain Freeman Hatch who in 1852, according to the inscription above his grave in Eastham, made "the Astonishing Passage in Clipper Ship *Northern Light* from 'Frisco to Boston in 76 days 6 hours, an Achievement Won by No Other Mortal Before or Since." Arthur H. Clark, writing *The Clipper Ship Era*, says Captain Hatch was "a thorough clipper ship captain who never allowed his ship to suffer for want of canvas": an encomium in itself.

Eastham's great attraction for visitors today is the spectacular stretch of beach behind the town; to reach it, follow the road to the Nauset Coast Guard Station leaving Route 6 about a mile beyond the Town Hall. In Eastham see

The Great Beach.

Nauset Light, the fourth lighthouse built near this site to avoid the encroachments of the sea.

Nauset Coast Guard Station.

Tablet on the Bay Shore marking the scene of the Pilgrims' First Encounter with the Indians.

Grave of "Hoppy" Mayo.

Grave of Captain Freeman Hatch.

Indian burying grounds, where excavations which have brought to light Indian skeletons were first made by experts from the Peabody Museum of Harvard in June, 1935.

Millennium Grove, now a stretch of scrub oaks, where camp

meetings were held every August between 1828 and 1863; as many as 5,000 people attended these meetings from all over the Cape; often there were 150 ministers. The Methodist Episcopal Church on the Cape dates from these meetings.

The Fo'castle, the shack in which Henry Beston lived on the back shore during the winter of 1927 and wrote *The Outermost House*, an authentic record of weather, seasonal changes and wild life on one of the geological outposts of the Cape.

Great asparagus fields.

Old Wind Mill, built about a hundred and fifty years ago. The only survivor on the lower Cape.

Grave of the Reverend Samuel Treat, preacher of hell-fire to the Indians and Eastham's first minister (1669-1716).

Leaving Eastham, you are well advanced down the narrowing Cape. The plains of Nauset give way to the more hilly, broken country of

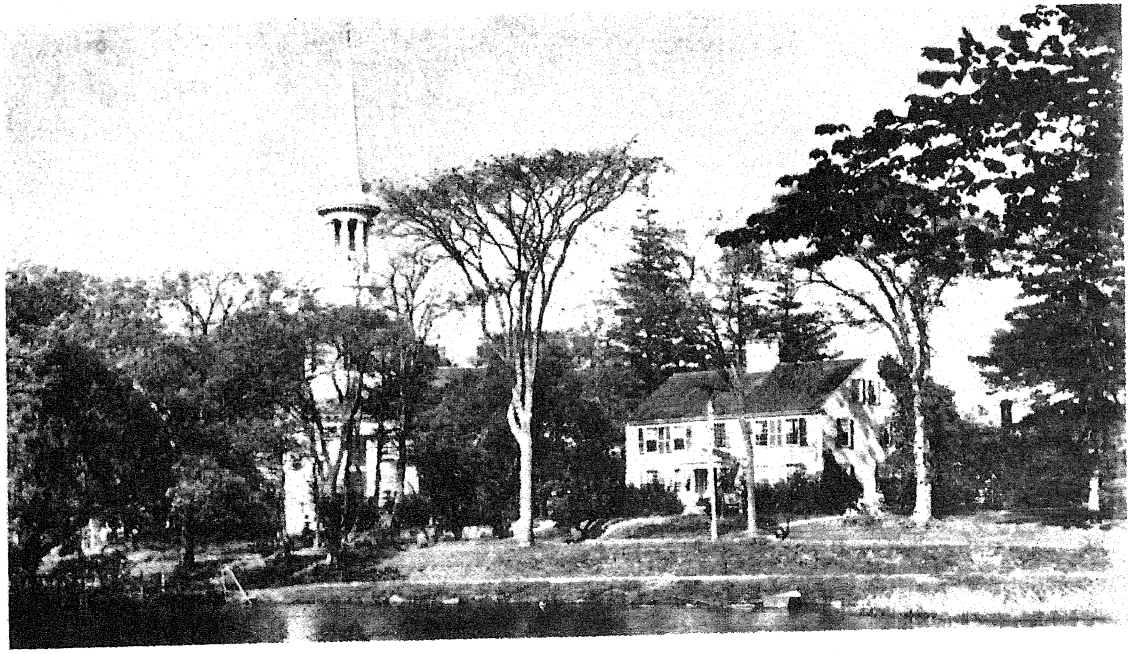
WELLFLEET: Not "Whalefleet," as was once thought rather naturally to be the origin of the name, but Wallfleet, from the English Blackwater Bay oyster beds.

Wellfleet packs into its small compass almost every kind of Northern scenery. You enter the town at South Wellfleet across a long causeway spanning a low, wide-spreading, salt-water marsh. The Bay side of the town is cut up with innumerable coves, inlets and tidal rivers; with its high cliffs and islands offshore it almost suggests a mountainous coast; on the ocean side stretch the Great Beach and dunes; between

are rolling moors, unexpectedly lofty pine forests and the little New England village of white houses, church steeples and winding roads.

Wellfleet as a town was not incorporated until 1763 but long before that it had been set off from Eastham as a community known first as Pool and later as Billingsgate. It is said that in the years immediately preceding the Revolution, nearly every man in Wellfleet was a whaleman—and by "man," in these early records, we must read also "boy," for in the family-manned vessels of Cape Cod children often started going to sea as young as ten. There is scarcely an old family in Wellfleet but cherishes the whaling log or logs of some forebear. These yellowed notebooks, with their terse, matter-of-fact records of weather, strange ports, savages and whales make dramatic reading today; often they are decorated in the margin with pen-and-ink drawings; a whole whale indicates one that was killed, an upright tail one that got away. Whales of any kind were good, sperm whales were better; ambergris, rarely found, made the voyage. "I got these diamonds when Captain found ambergris," a whaler captain's wife once said to me, showing me on stubby, workworn hands jewels that would stagger a New York night club. Ambergris is a substance secreted by diseased whales; it is important in the making of perfumes and is extremely valuable; to find a chunk of ambergris, in a whaler's life, is a bonanza equivalent to striking oil on a Kansas ranch. Oysters also helped to build Wellfleet's prosperity in the Cape's great days and are still an important industry in the town.

Away back in 1770 a mysterious epidemic destroyed the oyster beds; but seed oysters were imported from the South,



Elm shaded streets, old churches and houses and woods and streams make Sandwich one of the most beautiful villages on Cape Cod.



New Haven Railroad

Town crier garbed in colonial dress still calls the day's news in old Provincetown.

later from Long Island; a sojourn at the bottom of the harbor gave them the true Wellfleet flavor. In the fall and winter everyone goes scalloping, taking the tiny bay scallops, so much finer than deep sea scallops and found only in these waters. And there's a thriving business done in quahogs, or little necks.

Wellfleet is now a sedate, dignified town, firm in its New England customs and attitude toward life, living partly on the remnants of past fortunes. Bananas, oddly enough, were the foundation of one of these, for the United Fruit Company had its beginning when it occurred to Captain Lorenzo Dow Baker of Wellfleet to add a few bunches of them to the cargo of bamboo he was bringing back from Jamaica in 1870.

There is fine swimming in Wellfleet, both on the Back Shore and in the warmer waters of the Bay, tennis, a yacht club, and golf on the nine-hole Chequesset Golf Course. In Wellfleet see

Site chosen by Guglielmo Marconi for first station in America to send radio messages overseas; dismantled now. The same spot was once used for the take-off for a school of gliders.

Cahoon's Hollow Coast Guard Station situated at end of beautiful drive through one of the cross valleys characteristic of this end of the Cape.

L. D. Baker house.

Gull Pond, a beautiful fresh-water lake on road to fine Atlantic Beach; a favorite picnic and shooting ground.

Great Island, site of the first East India Trading Post established in New England.

Many charming old houses, in town and on back roads.

Herring River.

House of Oysterman, with whom Thoreau stayed the night on his walk to Provincetown in 1849. On Gull Pond Road.

Leaving Wellfleet, even the most complete inlander will realize he is approaching Land's End. The horizons widen, trees shrink, a country of widely-rolling, wind-swept moors leads you to

TRURO, named for the town in Cornwall.

Truro is one of the saltiest of the Cape towns. A pioneer in the whaling industry, it once ranked with Wellfleet and Provincetown as one of the three great whaling centers of the Cape; fleets of cod and mackerel fishers also sailed from its ports and in the early part of the last century these quiet valleys rang with life. As you approach North Truro, you will see three churches "set on a hill to be nearer God and a landmark for the fishermen," in the words of Shebnah Rich. Hidden away among the hills are a surprising number of beautiful old Cape Cod cottages, but they are few compared with the overgrown foundations of houses, which fire and decay and vandalism have destroyed, all once part of a thriving town. The old graveyards of Truro are an impressive monument to the town's seafaring history; "Lost at Sea" is the recurrent epitaph and there is something deeply touching about these graves where no bodies lie. Truro's wildly dangerous coast has had a long history of shipwreck, and in 1797 the United States Government first erected a lighthouse near the site from which the sweeping flash of Highland Light now dominates the town—indeed, the whole

lower Cape—at night. This famous lighthouse stands on the crest of a tumbling cliff dropping 140 feet to the sea and called, for no known reason, the Blue Clay Pounds; standing beside it, you are looking directly across the Atlantic Ocean to Spain.

Settled by men from Eastham who called themselves the Pamet Proprietors, Truro was first known as Dangerfield but incorporated under its present name in 1709. Today it is a summer colony for artists, writers, and pleasure-seekers of all kinds; the Highland Light has a good nine-hole golf course, there's fine bathing both on the Back Shore and in the bay. But Truro absorbs the strangers; they come and go and sometimes even stay here all the year round and the town's essential character remains unchanged. In Truro see

Tablet marking site of spring where the Pilgrims drank their first New England water.

Tablet on Corn Hill showing spot where Pilgrims found their first corn.

Highland Light, one of the most powerful lights in America. It is 80 feet high, has a brilliancy of 4,500,000 candle power and on a clear night its flashes may be seen forty-five miles at sea.

Radio Compass Station near Highland Light, operated by United States Navy. This station broadcasts the signal Q for one minute out of every three in the twenty-four hours. Visitors can hear it timed and clicked out at the station itself set almost upon the cliff edge. On the right by the lighthouse weather signals fly from a masthead. On the left a tall radio tower shows brilliant cranberry red lights, which are of course wholly appropriate to Cape Cod, at night to warn off planes.

Old cemeteries.

Pamet Coast Guard Station, on the Great Beach.
Pamet River, which runs nearly across the Cape.
Deckhouse of wrecked barge *Coleraine*, now made into a summer cottage on hill near Highland Light.
Site of ancient Indian summer encampments on Pilgrim Heights; here Indian relics are quite frequently found.
Bayberry Candle Factory.

Leaving Truro to continue down the Cape, you run along a narrow strip of land with summer cottages on one side and a lake on the other. This is made land. The lake, still known as East Harbor, was once a real harbor into which ships sailed in the days of Truro's great prosperity. It was cut off by the railroad causeway built in 1849 and here the land is gradually building up. The water of the lake, still brackish, is gradually becoming fresh. At the end of this road, called Beach Point Road, you enter

PROVINCETOWN, so called because it was once part of the Province Lands.

Provincetown, the first landing place of the Pilgrims, was incorporated comparatively late in the Cape's history and is less a grandchild than a stepchild of Plymouth Colony. For centuries the rendezvous of pirates, freebooters, fishermen, smugglers, adventurers of all nations, it was placed under the jurisdiction of the town of Truro in 1714 but that town immediately petitioned the General Court that the lawless community "be declared either a part of Truro or not a part of Truro that the town may know how to act in regard to some persons." "Some persons" are still a cause of disturbance to

its staider neighbor up the Cape and Provincetown is still the most cosmopolitan of all Cape towns.

Narrow, foreign-looking streets; crowded houses; a wildly diverse population of old-time Yankees, Portuguese fishermen, actors, artists, tourists, sailors; easels jostling gay umbrellas on the beaches; wharves made over into night clubs, fish sheds into studios; shops of all kinds; tearooms and restaurants; caravans, trucks and an endless stream of cars—all make a curious spectacle for the Pilgrim Monument to look down upon. Yet there are the spires of old churches and beautiful Colonial doorways to remind you that this is still New England; it is interesting to know that many of the bright gardens in front of the little cottages were planted in soil brought here as ballast in sailing vessels long ago; that the little alleys that connect the two main streets were once runways for boats. Provincetown—with Truro and Wellfleet—was once one of the Cape's three great whaling and fishing towns, and it is here that most of the Cape's fishing is done today.

The town was officially incorporated in 1727 and for many years its citizens cheerfully bought and sold and built upon land they did not own, for from the beginning this territory had been set apart as the Province Lands; Province Lands it remained until 1893 when the state surrendered its title to the strip of land upon which the town was actually built, but the wild dunes and woods behind it remain Province Lands.

Provincetown has been a summer art center since the 1890's. Today there is an Art Association which has two annual summer exhibitions, academic and modern, and in August sponsors an annual Artists' Costume Ball; there are

a number of other art schools and galleries, and many distinguished artists, some of whom take private pupils, make Provincetown their home. Here the Little Theater movement in America had its beginning in 1915 and '16, and, until a great gale took it away in 1940 the town had an up-to-date summer playhouse in the Wharf Theatre, built in 1924. The swimming is exceptionally good, both in the harbor and on the Back Shore, and sailing and boating in the harbor are fun —and safe. Provincetown today, as it has been in the past, is the home of some of the most distinguished artists and writers in America. See

The Pilgrim Monument—you can't miss it; it is a copy, not quite exact, of the tower of Torre del Mangia in Siena, Italy, is 252 feet, 7½ inches high, and was erected by the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims in Provincetown Harbor on November 11, 1620, five weeks before they saw Plymouth. The dedication occurred August 5, 1910. If you feel like climbing, the view from the top is spectacular: town, dunes, forest, harbor, sea.

Bas-relief of "Signing of the Mayflower Compact" at the foot of Tower Hill.

Tablet commemorating Landing of Pilgrims near Town Hall and giving full text of Mayflower Compact.

Tablet marking place where Pilgrims are believed to have come ashore first at the west end of town.

Tablet in Old Cemetery in memory of the Pilgrims who died here.

Historical Museum, containing many early American records and relics, and the personal Arctic collection of

Donald B. MacMillan, explorer and one of Provincetown's native sons, also delicate and beautiful specimens of scrimshaw work carved by whalers on long voyages.

Birthplace of Donald B. MacMillan, marked by a bronze tablet.

Universalist Church with Christopher Wren spire.

Oldest House in town (1730).

Summer Exhibitions of Paintings.

Painting of fishermen by Charles W. Hawthorne in Selectmen's Room of the Town Hall.

Provincetown's first fire engine (about 1836), now kept in the basement of the Town Hall. Note wide wheels for driving over sand.

Magnificent dunes and beaches behind the town: these are best seen by walking, but a fine view may also be had by driving along the "New Road," built in 1929. This wild coast has had a wild history. The British man-of-war *Somerset* was wrecked off its bars in 1778. Beyond Long Point the submarine S-4 was rammed by the Coast Guard cutter *Paulding* in 1927, with a loss of forty lives. German submarines slunk around it in World War II and three vessels were torpedoed somewhere in these waters on June 16, 1942. The town received from National Director of Civilian Defense, James Landis, the first citation ever given for the able handling by its Civilian Defense of the survivors. The sea-going citizens were gratified but somewhat surprised, for "quiet heroism" in the face of maritime disaster is nothing new to them.

Peaked Hill Coast Guard Station.

Race Point Coast Guard Station.

Remains of earthworks thrown up during the Civil War on Long Point.
Long Point Lighthouse.
Wood End Lighthouse.

On leaving Provincetown, you must retrace your steps to Orleans, but it is not necessary to follow the main highway all the way. Beginning at Truro, hard-surfaced roads branch out to each side and, on the Bay side of the Cape, are connected with each other, so that you may make your way back up the Cape through wooded valleys and past old farms and settlements scarcely changed from the eighteenth century. Just before entering Orleans turn aside on Route 28 to

CHATHAM, named for the seaport of Chatham, England.

Chatham, incorporated in 1712, was founded as part of an early real estate promotion scheme. William Nickerson of Yarmouth moved there with his family in 1664 after buying a thousand acres of land from Mattaquason, the sachem of the region, with the down payment of a boat. Nickerson's purchase involved him in difficulties with the General Court which did not believe in any such concentration of wealth; it was many years before he got possession of the property but before he died his original holdings had been increased to four thousand acres. Nearly sixty years before this Chatham had been the scene of Champlain's disastrous encounter with the Indians which perhaps prevented the Cape from being settled by the French; it was the shoals off Chatham that turned the Pilgrims back when they were trying to round

the Cape and forced them into Provincetown; except for that Plymouth Colony might never have been. Though never so great a fishing center as the towns of the lower Cape, Chatham took its share of the treasures of the deep and sent its fleets of fishing boats to the Grand Banks. Its ragged coast, constantly being torn down and remade by the elements, has seen an ugly line of wrecks and its treacherous shifting shoals are dreaded by mariners even today. The town has a marked identity derived from its great stretches of beach, alive with birds, its many tidal inlets, creeks and ponds, and vast wind-swept moors; in spite of its present sophistication, it has a wild fascination man cannot touch. It is a fashionable summer resort, and the center of a big duck-shooting and sport-fishing area. The Eastward Ho! golf links have a national reputation and the Chatham Bars Inn, one of the Cape's largest summer hotels, maintains a good nine-hole course. There is swimming both in the ocean and in the quieter waters of Pleasant Bay. See

Chatham Light. Here the sea is constantly eating the land away and this light is one of a third pair of twin lights to be erected near here. The second light of this pair was moved to Nauset, at Eastham, in 1923.

Atwood House, the oldest house in Chatham, built in 1752.

Windmill overlooking Stage Harbor, built in 1797. This mill was in practically continuous operation for a hundred and ten years, serving as a beacon for fishermen as well as for grinding corn.

Bronze tablet near Stage Harbor marking spot where Champlain landed in 1606, believed to be the first white man to visit these shores.

Joseph Lincoln's house.

The high-powered radio station at Chathamport which was taken over by the United States Government for naval service during the World Wars.

Granite shaft commemorating heroism of Coast Guard crew, all but one of whom lost their lives attempting to rescue the crew of the wrecked *Wadena* in 1902. Monomoy Point Coast Guard Station was established after this disaster.

Bird Colony on Tern Island, owned and protected by the Federation of Bird Clubs of New England.

From Chatham it is a short run along Route 28 to

HARWICH, named for the English seaport.

Harwich, the child of Eastham and parent of Brewster, was incorporated in 1694 and at that time extended clear across the Cape. Today its seven villages—East Harwich, West Harwich, South Harwich, North Harwich, Pleasant Lake, Harwichport and Harwich Center—straggle comfortably back and forth from the South Shore to about the hilly mid-section of the Cape and are reached by winding, pleasantly rural roads. Harwich was one of the early leaders in the fishing industry on the Cape and held a prominent position until the rise of still more thriving ports began to draw its men away from home. Whittier's poem, "The Branded Hand," was written about Captain Jonathan Walker, a native of Harwich, who was captured while carrying seven fugitive slaves from Florida to the West Indies in 1844 and branded on the right hand in punishment; Walker's later lectures did a great deal

to stir abolitionist sentiment. When the fishing industry began to decline Harwich was the first town to realize the possibilities of wealth in cranberries, a crop that is now the mainstay of the Cape's livelihood. Cranberries, which had always grown wild upon the Cape, were cultivated extensively in Harwich as early as 1845. In the matter of summer visitors, too, Harwich was in the van and back in the eighties of the nineteenth century was a gay and lively summer resort, as it is today. Pleasure craft crowd the miniature Wychmere Harbor at Harwichport; this was once a lake surrounded by a trotting-race track; there's good golf on the nine-hole course of the Harwich Golf Club; good riding, sponsored by a riding school; good hunting, in season, and good swimming, both in the ocean and in the fresh waters of Pleasant Lake. In Harwich see

The vast cranberry bogs, like purple carpets in the fall.
Old cemeteries.
Pleasant country drives.

Leaving Harwich follow Route 28 to

HYANNIS, named for the Indian sachem Iyanough; and other South Barnstable Villages.

Hyannis, actually a village of Barnstable, has every appearance of being a town in its own right. It is the home of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce and in summer the shopping center of the Cape; here Boston and New York department stores and specialty shops of the first rank maintain summer branches. Hyannisport, Craigville, Centerville, Osterville, Oyster Harbors, Wianno and Cotuit are fashionable sum-

mer resorts attracting wealthy visitors. Activity centers around golf courses, yacht clubs, fine bathing beaches, big hotels; the waters of Vineyard Sound in the summer are alive with sail; big yachts swing at anchor; people come and go by plane or high-powered car; city orchestras rather than radios play for dancing at night; the sea still dominates, but it is largely the sea of pleasure, not of business as farther down the Cape. These villages have little of the old, salty, early American aspect of other Cape towns, and yet a faintly historic charm hangs about their big, luxurious, Victorian summer homes, set in carefully landscaped gardens, and their wide-verandaed, comfortable hotels; the pleasant gay life of the nineties is recalled, joined here with every modern facility for having a good time, all in an ideal setting of sparkling sea, of bays and creeks and inlets and pine-needled roads. See

View from fire observation tower on Shoot-Flying Hill, Hyannis.

Hale House, oldest house in Osterville.

Hyannis Public Library, housed in typical old Cape Cod cottage and containing sailing museum in captain's bedroom on upper floor.

Craigville bathing beach. This is a fine bathing beach with warm water, clean fine sand and a gentle slope. Here on what was once camp meeting ground is the Camp Meeting Bathhouse in Colonial style. The well-designed Town Bathhouse is here too.

Crosby Shipyard at Osterville. Here, for six generations, Crosbys have been building boats. The famous original Crosby "cat" was built for fishing in the days of sail: its great advantage was speed. Sportsmen became inter-

ested in the Crosby "cats" when motors were introduced and the later models became pleasure craft for cruising. The Crosbys were building racing knockabouts, both large and small, before World War II.

Continuing past these villages on Route 28 you will skirt the Indian village of

MASHPEE

This straggling little town stands in what is still the wildest, most primitive region of the Cape, although as a settlement it dates back to 1660. At that time fifty square miles of this territory were set aside as a reservation for the Cape Indians. The community was later given an opportunity to practice self-government through its own courts, largely through the efforts of Richard Bourne, one of Sandwich's early settlers. Bourne was a friend whom the Indians never forgot, and he should be given credit for much of the Cape's immunity to danger in the later Indian wars. He spent his life in laboring for the Indians and all he asked in return was that they allow themselves to be converted to Christianity, which they agreeably did. The experiment in self-government failed; Mashpee in its independence attracted a naturally lawless element; the pure Indian strain died out, mingled largely with negro and Portuguese blood; in the end the Governor had to take over the government of the community again but Richard Bourne's unconscious work for the Colony was done.

Mashpee was officially incorporated in 1871. Still a beautiful wilderness, it has attracted many distinguished visitors in

its time, among them, of course, Daniel Webster, that indefatigable fisherman. It has been said that his address at Bunker Hill monument was composed while he was standing knee-deep in a trout stream at Mashpee. Grover Cleveland, Joseph Jefferson and a long line of other anglers followed him. The Hotel Attaquin at which these great men stayed, once known as the "Old Indian Hotel," still stands. See

The Old Indian Church (1684) built upon the site of Bourne's cabin: summer services are still held here.

Mashpee Lake, the largest body of fresh water on the Cape (770 acres).

Herring Brook, from which many hundreds of barrels of herring are taken every spring.

Old Indian Burying Ground.

Beyond Mashpee Route 28 will lead you to

FALMOUTH, named for the seaport in Cornwall.

Falmouth is a town for every man's taste. Once a haven for Quakers who were being persecuted in other Cape towns, it was also the home of many deep-water sea captains, whose stately square mansions still stand, and a great whaling and fishing center in its day; here righteousness and sound business sense met to build a handsome, dignified, substantial town, that is typically New England, with the tang of the Cape. Its history dates back to 1660 when a group of citizens from Barnstable founded the settlement of Succonessit; twenty-six years later it was incorporated separately, and the name was changed to Falmouth in 1693. It is a matter for rejoicing that the British failed to burn Falmouth in 1779;

a few shells did fall on the town but the men of Falmouth, aided by two companies of militia from Sandwich, succeeded in repelling a large determined landing party in the only engagement of the war to take place on Cape Cod soil. Though less exposed than some of the lower Cape towns, Falmouth was in a spot in the Revolution because of its proximity to the Elizabeth Islands, used by the British for a naval base, and the town was threatened with famine more than once, but the Yankee skippers often succeeded in running the blockade and even in inflicting damage on the enemy. Falmouth was also bombarded during the War of 1812.

Today among the sixteen villages of Falmouth you may find many stirring landmarks and mementos of our country's early history; a vigorous present in a thriving town and a markedly prosperous farming community; a lively, fashionable summer life centering around golf courses, yacht racing, polo matches; scientific interest at Woods Hole. This village of Falmouth, once a fishing and shipbuilding center, is internationally famous for its Marine Biological Laboratory which attracts hundreds of scientists and research workers to Falmouth every year. A boat for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket leaves from here. In Falmouth see

Village Green, laid out in 1749.

First Congregational Church with bell cast by Paul Revere; this is one of two Paul Revere bells in use in America today.

Falmouth Historical Museum. This century-old house has has been made into a replica of a Falmouth home of a hundred years ago, even to the old-fashioned dresses hanging in the closets upstairs.

Bowerman house (1685), one of the five houses on the Cape with a ship's-bottom roof, sometimes mistakenly called a rainbow roof.

Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. This internationally famous institution traces its history back to a group of students gathered together in 1873 to study natural history under Louis Agassiz. It maintains its own fleet of boats for collecting specimens and material.

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries Station at Woods Hole; in an aquarium maintained here in summer you may see most of the common and a lot of uncommon North Atlantic fish. Here also cod and flounder are spawned for release in Cape waters and important work is done in marine biology.

Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, erected and endowed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Fay Rose Garden, one of the most famous rose gardens in America; visitors are welcome, although it is part of a private estate.

Tablet marking birthplace of Katherine Lee Bates.

Coonamesset Ranch, largest ranch east of the Mississippi; now also a kind of dude ranch of the East, with golf, airport, polo matches, swimming and a hotel.

Acres of strawberry fields, largely cultivated by Portuguese; this territory constitutes one of the greatest strawberry-growing centers in America.

Quaker Meeting-House and Burial Ground.

Nobska Light.

Old established nurseries which specialize in native plants and trees and windswept gardens.

Silver Beach.

House facing the Green once occupied by Captain Weston Jenkins. During the War of 1812 Captain Jenkins concealed thirty volunteers aboard his sloop *The Two Friends* and deliberately invited capture from the British privateer *Retaliation*; at the moment of surrender he summoned his friends from hiding. The *Retaliation* was captured and her crew marched to Boston as prisoners of war.

After leaving Falmouth, Route 28 runs along Buzzards Bay to

BOURNE, named for Richard Bourne, the friend of the Indians.

Cape Cod begins at Bourne and so, in any continuous sense, does its history. Provincetown, where the Pilgrims first landed, was not revisited for many years, but as early as 1622 Governor Bradford was paying visits around Bourne and here, in 1627, came Myles Standish, sailing up Scusset Creek to meet the sloops of de Rasières, sailing up Manomet River, with supplies for hungry Plymouth Colony from New Amsterdam. Where the two rivers almost met, a trading post called Aptucxet was established, the first in New England, and it was from this point that Plymouth Colony carried on the trade with the outside world of New Amsterdam and Virginia which finally enabled the Old Comers to pay off their debt to the Merchant Adventurers. A curious touch was given Bourne's history in 1756 when ninety exiled Acadians sailed up the Manomet River and asked that their seven boats

be carried across to the opposite bay so that they might go to Boston. The Court saw fit to reject their plea on the grounds of their own safety, and the exiles were distributed in lots in the various towns; in the course of time they were completely assimilated by the alien Puritan civilization but French blood must run in many Cape Cod veins today.

Originally a part of Sandwich, Bourne was incorporated as a separate town in 1884 and today includes the villages of Monument Beach, Cataumet, Pocasset, Buzzards Bay and Sagamore. There are many summer colonies in the villages along the shores of Buzzards Bay, fine swimming and sailing, yacht races, hunting and fishing. See

Gray Gables, once President Cleveland's summer home, now an inn.

Aptucxet Trading Post, an exact replica of the original trading post, erected in 1930 by the Bourne Historical Society.

Bronze tablet on Burying Hill, once an Indian burying ground, which marks "the site of the First Meeting House for Indians in Plymouth Colony established by Richard Bourne and Thomas Tupper soon after Their Settlement in Sandwich 1637."

View from top of Signal Hill, in Revolutionary days one of a chain of hills on which fires were burned to relay to Boston information about the movements of the enemy's fleet. From the top of Signal Hill the Cape appears still almost an unbroken wilderness.

R. Bigelow and Co. Shipbuilding Yard at Monument Beach. Here, in 1928, was built the two-mastered schooner, *Nina*, which in 1928 won the Transatlantic Queen's Cup,

the Fasnet Race, the Gibson Island Race, and has never been defeated in competition.

Great Rock, the largest boulder on the Cape, weighing about four hundred tons. Brought here from New Hampshire or Vermont by the irresistible force of a glacier, it was once used as a prayer rock by the Indians.

CHAPTER X.

CAPE COD COOKING

IT WAS in the kitchen, the great room of the house, running nearly its whole length, that the life of a Cape Cod family was lived. This was the heart of the house, this was the room that the comfort-loving cat liked best, where the humming kettle hung from the crane above a fire of birch or oak logs blazing in the wide fireplace flanked by paneled cupboards. From morning to night something was always cooking here, bean soup or cod muddle, or a stew in an iron pot with a flavorsome bit of meat or fish. When the iron door of the built-in brick oven was opened, out floated the appetizing smell of hot bread, or of blueberry pie or ginger cake. The sun shone through the small-paned window where fresh-washed curtains hung; the wide pine boards of the floor, and the old trestle table were scrubbed clean, the hearth swept clean. A young wife with children was busy here all day long, setting milk or skimming cream or scalding pails, churning, baking, washing, making cheese, sewing, cooking, making ale. In the early days of the Colony ale came on at every meal; even children drank it. It was brought up out of the cool cellar and set out for breakfast with hasty pudding and hot pea soup. For the noonday meal there would be a stew with vegetables—onions or squash or turnips. Supper was plain but solid—"ye Indean porridge" again, with the addition of cheese and pie.

Cape Cod cooking was plain, and is today. Some of the recipes have a stern, bleak aspect, like a salt cod. And like a salt cod, they are surprisingly tasty, flavorsome and full of character. Here we give a few of the best.

Boston's Favorite

Broiled Scrod (a young cod)

Split down the middle, brush with melted butter. Lay on a hot, oiled broiler. (If you grease the broiler and have it hot the fish won't stick.) Broil two inches from the broiler heat or over coals till fish flakes when tested—about 10 to 12 minutes. Turn and broil on other side till fish is brown. Serve with melted butter and parsley, and a squeeze of lemon.

There's really no better way to cook scrod, or any other delicate fish.

Cape Cod Turkey

1 codfish
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup breadcrumbs (coarse)
½ teaspoon marjoram or summer savory or a pinch of sage
2 tablespoons chopped celery
1 hard-boiled egg chopped
1 slice salt pork or 2 slices bacon
salt and pepper

Brush fish inside and out with melted butter or olive oil. Melt butter; add chopped onion and bread crumbs and brown a little. Moisten with a little water or with stock, if you have it, and add celery, herb, salt and pepper and chopped egg. Stuff and sew up the fish. Lay slices of salt pork in the pan and put

the fish on them. Dredge with salt and pepper. Bake in a moderate oven and baste with the drippings. It's the chopped hardboiled egg that makes this special. Serve with an egg sauce.

Egg Sauce

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 hard-boiled egg, chopped
2 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar
2 cups water (boiling)

Rub butter and flour together in saucepan; add boiling water. When the mixture thickens, add the chopped egg and lemon or vinegar.

Fried Haddock

Use fresh haddock cut in thick pieces. Dip pieces in salted milk and roll in cracker crumbs or flour. Have a half-inch of fat (lard is the best) in the pan, very hot but not smoking. Lay in the fish. Turn it only once, and when it's brown it's done. It's an old superstition that the pieces must not touch each other in the frying pan. Serve this with tartar sauce and boiled potatoes, with dill chopped over them, and parsley.

Boiled Cod, or Haddock, or Salmon

If it's a whole fish, leave the head on, or boil it with the fish for flavor. If it's a good thick piece of salmon, wrap it in a cloth. Make the broth as follows:

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vinegar or lemon
red or black pepper to taste

1 bay leaf, 1 onion or garlic, celery or parsley
2 quarts water to every pound of fish

Bring the seasoned water to a boil, lay in the fish, and simmer till it comes away easily from the bone. Serve with egg sauce. On the Fourth of July all right-thinking people on Cape Cod have boiled salmon with egg sauce and fresh green peas and mealy boiled potatoes with parsley butter (after you drain the potatoes dry them a little over low heat till they *are* mealy).

Cod Tongues and Cheeks

These are delicious chunks of delicate meat. The "tongue" is not really the tongue, but a bit of meat at its base. The cheek is a piece, round like a fifty-cent piece, cut from the jowl. Roll them in corn meal and fry in hot fat, or roll in flour and sauté in butter. They are a delicious dainty.

Fried Eels

Cut the eels into five-inch pieces and boil them for about 5 minutes. Drain, cool. Dip them in beaten egg and corn meal, or in plain corn meal, and fry them in bacon fat or salt pork which has been tried out.

Don't shudder away from the eel; it's a great delicacy. "Scarcely surpassed," says Shebnah Rich, "by any fish that swims." But better than fried eels to my mind, are:

Cold-Boiled Eels with Mayonnaise

Cut the eels in pieces as for frying and boil them till tender in a seasoned water, with vinegar, parsley, celery and red pepper, carrot and bay leaf. Then drain and cool in the icebox.

Serve them with mayonnaise. A light-flavored tidbit very good for hors d'oeuvres or a fish salad.

Spawn

This is fish roe, delicious and full of vitamins. Haddock, flounder, bass, herring, whiting and mackerel are the best, and the best of these is haddock. If the spawn is large, parboil it in water with a little vinegar. Drain, cool and roll in seasoned flour. Fry in butter or other hot fat. The little pieces of spawn from smaller fish like whiting or herring need not be parboiled first, as they cook quickly clear through. Serve with a squeeze of lemon.

Chowders

A chowder on Cape Cod means a fish or clam stew made with potatoes, onion, salt pork and milk, and served with biscuit or crackers. The crackers are very important. The common cracker is most esteemed on Cape Cod. It is very close to hardtack, or ship's bread, and is a hard, dry, round biscuit made of a plain unsalted dough. Ask for common crackers or Boston crackers. If you can't get them, use pilot biscuit, a square, unsalted cracker not so hard as the common cracker—none of those newfangled soda crackers or cocktail things. Split the common crackers; or just break up the pilot crackers.

Here is the classic recipe for *Cape Cod Chowder*

A cod or haddock of about 4 or 5 pounds
1 piece of diced salt pork, 3 oz.
1 cup chopped onion, more if you like it
4 potatoes sliced or cut up
1 quart milk
lump of butter

Get a whole fish and have the head, tail, fins and backbone taken out, *but keep them*. Put the bones, head, etc. in kettle with 2 cups of cold water and bring to a boil; simmer till flesh comes away from the bone, and drain off stock. This is what gives flavor and body to the chowder. Fry the onion lightly in the pork fat, till just golden. Add 2 cups of water, the stock from the bones, the potatoes and the fish cut in slices. Simmer about 20 minutes. Add the milk hot, or it will curdle; add butter, salt and pepper.

Split crackers, soak in cold milk, and pour the chowder over them.

Captain's Clam Chowder

1 pint clams, soft steamers, with their juice
3 oz. salt pork
1 chopped onion
½ lb. diced salt pork
2 cups boiling water
3 cups milk
1 cup cream
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
black pepper
4 Boston commons

Try out the salt pork, add chopped onions, and sauté till golden. Drain the clams, setting aside the juice. Clean, chop and add to pork and onions. Parboil the potatoes for 5 minutes and add to the clams. Cover with the boiling water and simmer till the potatoes are done. Scald the milk and cream together. Heat clam juice and add it slowly to the hot milk. Now pour the hot milk over the clam and potato mixture and don't cook any more. Add butter and black pepper.

Put in each soup plate a split Boston common which has been soaked for a few minutes in cold milk. Or use crumbled pilot crackers—but not salty crackers of any kind.

Hard Clam Chowder

1 dozen large hard-shelled clams
2 potatoes, chopped
2 onions, chopped
2 oz. salt pork, diced
salt and pepper
boiling water

Scrub clams and steam in a large covered kettle till the shells open. Strain the juice and set aside. Clean the clams and chop them very fine. Try out the salt pork, brown the onions lightly in the pork fat (never really brown, just yellow), add clams, clam juice, potatoes and enough boiling water to cover. Cook till potatoes are soft, but don't boil hard—just bubbling. Then simmer for another hour. This takes some time, but is very good.

The hard clams are quite different from the soft, and are called quahogs—pronounced "ko-hog" on the Cape. "Cherry stone and little-neck clams," which are so delicious raw, are little quahogs and have no necks. Littlenecks are two or two and a half inches in diameter. Cherrystones are large, up to four inches. The largest quahogs, called "blunts," are usually used in chowders. The soft clams, or steamers, which are little and tender, are found near shore. They have long, dark-colored necks which they send up through the ooze for feeding and breathing. You often see the bubbles as you walk along the flats.

The sea clam is the big clam whose handsome shells are used for decoration around flower beds. These clams lie far out in the outer bars. They are very hard; the flesh is firm and especially good in chowders and clam pie. The "eye" of the sea clam is good eaten raw. This is the part that sticks to the shell and is sometimes sold as scallops. They are almost as tasty as the small scallop with the fluted shell.

Scallop Stew

1 pint sea scallops diced
½ cup chopped onion
1 large potato, diced
1 cup boiling water
1 quart scalded milk
lump of butter
salt and pepper (fresh black, grated)

Sauté the onions in butter, add scallops, cook for 5 minutes, add potato and boiling water, hot milk, and a lump of butter.

Lobster Stew

Meat from 2 small or 1 large lobster (previously boiled)
Green fat (liver) and coral (the cooked roe, bright red in color)
2 tablespoons butter
1 quart milk
1 onion
chopped parsley
pilot crackers

Parboil milk with onion, then remove onion.

Make a paste of liver, coral and butter. Put the paste in a double boiler and add the milk slowly. Then put in the lobster meat, season to taste and bring to a boil—but don't boil. Serve with pilot crackers.

As you drive down the Cape you'll see a lot of places that offer fried clams and clam cakes. Here is the best recipe for clam cakes that we know. It's all clams, not a lot of floury sauce inside.

Clam Cakes

1 cup round clams
2 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons flour
salt and pepper

Shape into cakes, heat butter in skillet and fry cakes till brown. Turn once and brown on the other side.

Clam Pie

10 sea clams or same amount of soft clams (about 3 pints cleaned)
3 oz. salt pork
⅔ cup onion
1 cup bread crumbs or cracker crumbs

Chop or grind the clams. Try out salt pork and fry onion in it lightly. Add clams and cook a few minutes, till clams shrink a little. Remove from fire and add crumbs. Add salt and pepper and a little cream. Line a pie plate with pastry and put in the clam filling. Dot with butter and put on top crust. Brush with milk and bake. (Some prefer not to include the onion.)

Fried scallops appear in all the eating places along the Cape, and have no rival when they are good. But try them creamed or skewered too.

Skewered Scallops

Wash and drain the scallops. Dry them on a towel and put on a skewer with bits of bacon between. Broil till the bacon is crisp. Or wrap them in bacon and broil or fry them.

Creamed Scallops

2 cups scallops
1 cup rich milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 egg yolk, beaten

Parboil for 5 minutes, and drain. Melt the butter and cook it over low fire for 5 minutes. Add flour and stir, cooking gently while you slowly pour in cream or milk. Put in scallops and, at last moment, egg yolk, stirring fast. Don't cook again.

Steamed Clams

This is really the best way to eat soft clams.

Soft Clams

Wash clams in several waters and brush well with a stiff brush. Put in the kettle with a cover, and no water; or just a little water if they need it to keep from burning. When they are done the shells will open—partly open is enough.

Save the clam broth—it is delicious and wholesome.

Melt butter for the clams and add a squeeze of lemon.

The way to eat them is to wash them in their own broth, dip in lemon butter and just eat till you can eat no more.

Boiled Lobster

The secret of a good boiled lobster is salt. Either cook it in its own element, salt sea water, or add 3 tablespoons of rock salt to every quart of water.

Have the water boiling hard. Plunge the lobster in alive, tail down, and boil 15 or 20 minutes. When cool, split, take out the stomach crop and intestinal canal. Leave the liver, the green fat, and the bright red coral, which is delicious. Crack shell and claws. Serve with melted butter or mayonnaise.

Broiled Lobster

Take a live lobster, place on back and split with a sharp

knife or cleaver from head to tail. Remove intestinal vein and stomach; crack the claws. Brush with melted butter, lay on a hot greased broiler and broil 7 minutes. Turn and broil the same time on the shell side. Serve with melted butter and lemon.

SALT FISH

For some inlanders, salt cod is an acquired taste. An uncooked salt cod or haddock, hard as nails, looking "like yellow birch with the bark left on," as Thoreau says, has a dour, forbidding New England aspect. But once you like it, you like it, and become addicted to its fine salty taste. Don't take all the tang out by soaking it too long in cold water. On the Cape, one hour is considered enough. You can freshen it longer if you want to, but be sure you keep that sea flavor. Here are some recipes that are classics.

Codfish Balls

1 cup salt cod, shredded
3 cups mashed potatoes
2 teaspoons onion juice
2 eggs
black pepper

Lay cod in fresh water for an hour. Then put in fresh cold water and bring to a boil and simmer till tender. Boil potatoes and mash, adding a little butter. Mix codfish (shredded) and mashed potatoes, beating in one egg at a time. Add a little pepper, and taste to see if it needs salt, but it shouldn't. The secret is to have both fish and potatoes warm when mixed.

Shape into cakes. Flour, set aside to cool and fry in deep fat. Serve with catsup for breakfast, lunch or dinner.

Picked-up Codfish

1 cup codfish
1 beaten egg
1 cup white sauce

Wash the fish and flake it. Cover it with cold water and bring to a boil. Simmer for about 10 minutes, and drain. Add the sauce, then the egg, and serve for breakfast with toast.

Cape Cod Turkey (the earliest kind)

½ lb. salt cod or haddock
3 oz. salt pork
½ cup rich milk
flour

Cover the fish with cold water, and bring to a boil. Drain, bring to a boil again and simmer till tender—only a few minutes. Try out salt pork, add a little flour, cook together, add milk to make a sauce, and pour this over the fish, which has been drained and kept hot. This is a satisfying and flavorsome dish for breakfast, lunch or dinner.

Pickled Mackerel

"Tinker" mackerel (8- to 9-inch ones) are good for this, but any size will do. Broil, cool and bone them. Make into fillets and lay in a bowl. Cover with French dressing, a little Tabasco or red pepper, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard seed. Also add dill, chopped parsley or tarragon (small piece). This keeps well in the icebox. Before using, pour off the dressing and serve mackerel with chopped chives or thin rings of sliced onion. You will have to stop people eating them.

Herring Pickle

Clean herring. Put in crock in layers, sprinkling table salt thickly over each layer. Add enough fresh cold water to cover and let stand 12 to 18 hours. Then pour off brine and wash herring. Replace them in crock. Add enough of the following pickle to cover the herring. It is ready to use in 15 to 20 days.

1 gallon cider vinegar
1 cup sugar
1 cup table salt
1 cup dry mustard
mixed spices to taste

Stir till cold and sugar, salt and mustard are dissolved.

Cape Cod housewives pride themselves on their baking, and we give here recipes for a few famous dishes that are part of the regional history.

Indian Pudding

1 quart milk, cold
1 quart milk, scalded
1 cup molasses
1 cup corn meal
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger or cinnamon
2 eggs

Stir the cornmeal into the hot milk. Do not boil, but continue stirring and cook till thick. Remove from stove and add sugar, molasses, salt and spice. Mix in the eggs, well-beaten. Pour into baking dish and add cold milk. Do not stir. Bake slowly in a moderate oven (325F.). Serve with cream.

This must be baked very slowly for about 5 hours. If cooked too rapidly it will whey. It's very good.

BLUEBERRIES

Blueberries grow wild on the Cape and are delicious. In late summer you can pick them yourself, or buy them from a little boy at the door. Cape Cod people don't buy them often; they go out and pick them on the sandy hills or beside the road or in hidden places they have marked from the year before. Though the cultivated berries are much bigger, they are no better.

Blueberry Muffins

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
2 cups blueberries
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons melted butter
2 eggs, beaten well

Sift dry ingredients together. Pour milk in slowly. Add melted butter and beaten eggs. Mix and fold in blueberries. Fill oiled muffin tins and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Blueberry Slump

1 cup sugar
½ cup boiling water
1 quart blueberries
biscuit dough

Wash the berries, and add sugar and boiling water. Put in a large frying pan and simmer till berries are soft and there is a good deal of juice. Make a biscuit dough and roll it out to about ⅛-inch thickness; cut dough into small squares and drop them on the simmering berries. Cover and cook for 20 minutes. Then turn into a bowl and serve. Either sweet cream or sour cream is good with this.

CRANBERRIES

These, too, grow wild on the Cape, and if you are there in the fall you will find plenty of them on abandoned bogs that have turned dark wine color. Here are two good recipes for cooking them:

Cranberry Sauce

3 cups cranberries
1½ cups sugar
1 cup boiling water

Put all together in a large kettle and boil gently for 10 minutes. Don't stir or break them. This sauce should be clear as Bar-le-Duc, and the berries whole and partly candied.

Quick Cranberry Jelly

To each quart of cranberries add a pint of water, and cook for 20 minutes. Strain through a cloth. Return to stove and while the juice is boiling stir in one pint of sugar to every quart of juice. Cool, and pour into jelly glasses. This is easy to make, and takes only a short time.

Some people think beach plums make the best jelly in the world.

Beach Plum Jelly

Wash and pick over the plums. Cook them with a little water till soft and the stones leave the fruit. Add sugar to juice, cup for cup or pound for pound. Boil till a soft ball forms

when you test in cold water. Pour into jelly glasses and cool. Don't make too much at one time.

PORTUGUESE DISHES

Portuguese dishes are a specialty of Provincetown. Cape Cod recipes are mostly plain and hearty, but the Portuguese fishermen have brought to this region an Old World richness of herbs and olive oil and garlic and sausage and crusty bread and rolls. Such recipes as these are collector's items, and are hard to get.

Portuguese Baked Haddock

Place fish overnight in a sauce made of 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup wine, 2 cloves of garlic, mixed herbs, red pepper and salt. In the morning, bake in the liquid in which it has stood. Potatoes can be baked around the fish at the same time. This is so good that you'll eat it often.

Vinha D'Alhos

This is a delicious Portuguese pickle for meat or fish. It is especially good for pork chops, pork shoulder, eels, mackerel or bonito.

2 cups vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cumin seed
3 crushed garlic cloves
⅛ teaspoon saffron
dash of red pepper

Mix in bowl and lay fish or meat in it. Add water to cover, and stir. Cover and set in refrigerator for six hours or overnight. When ready to use, remove the fish or meat, drain and bake, fry or broil.

Mohle—Portuguese sauce for meat or fish

6 onions
4 green peppers
2 cups tomatoes
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon cumin seed
2 crushed garlic cloves
⅛ teaspoon saffron
olive oil or salt pork

Fry onions and peppers in olive oil. Add tomatoes and seasonings and simmer till thick. Put the hot sauce on cold fish, or reheat fish or meat in the sauce. If too thick, add a little water when cooking.

Portuguese Soup

1 lb. red or white beans
2 lbs. kale
salt and pepper
1 lb. linguica (sausage)
4 large or 6 small potatoes sliced

Wash the beans and boil them for an hour, or till tender. Add the kale and sausage. Cover with water and cook slowly for an hour, or till done.

Pea Soup with Sausage

½ lb. linguica
1 can peas or beans
1 onion
butter or olive oil
1 can tomatoes or ½ can tomato paste
2 carrots
4 tomatoes

Cook onion and tomatoes together in kettle, cut up the sausage into pieces, cut up carrots and tomatoes. Add to tomatoes and onion, with a little water. When nearly done, add the peas and cook for 15 minutes. Serve in bowls with Portuguese bread which has been heated in the oven first.

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